THE

ODYSSEY

OF

HOMER

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.
834

Tranflated by

ALEXANDER POPE, Efq;

VOLUME THE THIRD.

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M.DCC.LXIII.

HOMER's BATTLE OF THE FROGS and MICE.

By Mr. Archdeacon PARNEL,

Corrected by Mr. POPE.

N 5

Names of the Mice.

PSYCARPAX, One who plunders granaries.
Troxartes, A bread-eater.
Lychomcle, A licker of meal.
Pternotroctas, A bacon-eater.
Lycopinax, A licker of diſhes.
Embaſichitros, A creeper into pots.
Lychenor, A name from licking.
Troglodytes, One who runs into holes.
Artophagus, Who feeds on bread.
Tyroglyphus, A cheeſe-ſcooper.
Pternophagus, A bacon-eater.
Cniſſodioctes, One who follows the ſteam of kitchens.
Sitophagus, An eater of wheat.
Meridarpax, One who plunders his ſhare.

Names of the Frogs.

PHYSIGNATHUS, One who ſwells his cheeks.
Peleus, A name from mud.
Hydromeduſe, A ruler in the waters.
Hypſiboas, A loud bawler.
Pelion, From mud.
Seutlæus, Called from the beets.
Polyphonus, A great babbler.
Lymnocharis, One who loves the lake.
Crambophagus, Cabbage-eater.
Lymniſius, Called from the lake.
Calaminthius, From the herb.
Hydrocharis, Who loves the water.
Borborocates, Who lies in the mud.
Praſſophagus, An eater of garlic.
Peluſius, From mud.
Pelobates, Who walks in the dirt.
Praſſæus, Called from garlic.
Craugaſides, From croaking.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK XVII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Telemachus returning to the city, relates to Penelope the sum of his travels. Ulysses is conducted by Eumæus to the palace, where his old dog Argus acknowledges his master, after an absence of twenty years, and dies with joy. Eumæus returns into the country, and Ulysses remains among the suitors, whose behaviour is described.

SOON as Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
Sprinkled with roseate light the dewy lawn;
In haste the prince arose, prepar'd to part;
His hand impatient grasps the pointed dart;
Fair on his feet the polish'd sandals shine,
And thus he greets the master of the swine.
My friend adieu; let this short stay suffice;
I haste to meet my mother's longing eyes,
And end her tears, her sorrows, and her sighs.

v. 8. *I haste to meet my mother's longing eyes.*] There are two reasons for the return of Telemachus; one, the duty a son owes to a mother; the other, to find an opportunity to put in execution the designs concerted with Ulysses: the poet therefore shifts the scene from the lodge to the palace. Telemachus takes not Ulysses along with him, for fear he should raise suspicion in the suitors, that a person in a beggar's garb has some secret merit, to obtain the familiarity of a king's son, and this might be an occasion of a discovery; whereas when Ulysses afterwards appears amongst the suitors, he is thought to be an entire stranger to Telemachus, which prevents all jealousy, and gives them an opportunity to carry on their measures, without any particular observation. Besides, Eumæus is still to be kept in ignorance concerning the person of Ulys-

But thou attentive, what we order heed;
This hapleſs ſtranger to the city lead;
By public bounty let him there be fed,
And bleſs the hand that ſtretches forth the bread.
To wipe the tears from all afflicted eyes,
My will may covet, but my pow'r denies.
If this raiſe anger in the ſtranger's thought,
The pain of anger puniſhes the fault:
The very truth I undiſguis'd declare:
For what ſo eaſy as to be ſincere?
  To this Ulyſſes. What the prince requires
Of ſwift removal, ſeconds my deſires.
To want like mine, the peopled town can yield
More hopes of comfort, than the lonely field.
Nor fits my age to till the labour'd lands,
Or ſtoop to taſks a rural lord demands.

ſes; Telemachus therefore gives him a plauſible reaſon for his return; namely, that his mother may no longer be in pain for his ſafety: this likewiſe excellently contributes to deceive Eumæus. Now as the preſence of Ulyſſes in the palace is abſolutely neceſſary to bring about the ſuitors deſtruction, Telemachus orders Eumæus to conduct him thither, and by this method he comes as the friend and gueſt of Eumæus, not of Telemachus: moreover, this injunction was neceſſary: Eumæus was a perſon of ſuch generoſity, that he would have thought himſelf obliged to detain his gueſt under his own care and inſpection: nay, before he guides him towards the palace, in the ſequel of this book, he tells Ulyſſes he does it ſolely in compliance with the order of Telemachus, and acts contrary to his own inclination.

v. 14. *To wipe the tears from all afflicted eyes,*
My will may covet, but my pow'r denies.]

This might appear too free a declaration, if Telemachus had made it before he knew Ulyſſes; for no circumſtance could juſtify him for uſing any diſregard toward the poor and ſtranger, according to the ſtrict notions, and the ſanctity of the laws of hoſpitality amongſt the antients: but as the caſe ſtands, we are not in the leaſt ſhocked at the words of Telemachus; we know the reaſon why he thus ſpeaks; it is to conceal Ulyſſes. He is ſo far from ſhewing any particular regard to him, that he treats him with a ſeverity in ſome degree contrary to the laws of hoſpitality; by adding, that if he complains of this hard uſage, the complaint will not redreſs but increaſe his calamity.

Adieu! but ſince this ragged garb can bear
So ill, th' inclemencies of morning air,
A few hours ſpace permit me here to ſtay;
My ſteps Eumæus ſhall to town convey,
With riper beams when Phœbus warms the day.
Thus he: nor ought Telemachus reply'd,
But left the manſion with a lofty ſtride:
Schemes of revenge his pond'ring breaſt elate,
Revolving deep the ſuitors ſudden fate.
Arriving now before th' imperial hall;
He props his ſpear againſt the pillar'd wall;
Then like a lion o'er the threſhold bounds;
The marble pavement with his ſtep reſounds;
His eye firſt glanc'd where Euryclea ſpreads
With furry ſpoils of beaſts the ſplendid beds:
She ſaw, ſhe wept, ſhe ran with eager pace,
And reach'd her maſter with a long embrace.
All crowded round, the family appears
With wild entrancement, and exſtatic tears.
Swift from above deſcends the royal fair;
(Her beauteous cheeks the bluſh of Venus wear,
Chaſten'd with coy Diana's penſive air)

v. 46. *Her beauteous cheeks the bluſh of Venus wear,*
Chaſten'd with coy Diana's penſive air.]

This deſcription preſents us with a noble idea of the beauty and chaſtity of Penelope; her "perſon reſembles Venus, but Venus "with the modeſt air of Diana." Dionyſius Halicarn. takes notice of the beauty and ſoftneſs of theſe two verſes.

Ἡ δ' ἴεν ἐκ θαλάμοιο περίφρων Πηνελόπεια
Ἀρτέμιδι ἰκέλη, ἢ δὲ χρυσῇ Ἀφροδίτῃ.

When Homer (remarks that author) paints a beautiful face, or an engaging object, he chuſes the ſofteſt vowels, and moſt ſmooth and flowing ſemivowels: he never clogs the pronunciation with rough ſounds, and a colliſion of untunable conſonants, but every ſyllable, every letter conſpires to exhibit the beauty of the object he endeavours to repreſent: there are no leſs than three and thirty vowels in two lines, and no more than twenty-nine conſonants, which makes the verſes flow away with an agreeable ſmoothneſs and harmony.

Hangs o'er her fon; in his embrace dies;
Rains kiffes on his neck, his face, his eyes:
Few words fhe fpoke, tho' much fhe had to fay,
And fcarce thofe few, for tears, could force their way.
Light of my eyes! he comes! unhop'd-for joy!
Has heav'n from Pylos brought my lovely boy?
So fnatch'd from all our cares!—Tell, haft thou known
Thy father's fate, and tell me all thy own.
Oh deareft, moft rever'd of womankind!
Ceafe with thofe tears to melt a manly mind,
(Reply'd the prince) nor be our fates deplor'd,
From death and treafon to thy arms reftor'd.
Go bathe, and rob'd in white, afcend the tow'rs;
With all thy handmaids thank th' immortal pow'rs;
To ev'ry god vow hecatombs to bleed,
And call Jove's vengeance on their guilty deed.
While to th' affembled council I repair;
A ftranger fent by heav'n attends me there;

Penelope, we fee, embraces her fon with the utmoft affection: "kiffing the lip" was not in fafhion in the days of Homer; "No "one (remarks the bifhop) ever kiffes the lip or mouth." Penelope here kiffes her fon's eyes, and his head; that is, his cheek, or perhaps forehead; and Eumæus, in the preceding book, embraces the hands, eyes, and head of Telemachus. But for the comfort of the ladies, I rejoice to obferve that all thefe were ceremonious kiffes from a mother to a fon, or from an inferiour to a fuperiour: this therefore is no argument that lovers thus embraced, nor ought it to be brought as a reafon why the prefent manner of falutation fhould be abrogated. Madam Dacier has been fo tender as to keep it a fecret from the men, that there ever was a time in which the modern method of kiffing was not in fafhion: fhe highly deferves their thanks and gratitude for it.

v. 65. *A ftranger fent by heav'n attends me there.*] There is a vein of fincere piety that runs through the words and actions of Telemachus; he has no fooner delivered his mother from her uneafy apprehenfions concerning his fafety, but he proceeds to another act of virtue toward Theoclymenus, whom he had taken into his protection: he performs his duty towards men and towards the gods. It is by his direction that Penelope offers up her devotions for fuccefs, and thanks for his return. It is he who prefcribes the manner of it; namely, by wafhing the hands, in token of the purity of mind required by thofe who fupplicate the deities; and by put-

My new accepted gueſt I haſte to find,
Now to Piræus' honour'd charge conſign'd.
The matron heard, nor was his word in vain.
She bath'd, and rob'd in white, with all her train,
To every god vow'd hecatombs to bleed,
And call'd Jove's vengeance on the guilty deed.
Arm'd with his lance the prince then paſt the gate;
Two dogs behind, a faithful guard await;
Pallas his form with grace divine improves:
The gazing croud admires him as he moves:
Him, gath'ring round, the haughty ſuitors greet
With ſemblance fair, but inward deep deceit.
Their falſe addreſſes gen'rous he deny'd,
Paſt on, and ſat by faithful Mentor's ſide;
With Antiphus, and Halitherſes ſage,
(His father's counſellours, rever'd for age.)
Of his own fortunes, and Ulyſſes' fame,
Much aſk'd the ſeniors; 'till Piræus came.
The ſtranger-gueſt purſu'd him cloſe behind;
Whom when Telemachus beheld, he join'd.
He, (when Piræus aſk'd for ſlaves to bring
The gifts and treaſures of the Spartan king)
Thus thoughtful anſwer'd: Thoſe we ſhall not move,
Dark and unconſcious of the will of Jove:
We know not yet the full event of all:
Stabb'd in his palace if your prince muſt fall,
Us, and our houſe if treaſon muſt o'erthrow,
Better a friend poſſeſs them, than a foe:

ting on clean garments, to ſhew the reverence and regard with which their ſouls ought to be poſſeſt when they appear before the gods. I am not ſenſible that the laſt ceremony is often mentioned in other parts of Homer; yet I doubt not but it was practiſed upon all religious ſolemnities. The moral of the whole is, that piety is a ſure way to victory: Telemachus appears every where a good man, and for this reaſon he becomes at laſt an happy one; and his calamities contribute to his glory.

If death to these, and vengeance heav'n decree,
Riches are welcome then, not else, to me.
'Till then, retain the gifts.—The hero said,
And in his hand the willing stranger led.
Then dis-array'd, the shining bath they sought,
(With unguents smooth) of polisht marble wrought;
Obedient handmaids with assistant toil
Supply the limpid wave, and fragrant oil:
Then o'er their limbs refulgent robes they threw,
And fresh from bathing to their seats withdrew.
The golden ew'r a nymph attendant brings,
Replenish'd from the pure, translucent springs;
With copious streams that golden ew'r supplies
A silver laver of capacious size.
They wash: the table, in fair order spread,
Is pil'd with viands and the strength of bread.
Full opposite, before the folding gate,
The pensive mother sits in humble state;
Lowly she sat, and with dejected view
The fleecy threads her iv'ry fingers drew.
The prince and stranger shar'd the genial feast,
'Till now the rage of thirst and hunger ceast.
  When thus the queen. My son! my only friend!
Say, to my mournful couch shall I ascend?

v. 117. *Say, to my mournful couch, &c.*] Penelope had requested Telemachus to give her an account of his voyage to Pyle, and of what he had heard concerning Ulysses. He there waved the discourse, because the queen was in public with her female attendants: by this conduct the poet sustains both their characters; Penelope is impatient to hear of Ulysses; and this agrees with the affection of a tender wife; but the discovery being unseasonable, Telemachus forbears to satisfy her curiosity: in which he acts like a wise man. Here (observes Eustathius) she gently reproaches him for not satisfying her impatience concerning her husband; she insinuates that it is a piece of cruelty to permit her still to grieve, when it is in his power to give her comfort; and this induces him to gratify her desires. It ought to be observed, that Homer chuses a proper time for this relation; it was necessary that the suitors should be ignorant of the story of Ulysses; Telemachus therefore makes it when they are withdrawn to their sports, and when none were present but friends.

(The couch deserted now a length of years;
The couch for ever water'd with my tears)
Say wilt thou not (ere yet the suitor-crew
Return, and riot shakes our walls a-new)
Say wilt thou not the least account afford?
The least glad tidings of my absent lord?
  To her the youth. We reach'd the Pylian plains,
Where Nestor, shepherd of his people, reigns.
All arts of tenderness to him are known,
Kind to Ulysses' race as to his own;
No father with a fonder grasp of joy,
Strains to his bosom his long-absent boy.
But all unknown, if yet Ulysses breathe,
Or glide a spectre in the realms beneath;
For further search, his rapid steeds transport
My lengthen'd journey to the Spartan court.
There Argive Helen I beheld, whose charms
(So heav'n decreed) engag'd the great in arms.
My cause of coming told, he thus rejoin'd;
And still his words live perfect in my mind.
  Heav'ns! would a soft, inglorious, dastard train
An absent hero's nuptial joys profane!

v. 134. *There Argive Helen I beheld, whose charms*
(So heav'n decreed) &c.]

Eustathius takes notice of the candid behaviour of Telemachus with respect to Helen: she had received him courteously, and he testifies his gratitude, by ascribing the calamities she drew upon her country to the decree of heaven, not to her immodesty: this is particularly decent in the mouth of Telemachus, because he is now acquainted with his father's return; otherwise he could not have mentioned her name but to her dishonour, who had been the occasion of his death.

v. 138. *Heav'ns! would a soft, inglorious, dastard train,* &c.] These verses are repeated from the fourth Odyssey; and are not without a good effect; they cannot fail of comforting Penelope, by assuring her that Ulysses is alive, and restrained by Calypso involuntarily; they give her hopes of his return, and the satisfaction of hearing his glory from the mouth of Menelaus. The conciseness of Telemachus is likewise remarkable; he recapitulates in thirty-eight

So with her young, amid the woodland shades,
A tim'rous hind the lion's court invades,
Leaves in that fatal lair her tender fawns,
And climbs the cliff, or feeds along the lawns;
Meantime returning, with remorseless sway
The monarch savage rends the panting prey:
With equal fury, and with equal fame,
Shall great Ulysses re-assert his claim.
O Jove! supreme! whom men and gods revere;
And thou whose lustre gilds the rolling sphere!
With pow'r congenial join'd, propitious aid
The chief adopted by the martial maid!
Such to our wish the warriour soon restore,
As when, contending on the Lesbian shore,
His prowess Philomelides confest,
And loud acclaiming Greeks the victor blest:
Then soon th' invaders of his bed, and throne,
Their love presumptuous shall by death atone.
Now what you question of my antient friend,
With truth I answer; thou the truth attend.
Learn what I heard the * sea-born seer relate,
Whose eye can pierce the dark recess of fate.
Sole in an isle, imprison'd by the main,
The sad survivor of his num'rous train,
Ulysses lies; detain'd by magic charms,
And prest unwilling in Calypso's arms.
No sailors there, no vessels to convey,
Nor oars to cut th' immeasurable way——
This told Atrides, and he told no more.
Thence safe I voyag'd to my native shore.
He ceas'd; nor made the pensive queen reply,
But droop'd her head, and drew a secret sigh.

lines the subject of almost three books, the third, the fourth, and fifth; he selects every circumstance that can please Penelope, and drops those that would give her pain.

* Proteus.

When Theoclymenus the seer began:
Oh suff'ring consort of the suff'ring man!
What human knowledge could, those kings might tell;
But I the secrets of high heav'n reveal.
Before the first of gods be this declar'd,
Before the board whose blessings we have shar'd;
Witness the genial rites, and witness all
This house holds sacred in her ample wall!
Ev'n now this instant, great Ulysses lay'd
At rest, or wand'ring in his country's shade,
Their guilty deeds, in hearing, and in view
Secret revolves; and plans the vengeance due.
Of this sure auguries the gods bestow'd,
When first our vessel anchor'd in your road.
Succeed those omens heav'n! (the queen rejoin'd)
So shall our bounties speak a grateful mind;

v. 172. *When Theoclymenus the seer began, &c.*] It is with great judgment that the poet here introduces Theoclymenus; he is a person that has no direct relation to the story of the Odyssey, yet because he appears accidentally in it, Homer unites him very artificially with it, that he may not appear to no purpose, and as an useless ornament. He here speaks as an augur, and what he utters contributes to the perseverance of Penelope in resisting the addresses of the suitors, by assuring her of the return of Ulysses; and consequently in some degree Theoclymenus promotes the principal action. But it may be said, if it was necessary that Penelope should be informed of his return, why does not Telemachus assure her of it, who was fully acquainted with the truth? The answer is, that Penelope is not to be fully informed, but only encouraged by a general hope: Theoclymenus speaks from his art, which may possibly be liable to errour; but Telemachus must have spoken from knowledge, which would have been contrary to the injunctions of Ulysses, and might have proved fatal by an unseasonable discovery: it was therefore judicious in the poet to put the assurance of the return of Ulysses into the mouth of Theoclymenus, and not of Telemachus.

There is an expression in this speech, which in the Greek is remarkable; literally it is to be rendered, "Ulysses is now sitting or "creeping in Ithaca," ἥμενος ἢ ἕρπων; that is, Ulysses is returned and concealed: it is taken from the posture of a person in the act of endeavouring to hide himself: he sits down or creeps upon the ground. Eustathius explains it by κρύφα, καὶ οὐ κατ' ὀρθὸν βαδίζων.

And ev'ry envy'd happiness attend
The man, who calls Penelope his friend.
 Thus commun'd they: while in the marble court
(Scene of their insolence) the lords resort;
Athwart the spacious square each tries his art
To whirl the disk, or aim the missile dart.
 Now did the hour of sweet repast arrive,
And from the field the victim flocks they drive:
Medon the herald (one who pleas'd them best,
And honour'd with a portion of their feast)
To bid the banquet, interrupts their play.
Swift to the hall they haste; aside they lay
Their garments, and succinct, the victims slay.

v. 192. ——— —— *each tries his art*
To whirl the disk, or aim the missile dart.]

Eustathius remarks that though the suitors were abandoned to luxury, vice, and intemperance, yet they exercise themselves in laudable sports: they toss the quoit, and throw the javelin, which are both heroic diversions, and form the body into strength and activity. This is owing to the virtue of the age, not the persons: such sports were fashionable, and therefore used by the suitors, and not because they were heroic. However they may instruct us never to give ourselves up to idleness and inaction; but to make our very diversions subservient to nobler views, and turn a pleasure into a virtue.

v. 196. *Medon the herald, one who pleas'd them best.*] We may observe that the character of Medon is very particular; he is at the same time a favourite of the suitors, and Telemachus, persons entirely opposite in their interest. It seldom happens any man can please two parties, without acting an insincere part: Atticus was indeed equally acceptable to the two factions of Cæsar and Pompey, but it was because he seemed neutral, and acted as if they were both his friends; or rather he was a man of such eminent virtues, that they esteemed it an honour to have him thought their friend. Homer every where represents Medon as a person of integrity; he is artful, but not criminal: no doubt but he made all compliances, that consisted with probity, with the suitors dispositions; by this method he saved Penelope more effectually than if he had shewed a more rigid virtue. He made himself master of their hearts by an insinuating behaviour, and was a spy upon their actions. Eustathius compares him to a buskin that fits both legs, οἷον τις κόθορνος; he seems to have been an Anti-Cato, and practised a virtuous gaiety.

Then ſheep and goats and briſtly porkers bled,
And the proud ſteer was o'er the marble ſpread.
While thus the copious banquet they provide;
Along the road converſing ſide by ſide,
Proceed Ulyſſes and the faithful ſwain:
When thus Eumæus, gen'rous and humane.
To town, obſervant of our lord's beheſt,
Now let us ſpeed; my friend, no more my gueſt!
Yet like myſelf I wiſh'd thee here preferr'd,
Guard of the flock, or keeper of the herd.
But much to raiſe my maſter's wrath I fear;
The wrath of princes ever is ſevere.
Then heed his will, and be our journey made
While the broad beams of Phœbus are diſplay'd,
Or ere brown ev'ning ſpreads her chilly ſhade.
Juſt thy advice, (the prudent chief rejoin'd)
And ſuch as ſuits the dictate of my mind.
Lead on: but help me to ſome ſtaff to ſtay
My feeble ſtep, ſince rugged is the way.
Acroſs his ſhoulders, then the ſcrip he flung,
Wide patch'd, and faſten'd by a twiſted thong.
A ſtaff Eumæus gave. Along the way
Cheerly they fare: behind, the keepers ſtay;

v. 210. *Guard of the flock, or keeper of the herd.*] Such little traits as theſe are very delightful; for the reader knowing that the perſon to whom this offer is made, is Ulyſſes, cannot fail of being diverted to ſee the honeſt and loyal Eumæus promiſing to make his maſter and king the keeper of his herds or ſtalls, σταθμῶν; and this is offered as a piece of good fortune or dignity.

v. 215. ——— —— *ere ev'ning ſpreads her chilly ſhade.*] Euſtathius gathers from theſe words, that the time of the action of the Odyſſey was in the end of autumn, or beginning of winter, when the mornings and evenings are cold: thus Ulyſſes, in the beginning of this book, makes the coldneſs of the morning an excuſe for not going with Telemachus; his rags being but an ill defence againſt it: and here Eumæus mentions the coldneſs of the evening, as a reaſon why they ſhould begin their journey in the heat of the day; ſo that it was now probably about ten of the clock, and they arrive at Ithaca at noon: from hence we may conjecture, that the lodge of Eumæus was five or ſix miles from the city: that is, about a two hours walk.

Theſe with their watchful dogs (a conſtant guard)
Supply his abſence, and attend the herd.
And now his city ſtrikes the monarch's eyes,
Alas! how chang'd! a man of miſeries;
Propt on a ſtaff, a beggar old and bare,
In rags diſhoneſt flutt'ring with the air!
Now paſs'd the rugged road, they journey down
The cavern'd way deſcending to the town,
Where, from the rock, with liquid lapſe diſtills
A limpid fount; that ſpread in parting rills
Its current thence to ſerve the city brings:
An uſeful work! adorn'd by antient kings.
Neritus, Ithacus, Polyctor there
In ſculptur'd ſtone immortaliz'd their care,
In marble urns receiv'd it from above,
And ſhaded with a green ſurrounding grove;

v. 224. *Theſe with their watchful dogs* ——] It is certain that if theſe little particulars had been omitted, there would have been no chaſm in the connexion; why then does Homer inſert ſuch circumſtances unneceſſarily, which, it muſt be allowed, are of no importance, and add nothing to the perfection of the ſtory? nay, they are ſuch as may be thought trivial, and unworthy the dignity of epic poetry. But, as Dacier very well obſerves, they are a kind of painting: were a painter to draw this ſubject, he would undoubtedly inſert into the piece theſe herdſmen and dogs after the manner of Homer; they are natural ornaments, and conſequently are no diſgrace either to the poet or the painter.

It is obſervable that Homer gives us an exact draught of the country; he ſets before us as in a picture, the city, the circular grove of poplars adjacent, the fountain falling from a rock, and the altar ſacred to the nymphs, erected on the point of it. We are as it were tranſported into Ithaca, and travel with Ulyſſes and Eumæus: Homer verifies the obſervation of Horace above all poets; namely, that poetry is painting.

v. 236. *Neritus, Ithacus, Polyctor* ——] Public benefactions demand public honours and acknowledgments; for this reaſon Homer makes an honourable mention of theſe three brothers. Ithaca was a ſmall iſland, and deſtitute of plenty of freſh water; this fountain therefore was a public good to the whole region about it; and has given immortality to the authors of it. They were the ſons of Pterelaus (as Euſtathius informs us;) Ithacus gave name to the country, Neritus to a mountain, and Polyctor to a place called Polyctorium.

Where silver alders, in high arches twin'd,
Drink the cold stream, and tremble to the wind.
Beneath, sequester'd to the nymphs, is seen
A mossy altar, deep embower'd in green;
Where constant vows by travellers are paid,
And holy horrours solemnize the shade.
Here with his goats, (not vow'd to sacred flame,
But pamper'd luxury) Melanthius came;
Two grooms attend him. With an envious look
He ey'd the stranger, and imperious spoke.
The good old proverb how this pair fulfil!
One rogue is usher to another still.
Heav'n with a secret principle indu'd
Mankind, to seek their own similitude.
Where goes the swine-herd with that ill-look'd guest?
That giant-glutton, dreadful at a feast!
Full many a post have those broad shoulders worn,
From ev'ry great man's gate repuls'd with scorn;
To no brave prize aspir'd the worthless swain,
'Twas but for scraps he ask'd, and ask'd in vain.

v. 258. *To no brave prize aspir'd the worthless swain,*
'Twas but for scraps he ask'd, and ask'd in vain.]

Dacier is very singular in her interpretation of this passage: she imagines it has a reference to the games practised amongst the suitors, and to the rewards of the victors, which were usually tripods and beautiful captives. "Thinkest thou (says Melanthius) "that this beggar will obtain the victory in our sports, and that "they will give him as the reward of his valour, some beautiful "slave, or some precious tripod?" But in Homer there is nothing that gives the least countenance to this explication: he thus literally speaks: this fellow "by going from door to door will meet "with correction, while he begs meanly for a few scraps, not for "things of price, such as a captive or tripod." Eustathius explains it as spoken in contempt of Ulysses; that he appears to be such a vile person, as to have no ambition or hope to expect any thing better than a few scraps, nor to aspire to the rewards of nobler strangers, such as captives or tripods. Ἄκολοι, says the same author, are the minutest crumbs of bread, σμικρότατοι ψωμοί. I am persuaded, that the reader will subscribe to the judgment of Eustathius, if he considers the construction, and that ἄορας and λέβητας

To beg, than work, he better underſtands;
Or we perhaps might take him off thy hands.
For any office could the ſlave be good,
To cleanſe the fold, or help the kids to food,
If any labour thoſe big joints could learn;
Some whey, to waſh his bowels, he might earn.
To cringe, to whine, his idle hands to ſpread,
Is all, by which that graceleſs maw is fed.
Yet hear me! if thy impudence but dare
Approach yon' walls, I prophecy thy fare:
Dearly, full dearly ſhalt thou buy thy bread
With many a footſtool thund'ring at thy head.
  He thus: nor inſolent of word alone,
Spurn'd with his ruſtic heel his king unknown;
Spurn'd, but not mov'd: he, like a pillar ſtood,
Nor ſtirr'd an inch, contemptuous, from the road:
Doubtful, or with his ſtaff to ſtrike him dead,
Or greet the pavement with his worthleſs head.

are governed by αἰτίζων as effectually as ἀκέλυς, and therefore muſt refer to the ſame act of begging, not of claiming by victory in the games; αἰτίζων is not a word that can here expreſs a reward, but only a charity: beſides, would it not be abſurd to ſay that a beggar goes from door to door aſking alms, and not rewards beſtowed upon victors in public exerciſes? The words πολλῇσι φλιῇσι make the ſenſe general, they denote the life of a beggar, which is to go from door to door, and conſequently they ought not to be confined ſolely to the ſuitors, and if not, they can have no reference to any games, or to any rewards beſtowed upon ſuch occaſions. Beſides, it is ſcarce to be conceived that Melanthius could think this beggar capable of being admitted into the company, much leſs into the diverſion of the ſuitors, who were all perſons of high birth and ſtation. It is true, lib. xxi. Ulyſſes is permitted to try the bow, but this is through the peculiar grace of Telemachus, who knew the beggar to be Ulyſſes; and entirely contrary to their injunctions.

From this paſſage we may correct an errour in Heſychius: ἄορες (ſays he) are γυναῖκες ϗ τρίποδες: the ſentence is evidently maimed, for Heſychius undoubtedly thus wrote it, ἄορες γυναῖκες λέγονται, for thus (adds he) Homer uſes it:

——— ἐκ ἄορας ἐδὲ λέβητας.

That is (ſays Heſychius) ἐ γυναῖκας ἐδὲ τρίποδες, referring to this verſe of the Odyſſey.

Short was that doubt; to quell his rage inur'd,
The hero ſtood ſelf-conquer'd, and endur'd.
But hateful of the wretch, Eumæus heav'd
His hands obteſting, and this pray'r conceiv'd.
Daughters of Jove! who from th' ætherial bow'rs
Deſcend to ſwell the ſprings, and feed the flow'rs!
Nymphs of this fountain! to whoſe ſacred names
Our rural victims mount in blazing flames!
To whom Ulyſſes' piety preferr'd
The yearly firſtlings of his flock, and herd;
Succeed my wiſh; your votary reſtore:
Oh be ſome god his convoy to our ſhore!
Due pains ſhall puniſh then this ſlave's offence,
And humble all his airs of inſolence,
Who proudly ſtalking, leaves the herds at large,
Commences courtier, and neglects his charge.
What mutters he? (Melanthius ſharp rejoins)
This crafty miſcreant big with dark deſigns?
The day ſhall come; nay, 'tis already near,
When ſlave! to ſell thee at a price too dear,

v. 279. *The hero ſtood ſelf-conquer'd, and endur'd.*] Homer excellently ſuſtains the character of Ulyſſes; he is a man of patience, and maſter of all his paſſions; he is here miſuſed by one of his own ſervants, yet is ſo far from returning the injury, that he ſtifles the ſenſe of it, without ſpeaking one word: it is true he is deſcribed as having a conflict in his ſoul; but this is no derogation to his character: not to feel like a man is inſenſibility, not virtue; but to repreſs the emotions of the heart, and keep them within the bounds of moderation, this argues wiſdom, and turns an injury into a virtue and glory. There is an excellent contraſt between the benevolent Eumæus and the inſolent Melanthius. Eumæus reſents the outrage of Melanthius more than Ulyſſes; he is moved with indignation, but how does he expreſs it? Not by railing, but by an appeal to heaven in a prayer: a conduct worthy to be imitated in more enlightened ages. The word ἀγλαΐας here bears a peculiar ſignification: it does not imply voluptuouſneſs as uſually, but pride, and means that Ulyſſes would ſpoil his haughty airs, if he ſhould ever return: this interpretation agrees with what follows, where Eumæus reproaches him for deſpiſing his rural charge, and aſpiring to politeneſs, or, as we expreſs it, to be a man of the town.

Must be my care; and hence transport thee o'er,
(A load and scandal to this happy shore.)
Oh! that as surely great Apollo's dart,
Or some brave suitor's sword, might pierce the heart
Of the proud son; as that we stand this hour
In lasting safety from the father's pow'r.
So spoke the wretch; but shunning farther fray,
Turn'd his proud steps, and left them on their way.
Straight to the feastful palace he repair'd,
Familiar enter'd, and the banquet shar'd;
Beneath Eurymachus, his patron lord,
He took his place, and plenty heap'd the board.
Meantime they heard, soft-circling in the sky,
Sweet airs ascend, and heav'nly minstrelsie;
(For Phemius to the lyre attun'd the strain:)
Ulysses hearken'd, then addrest the swain.
Well may this palace admiration claim,
Great, and respondent to the master's fame!
Stage above stage th' imperial structure stands,
Holds the chief honours and the town commands:
High walls and battlements the courts inclose,
And the strong gates defy a host of foes.

v. 308. *Beneath Eurymachus ——— He took his place ———*] We may gather from hence the truth of an observation formerly made, That Melanthius, Eumæus, &c. were persons of distinction, and their offices posts of honour: we see Melanthius, who had charge of the goats of Ulysses, is a companion for princes.

The reason why Melanthius in particular associates himself with Eurymachus is, an intrigue which that prince holds with Melantho his sister, as appears from the following book. There is a confederacy and league between them, and we find they all suffer condign punishment in the end of the Odyssey.

v. 318. *High walls and battlements, &c.*] We have here a very particular draught or plan of the palace of Ulysses; it is a kind of castle, at once designed for strength and magnificence: this we may gather from *ὑπεροπλίσσαιτο*, which Hesychius explains by ὑπερπηδῆσαι, ὑπερβῆναι, not easily to be surmounted, or forced by arms.

Homer artfully introduces Ulysses struck with wonder at the beauty of the palace; this is done to confirm Eumæus in the

Far other cares its dwellers now employ:
The throng'd aſſembly, and the feaſt of joy:
I ſee the ſmokes of ſacrifice aſpire,
And hear (what graces ev'ry feaſt) the lyre.
Then thus Eumæus. Judge we which were beſt;
Amidſt yon' revellers a ſudden gueſt
Chuſe you to mingle, while behind I ſtay?
Or I firſt ent'ring introduce the way?
Wait for a ſpace without, but wait not long;
This is the houſe of violence and wrong:
Some rude inſult thy rev'rend age may bear;
For like their lawleſs lords, the ſervants are.
Juſt is, oh friend! thy caution, and addreſt
(Reply'd the chief) to no unheedful breaſt;
The wrongs and injuries of baſe mankind
Freſh to my ſenſe, and always in my mind.
The bravely-patient to no fortune yields;
On rolling oceans, and in fighting fields,
Storms have I paſt, and many a ſtern debate;
And now in humbler ſcene ſubmit to fate.
What cannot want? the beſt ſhe will expoſe,
And I am learn'd in all her train of woes;
She fills with navies, hoſts, and loud alarms
The ſea, the land, and ſhakes the world with arms!
Thus, near the gates conferring as they drew,
Argus, the dog, his antient maſter knew;

opinion that Ulyſſes is really the beggar he appears to be, and a perfect ſtranger among the Ithacans: thus alſo when he complains of hunger, he ſpeaks the language of a beggar, as Euſtathius remarks, to perſuade Eumæus that he takes his journey to the court, ſolely out of want and hunger.

v. 345. *Argus, the dog, his antient maſter knew,* &c.] This whole epiſode has fallen under the ridicule of the critics; Monſieur Perrault's in particular: "The dunghill before the palace "(ſays that author) is more proper for a peaſant than a king; "and it is beneath the dignity of poetry to deſcribe the dog Ar-"gus almoſt devoured with vermin." It muſt be allowed, that ſuch a familiar epiſode could not have been properly introduced

He, not unconscious of the voice, and tread,
Lifts to the sound his ear, and rears his head;
Bred by Ulysses, nourish'd at his board,
But ah! not fated long to please his lord!
To him, his swiftness and his strength were vain;
The voice of glory call'd him o'er the main.
'Till then in ev'ry silvan chace renown'd,
With Argus, Argus, rung the woods around;
With him the youth pursu'd the goat or fawn,
Or trac'd the mazy leveret o'er the lawn.
Now left to man's ingratitude he lay,
Unhous'd, neglected in the public way.
And where on heaps the rich manure was spread,
Obscene with reptiles, took his sordid bed.
  He knew his lord; he knew, and strove to meet;
In vain he strove, to crawl, and kiss his feet;

into the Iliad: it is writ in a nobler style, and distinguished by a boldness of sentiments and diction; whereas the Odyssey descends to the familiar, and is calculated more for common than heroic life. What Homer says of Argus is very natural, and I do not know any thing more beautiful or more affecting in the whole poem: I dare appeal to every person's judgment, if Argus be not as justly and properly represented, as the noblest figure in it. It is certain that the vermin which Homer mentions would debase our poetry, but in the Greek that very word is noble and sonorous, Κυνοραιστέων: but how is the objection concerning the dunghill to be answered? We must have recourse to the simplicity of manners amongst the antients, who thought nothing mean that was of use to life. Ithaca was a barren country, full of rocks and mountains, and owed its fertility chiefly to cultivation, and for this reason such circumstantial cares were necessary. It is true such a description is now more proper for a peasant than a king, but antiently it was no disgrace for a king to perform with his own hands, what is now left only to peasants. We read of a dictator taken from the plough, and why may not a king as well manure his field as plough it, without receding from his dignity? Virgil has put the same thing into a precept:

"Ne saturare fimo pingui pudeat sola."

v. 361. *In vain he strove, to crawl, and kiss his feet.*] It may seem that this circumstance was inserted casually, or at least only to shew the age and infirmity of Argus: but there is a further in-

Yet (all he could) his tail, his ears, his eyes
Salute his master, and confess his joys.
Soft pity touch'd the mighty master's soul,
Adown his cheek a tear unbidden stole,
Stole unperceiv'd; he turn'd his head and dry'd
The drop humane: then thus impassion'd cry'd.
What noble beast in this abandon'd state
Lies here all helpless at Ulysses' gate?
His bulk and beauty speak no vulgar praise;
If, as he seems, he was in better days,
Some care his age deserves: or was he priz'd
For worthless beauty! therefore now despis'd?
Such dogs, and men there are, meer things of state,
And always cherish'd by their friends, the great.

tent in it: if the dog had ran to Ulysses and fawned upon him, it would have raised a strong suspicion in Eumæus that he was not such a stranger to the Ithacans as he pretended, but some person in disguise; and this might have occasioned an unseasonable discovery. Eustathius.

v. 364. *Soft pity touch'd the mighty master's soul.*] I confess myself touched with the tenderness of these tears in Ulysses; I would willingly think that they proceed from a better principle than the weakness of human nature, and are an instance of a really virtuous, and compassionate disposition.

——— ἀγαθοὶ δ' ἀριδάκρυες ἄνδρες.

"Good men are easily moved to tears:" in my judgment Ulysses appears more amiable while he weeps over his faithful dog, than when he drives an army of enemies before him: that shews him to be a great hero, this a good man. It was undoubtedly an instance of an excellent disposition in one of the fathers who prayed for the "grace of tears."

"——— mollissima corda
"Humano generi dare se natura fatetur,
"Quæ lachrymas dedit; hæc nostri pars optima sensus."
Juv. Sat. xv.

And Dryden,

Each gentle mind the soft infection felt,
For richest metals are most apt to melt.

v. 374. *Such dogs, and men there are, meer things of state,*
And always cherish'd by their friends, the great.]

Not Argus ſo, (Eumæus thus rejoin'd)
But ſerv'd a maſter of a nobler kind,
Who never, never ſhall behold him more!
Long, long ſince periſh'd on a diſtant ſhore!
Oh had you ſeen him, vig'rous, bold and young,
Swift as a ſtag, and as a lion ſtrong;
Him no fell ſavage on the plain withſtood,
None 'ſcap'd him, boſom'd in the gloomy wood;
His eye how piercing, and his ſcent how true,
To winde the vapour in the tainted dew!
Such, when Ulyſſes left his natal coaſt;
Now years un-nerve him, and his lord is loſt!
The women keep the gen'rous creature bare,
A ſleek and idle race is all their care:
The maſter gone, the ſervants what reſtrains?
Or dwells humanity where riot reigns?
Jove fix'd it certain, that whatever day
Makes man a ſlave, takes half his worth away.

It is in the Greek ἄνακτες, or "kings;" but the word is not to be taken in too ſtrict a ſenſe; it implies "all perſons of diſtinc-"tion," or οἰκοδεσπόται, like the word rex in Horace.

"Regibus hic mos eſt ubi equos mercantur."

And reginæ in Terence (as Dacier obſerves) is uſed in the ſame manner.

"——— Eunuchum porrò dixti velle te:
"Quia ſolæ utuntur his reginæ."

V. 392. ————— *whatever day*
Makes man a ſlave, takes half his worth away.]

This is a very remarkable ſentence, and commonly found to be true. Longinus in his enquiry into the decay of human wit, quotes it, "Servitude, be it never ſo juſtly eſtabliſhed, is a kind of "priſon, wherein the ſoul ſhrinks in ſome meaſure, and dimi-"niſhes by conſtraint: it has the ſame effect with the boxes in "which dwarfs are incloſed, which not only hinder the body from "its growth, but make it leſs by the conſtriction. It is obſervable "that all the great orators flouriſhed in republics, and indeed "what is there that raiſes the ſouls of great men more than li-"berty? In other governments men commonly become inſtead "of orators, pompous flatterers: a man born in ſervitude may

This ſaid, the honeſt herdſman ſtrode before:
The muſing monarch pauſes at the door:
The dog whom fate had granted to behold
His lord, when twenty tedious years had roll'd,
Takes a laſt look, and having ſeen him, dies;
So clos'd for ever faithful Argus' eyes!
And now Telemachus, the firſt of all,
Obſerv'd Eumæus ent'ring in the hall;
Diſtant he ſaw, acroſs the ſhady dome;
Then gave a ſign, and beckon'd him to come:
There ſtood an empty ſeat, where late was plac'd
In order due, the ſteward of the feaſt,

" be capable of other ſciences; but no ſlave can ever be an orator; " for while the mind is depreſt and broken by ſlavery, it will ne- " ver dare to think or ſay any thing bold and noble; all the vi- " gour evaporates, and it remains as it were confined in a priſon." " Etiam fera animalia, ſi clauſa teneas, virtutis oblivifcuntur." Tacit. Hiſt. lib. iv.

Theſe verſes are quoted in Plato, lib. vi. De Legibus, but ſomewhat differently from our editions.

Ἥμισυ γάρ τε νόυ ἀπομείρεται εὐρύοπα ζεὺς
Ἀνδρῶν ὃς ἂν δὴ, &c.

However this aphoriſm is to be underſtood only generally, not univerſally: Eumæus who utters it is an inſtance to the contrary, who retains his virtue in a ſtate of ſubjection; and Plato ſpeaks to the ſame purpoſe, aſſerting that ſome ſlaves have been found of ſuch virtue as to be preferred to a ſon or brother; and have often preſerved their maſters and their families.

v. 399. *So clos'd for ever faithful Argus' eyes!*] It has been a queſtion what occaſioned the death of Argus, at the inſtant he ſaw Ulyſſes: Euſtathius imputes it to the joy he felt at the ſight of his maſter. But there has another objection been ſtarted againſt Homer, for aſcribing ſo long a life as twenty years to Argus, and that dogs never ſurpaſs the fifteenth year; but this is an errour; Ariſtotle affirms, that ſome dogs live two and twenty, and other naturaliſts ſubſcribe to his judgment. Euſtathius tells us, that other writers agree, that ſome dogs live twenty-four years. Pliny thus writes, " Canes Laconici vivunt annis-denis, fœminæ duo- " denis, cætera genera quindecim annos, aliquando viginti." Madam Dacier mentions ſome of her own knowledge that lived twenty-three years; and the tranſlator, not to fall ſhort of theſe illuſtrious examples, has known one that died at twenty-two big with puppies.

(Who now was buſied carving round the board)
Eumæus took, and plac'd it near his lord.
Before him inſtant was the banquet ſpread,
And the bright baſket pil'd with loaves of bread.
  Next came Ulyſſes, lowly at the door,
A figure deſpicable, old, and poor,
In ſqualid veſts with many a gaping rent,
Propt on a ſtaff, and trembling as he went.
Then, reſting on the threſhold of the gate,
Againſt a cypreſs pillar lean'd his weight;
(Smooth'd by the workman to a poliſh'd plain)
The thoughtful ſon beheld, and call'd his ſwain:
  Theſe viands, and this bread, Eumæus! bear,
And let yon' mendicant our plenty ſhare:
Then let him circle round the ſuitors board,
And try the bounty of each gracious lord.
Bold let him aſk, encourag'd thus by me;
How ill, alas! do want and ſhame agree?

v. 423. *How ill, alas! do want and ſhame agree?*] We are not to imagine that Homer is here recommending immodeſty; but to underſtand him as ſpeaking of a decent aſſurance, in oppoſition to a faulty ſhame or baſhfulneſs. The verſe in the Greek is remarkable.

Αἰδὼς δ' ὐκ ἀγαθὴ κεχρημένῳ ἀνδρὶ προΐκτῃ.

A perſon of great learning has obſerved there is a tautology in the three laſt words; in "a beggar that wants:" as if the very notion of a beggar did not imply want. Indeed Plato, who cites this verſe in his Charmides, uſes another word inſtead of προΐκτῃ, and inſerts παρεῖναι. Heſiod likewiſe, who makes uſe of the ſame line, inſtead of προΐκτῃ reads κομίζει, which would almoſt induce us to believe that they thought there was a tautology in Homer. It has therefore been conjectured, that the word προΐκτης ſhould be inſerted in the place of προΐκτῃ; I am ſorry that the conſtruction will not allow it; that word is of the maſculine gender, and ἀγαθὴ which is of the feminine cannot agree with it. We may indeed ſubſtitute ἀγαθὸς, and then the ſenſe will be "baſhfulneſs "is no good petitioner for a beggar;" but this muſt be done without authority. We muſt therefore thus underſtand Homer; "Too "much modeſty is not good for a poor man, who lives by begging."

His lord's command the faithful servant bears;
The seeming beggar answers with his pray'rs.
Blest be Telemachus! in ev'ry deed
Inspire him Jove! in ev'ry wish succeed!
This said, the portion from his son convey'd
With smiles receiving on his scrip he lay'd.
Long as the minstrel swept the sounding wire,
He fed, and ceas'd when silence held the lyre.
Soon as the suitors from the banquet rose,
Minerva prompts the man of mighty woes

προΐκτη; and this solution clears the verse from the tautology, for a man may be in want, and not be a beggar; or (as Homer expresses it) κεχρημένος, and yet not προΐκτης.

v. 433. *Minerva prompts*, &c.] This is a circumstance that occurs almost in every book of the Odyssey, and Pallas has been thought to mean no more than the inherent wisdom of Ulysses, which guides all his actions upon all emergencies: it is not impossible but the poet might intend to inculcate, that the wisdom of man is the gift of heaven, and a blessing from the gods. But then is it not a derogation to Ulysses, to think nothing but what the goddess dictates? and a restraint of human liberty, to act solely by the impulse of a deity? Plutarch in his life of Coriolanus excellently solves this difficulty; "Men (observes that author) are "ready to censure and despise the poet, as if he destroyed the use "of reason, and the freedom of their choice, by continually "ascribing every suggestion of heart to the influence of a goddess: "whereas he introduces a deity not to take away the liberty of "the will, but as moving it to act with freedom; the deity does "not work in us the inclinations, but only offers the object to "our minds, from whence we conceive the impulse, and form "our resolutions." However these influences do not make the action involuntary, but only give a beginning to spontaneous operations; for we must either remove God from all manner of causality, or confess that he invisibly assists us by a secret co-operation. For it is absurd to imagine that the help he lends us, consists in fashioning the postures of the body, or directing the corporeal motions: but in influencing our souls, and exciting the inward faculties into action by secret impulses from above; or, on the contrary, by raising an aversion in the soul, to restrain us from action. It is true in ordinary affairs of life, in matters that are brought about by the ordinary way of reason, Homer ascribes the execution of them to human performance, and frequently represents his heroes calling a council in their own breasts, and acting according to the dictates of reason: but in actions unaccountably daring, of a transcendent nature, there they are said to be carried

To tempt their bounties with a ſuppliant's art,
And learn the gen'rous from th' ignoble heart;
(Not but his ſoul, reſentful as humane,
Dooms to full vengeance all th' offending train)
With ſpeaking eyes, and voice of plaintiff ſound,
Humble he moves, imploring all around.

away by a divine impulſe or enthuſiaſm, and it is no longer human reaſon, but a god that influences the ſoul.

I have already obſerved, that Homer makes uſe of machines ſometimes merely for ornament; this place is an inſtance of it: here is no action of an uncommon nature performed, and yet Pallas directs Ulyſſes: Plutarch very juſtly obſerves, that whenever the heroes of Homer execute any prodigious exploit of valour, he continually introduces a deity, who aſſiſts in the performance of it; but it is alſo true, that to ſhew the dependance of man upon the aſſiſtance of heaven, he frequently aſcribes the common dictates of wiſdom to the goddeſs of it. If we take the act here inſpired by Minerva, as it lies nakedly in Homer, it is no more than a bare command to beg; an act, that needs not the wiſdom of a goddeſs to command: but we are to underſtand it as a direction to Ulyſſes how to behave before the ſuitors upon his firſt appearance, how to carry on his diſguiſe ſo artfully as to prevent all ſuſpicions, and take his meaſures ſo effectually as to work his own re-eſtabliſhment: in this light, the command becomes worthy of a goddeſs: the act of begging is only the method by which he carries on his deſign; the conſequence of it is the main point in view, namely, the ſuitors deſtruction. The reſt is only the ſtratagem, by which he obtains the victory.

v. 435. *And learn the gen'rous from th' ignoble heart;*
(Not but his ſoul, reſentful as humane,
Dooms to full vengeance all th' offending train).]

A ſingle virtue, or act of humanity, is not a ſufficient atonement for a whole life of inſolence and oppreſſion; ſo that although ſome of the ſuitors ſhould be found leſs guilty than the reſt, yet they are ſtill too guilty to deſerve impunity.

v. 438. *With ſpeaking eyes, and voice of plaintive ſound,*
Humble he moves, &c.]

Homer inſerts this particularity to ſhew the complying nature of Ulyſſes in all fortunes; he is every where πολύτροπος, it is his diſtinguiſhing character in the firſt verſe of the Odyſſey, and it is viſible in every part of it. He is an artiſt in the trade of begging, as Euſtathius obſerves, and knows how to become the loweſt, as well the higheſt ſtation.

The proud feel pity, and relief bestow,
With such an image touch'd of human woe;
Enquiring all, their wonder they confess,
And eye the man, majestic in distress.
 While thus they gaze and question with their eyes,
The bold Melanthius to their thought replies.
My lords! this stranger of gigantic port
The good Eumæus usher'd to your court.
Full well I mark'd the features of his face,
Tho' all unknown his clime, or noble race.
 And is this present, swineherd! of thy hand?
Bring'st thou these vagrants to infest the land?
(Returns Antinous with retorted eye)
Objects uncouth! to check the genial joy.
Enough of these our court already grace,
Of giant stomach, and of famish'd face.
Such guests Eumæus to his country brings,
To share our feast, and lead the life of kings.
 To whom the hospitable swain rejoin'd:
Thy passion, prince, belies thy knowing mind.
Who calls, from distant nations to his own,
The poor, distinguish'd by their wants alone?
Round the wide world are sought those men divine
Who public structures raise, or who design;

Homer adds, that the suitors were struck with wonder at the sight of Ulysses. That is (says Eustathius) because they never had before seen him in Ithaca, and concluded him to be a foreigner. But I rather think it is a compliment Homer pays to his hero to represent his port and figure to be such, as though a beggar, struck them with astonishment.

v. 462. *Round the wide world are sought those men divine, &c.*] This is an evidence of the great honour antiently paid to persons eminent in mechanic arts: the architect, and public artisans, δημιουργοὶ, are joined with the prophet, physician, and poet, who were esteemed almost with a religious veneration, and looked upon as public blessings. Honour was antiently given to men in proportion to the benefits they brought to society: a useless great man is a burthen to the earth, while the meanest artisan is beneficial to his fellow-creatures, and useful in his generation.

Thoſe to whoſe eyes the gods their ways reveal,
Or bleſs with ſalutary arts to heal;
But chief to poets ſuch reſpect belongs,
By rival nations courted for their ſongs;
Theſe ſtates invite and mighty kings admire,
Wide as the ſun diſplays his vital fire.
It is not ſo with want! how few that feed
A wretch unhappy, merely for his need?
Unjuſt to me and all that ſerve the ſtate,
To love Ulyſſes is to raiſe thy hate.
For me, ſuffice the approbation won
Of my great miſtreſs, and her god-like ſon.
To him Telemachus. No more incenſe
The man by nature prone to inſolence:
Injurious minds juſt anſwers but provoke —
Then turning to Antinous, thus he ſpoke.
Thanks to thy care! whoſe abſolute command
Thus drives the ſtranger from our court and land.
Heav'n bleſs its owner with a better mind!
From envy free, to charity inclin'd.
This both Penelope and I afford:
Then, prince! be bounteous of Ulyſſes' board.
To give another's is thy hand ſo ſlow?
So much more ſweet, to ſpoil, than to beſtow?
Whence, great Telemachus! this lofty ſtrain?
(Antinous cries with inſolent diſdain)
Portions like mine if ev'ry ſuitor gave,
Our walls this twelvemonth ſhould not ſee the ſlave.
He ſpoke, and lifting high above the board
His pond'rous footſtool, ſhook it at his lord.
The reſt with equal hand conferr'd the bread;
He fill'd his ſcrip, and to the threſhold ſped;
But firſt before Antinous ſtopt, and ſaid.
Beſtow my friend! thou doſt not ſeem the worſt
Of all the Greeks, but prince-like and the firſt;

v. 497. *Beſtow my friend! &c.*] Ulyſſes here acts with a prudent diſſimulation; he pretends not to have underſtood the irony of

Then as in dignity, be first in worth,
And I shall praise thee thro' the boundless earth.
Once I enjoy'd in luxury of state
Whate'er gives man the envy'd name of great;
Wealth, servants, friends, were mine in better days;
And hospitality was then my praise;
In ev'ry sorrowing soul I pour'd delight,
And poverty stood smiling in my sight.
But Jove, all-governing, whose only will
Determines fate, and mingles good with ill,
Sent me (to punish my pursuit of gain)
With roving pirates o'er th' Ægyptian main:
By Ægypt's silver flood our ships we moor;
Our spies commission'd straight the coast explore;
But impotent of mind, with lawless will
The country ravage, and the natives kill.
The spreading clamour to their city flies,
And horse and foot in mingled tumult rise:
The red'ning dawn reveals the hostile fields
Horrid with bristly spears, and gleaming shields:

Antinous, nor to have observed his preparation to strike him: and therefore proceeds as if he apprehended no danger. This at once shews the patience of Ulysses, who is inured to sufferings, and gives a foundation for the punishment of Antinous in the conclusion of the Odyssey.

It is observable, that Ulysses gives his own history in the same words as in the fourteenth book, yet varies from it in the conclusion; he there spoke to Eumæus, and Eumæus is here present, and hears the story: how is it then that he does not observe the falsification of Ulysses, and conclude him to be an impostor? Eustathius labours for an answer; he imagines that Eumæus was inadvertent, or had forgot the former relation, and yet asserts that the reason why Ulysses tells the same history in part to Antinous, proceeds from a fear of detection in Eumæus. I would rather imagine that Ulysses makes the deviation, trusting to the judgment of Eumæus, who might conclude that there was some good reason why he forbears to let Antinous into the full history of his life; especially, because he was an enemy both to Ulysses and Eumæus: he might therefore easily reflect, that the difference of his story arose from prudence and design, rather than from imposture and falshood.

Jove thunder'd on their ſide: our guilty head
We turn'd to flight; the gath'ring vengeance ſpread
On all parts round, and heaps on heaps lay dead.
Some few the foes in ſervitude detain;
Death ill exchang'd for bondage and for pain!
Unhappy me a Cyprian took a-board,
And gave to Dmetor, Cyprus' haughty lord:
Hither, to 'ſcape his chains, my courſe I ſteer
Still curſt by fortune, and inſulted here!
  To whom Antinous thus his rage expreſt.
What god has plagu'd us with this gormand gueſt?
Unleſs at diſtance, wretch! thou keep behind,
Another iſle, than Cyprus more unkind;
Another Ægypt, ſhalt thou quickly find.
From all thou beg'ſt, a bold audacious ſlave;
Nor all can give ſo much as thou canſt crave.
Nor wonder I, at ſuch profuſion ſhown;
Shameleſs they give, who give what's not their own.
  The chief, retiring. Souls like that in thee,
Ill ſuit ſuch forms of grace and dignity.
Nor will that hand to utmoſt need afford
The ſmalleſt portion of a waſteful board,

v. 525. *And gave to Dmetor, Cyprus' haughty lord.*] We are not to ſearch too exactly into hiſtoric truth among the fictions of poetry; but it is very probable that this Dmetor was really king of Cyprus. Euſtathius is of this opinion; but it may be objected, that Cinyras was king of Cyprus in the time of Ulyſſes. Thus lib. xi. Iliad.

> The beaming cuiraſs next adorn'd his breaſt;
> The ſame which once king Cinyras poſſeſt;
> The fame of Greece, and her aſſembled hoſt.
> Had reach'd that monarch on the Cyprian coaſt.

The anſwer is, there were almoſt twenty years elapſed ſince the mention of this breaſt-plate of Cinyras; this king therefore being dead, Dmetor poſſeſt the Cyprian throne.

v. 532. *Another Ægypt, &c.*] This paſſage is a full demonſtration that the country was called Ægypt in the days of Homer, as well as the river Nilus; for in the ſpeech he uſes Αἴγυπτος in the maſculine gender to denote the river, and here he calls it πειρὴν Αἴγυπτον in the feminine, to ſhew that he ſpeaks of the country: the former word agreeing with ποταμὸς, the latter with γαῖα.

Whofe luxury whole patrimonies fweeps,
Yet ftarving want, amidft the riot, weeps.
  The haughty fuitor with refentment burns,
And fow'rly fmiling, this reply returns.
Take that, ere yet thou quit this princely throng:
And dumb for ever be thy fland'rous tongue!
He faid, and high the whirling tripod flung.
His fhoulder-blade receiv'd th' ungentle fhock;
He ftood, and mov'd not, like a marble rock;
But fhook his thoughtful head, nor more complain'd,
Sedate of foul, his character fuftain'd,
And inly form'd revenge: then back withdrew;
Before his feet the well-fill'd fcrip he threw,
And thus with femblance mild addreft the crew.
  May what I fpeak your princely minds approve,
Ye peers and rivals in this noble love!
Not for the hurt I grieve, but for the caufe.
If, when the fword our country's quarrel draws,

v. 557. *Not for the hurt I grieve, but for the caufe.*] The reafoning of Ulyffes in the original is not without fome obfcurity: for how can it be affirmed, that it is no great affliction to have our property invaded, and to be wounded in the defence of it? The beggar who fuffers for afking an alms, has no injury done him, except the violence offered to his perfon; but it is a double injury, to fuffer both in our perfons and properties. We muft therefore fuppofe that Ulyffes means, that the importance of the caufe, when our rights are invaded, is equal to the danger, and that we ought to fuffer wounds, or even death, in defence of it; and that a brave man grieves not at fuch laudable adventures. Or perhaps Ulyffes fpeaks only with refpect to Antinous, and means that it is a greater injury to offer violence to the poor and the ftranger, than to perfons of greater fortunes and ftation.

Euftathius gives a deeper meaning to the fpeech of Ulyffes; he applies it to his prefent condition, and it is the fame as if he had faid openly; It would be no great matter if I had been wounded in defence of my palace, and other properties, but to fuffer only for afking an alms, this is a deep affliction. So that Ulyffes fpeaks in general, but intends his own particular condition; and the import of the whole is, I grieve to fuffer, not upon any weighty account, but only for being poor and hungry.

Or if defending what is juſtly dear,
From Mars impartial ſome broad wound we bear;
The gen'rous motive dignifies the ſcar.
But for mere want, how hard to ſuffer wrong?
Want brings enough of other ills along!
Yet if injuſtice never be ſecure,
If fiends revenge, and gods aſſert the poor,
Death ſhall lay low the proud aggreſſor's head,
And make the duſt Antinous' bridal bed.
  Peace wretch! and eat thy bread without offence,
(The ſuitor cry'd) or force ſhall drag thee hence,
Scourge thro' the public ſtreet, and caſt thee there,
A mangled carcaſe for the hounds to tear.
  His furious deed the gen'ral anger mov'd,
All, ev'n the worſt, condemn'd: and ſome reprov'd.
Was ever chief for wars like theſe renown'd?
Ill fits the ſtranger and the poor to wound.
Unbleſt thy hand! if in this low diſguiſe
Wander, perhaps, ſome inmate of the ſkies;
They (curious oft' of mortal actions) deign
In forms like theſe, to round the earth and main,
Juſt and unjuſt recording in their mind,
And with ſure eyes inſpecting all mankind.
  Telemachus abſorpt in thought ſevere,
Nouriſh'd deep anguiſh, tho' he ſhed no tear;

v. 578. *They (curious oft' of mortal actions)* &c.] We have already obſerved, that it was the opinion of the antients, that the gods frequently aſſumed an human ſhape. Thus Ovid of Jupiter.

——— ——— "Summo delabor Olympo,
"Et Deus humanâ luſtro ſub imagine terras."

I refer the reader to the objections of Plato, mentioned in the preceding book. It is obſervable, that Homer puts this remarkable truth into the mouth of the ſuitors, to ſhew that it was certain and undeniable, when it is atteſted even by ſuch perſons as had no piety or religion.

v. 582. *Telemachus* ———
Nouriſh'd deep anguiſh, tho' he ſhed no tear.]
This is ſpoken with particular judgment; Telemachus is here to

But the dark brow of ſilent ſorrow ſhook:
While thus his mother to her virgins ſpoke.
" On him and his may the bright god of day
" That baſe, inhoſpitable blow repay!"
The nurſe replies: " If Jove receives my pray'r,
" Not one ſurvives to breathe to-morrow's air."
  All, all are foes, and miſchief is their end;
Antinous moſt to gloomy death a friend;
(Replies the queen) the ſtranger begg'd their grace,
And melting pity ſoften'd ev'ry face;
From ev'ry other hand redreſs he found,
But fell Antinous anſwer'd with a wound.
Amidſt her maids thus ſpoke the prudent queen,
Then bad Eumæus call the pilgrim in.
Much of th' experienc'd man I long to hear,
If or his certain eye, or liſt'ning ear
Have learn'd the fortunes of my wand'ring lord?
Thus ſhe, and good Eumæus took the word.
  A private audience if thy grace impart,
The ſtranger's words may eaſe the royal heart.
His ſacred eloquence in balm diſtils,
And the ſooth'd heart with ſecret pleaſure fills.
Three days have ſpent their beams, three nights have run
Their ſilent journey, ſince his tale begun,
Unfiniſh'd yet; and yet I thirſt to hear!
As when ſome heav'n-taught poet charms the ear,

act the part of a wiſe man, not of a tender ſon; he reſtrains his tears leſt they ſhould betray his father, it being improbable that he ſhould weep for a vagabond and beggar. We find he has profited by the inſtructions of Ulyſſes, and practiſes the injunctions given in the former book.

——— If ſcorn inſult my reverend age,
Bear it, my ſon; repreſs thy riſing rage.
If outrag'd, ceaſe that outrage to repel,
Bear it my ſon, tho' thy brave heart rebel.

Telemachus ſtruggles againſt the yearnings of nature, and ſhews himſelf to be a maſter of his paſſions; he muſt therefore be thought to exert an act of wiſdom, not of inſenſibility.

(Sufpending forrow with celeftial ftrain
Breath'd from the gods to foften human pain)
Time fteals away with unregarded wing,
And the foul hears him, tho' he ceafe to fing.
Ulyffes late he faw, on Cretan ground,
(His father's gueft) for Minos' birth renown'd.
He now but waits the wind, to waft him o'er
With boundlefs treafure, from Thefprotia's fhore.
To this the queen. The wand'rer let me hear,
While yon' luxurious race indulge their cheer,
Devour the grazing ox and browzing goat,
And turn my gen'rous vintage down their throat.
For where's an arm, like thine Ulyffes! ftrong,
To curb wild riot and to punifh wrong?
She fpoke. Telemachus then fneez'd aloud;
Conftrain'd, his noftril echo'd thro' the crowd.

v. 615. ——— *for Minos' birth renown'd.*] Diodorus Siculus thus writes of Minos: "He was the fon of Jupiter and Europa, "who was fabled to be carried by a bull, (that is, in a fhip called "the bull, or that had the image of a bull carved upon its prow) "into Crete: here Minos reigned, and built many cities: he "eftablifhed many laws among the Cretans; he alfo provided a "navy, by which he fubdued many of the adjacent iflands. The "expreffion in the Greek will bear a twofold fenfe; and implies "either, where Minos was born, or where the defcendants of "Minos reign; for Idomenæus, who governed Crete in the days "of Ulyffes, was a defcendant of Minos, from his fon Deucalion."
Homer mentions it as an honour to Crete, to have given birth to fo great a law-giver as Minos; and it is univerfally true, that every great man is an honour to his country: Athens did not give reputation to learned men, but learned men to Athens.

v. 624. ——— *Telemachus then fneez'd aloud.*] Euftathius fully explains the nature of this omen; for fneezing was reckoned ominous both by the Greeks and Romans. While Penelope uttered thefe words, Telemachus fneezes; Penelope accepts the omen, and expects the words to be verified. The original of the veneration paid to fneezing is this: The head is the moft facred part of the body, the feat of thought and reafon: now the fneeze coming from the head, the antients looked upon it as a fign or omen, and believed it to be fent by Jupiter; therefore they regarded it with a kind of adoration: the reader will have a full idea of the nature of the omen of fneezing here mentioned, from a fingular inftance in lib. iii.

The ſmiling queen the happy omen bleſt:
" So may theſe impious fall, by fate oppreſt!"
Then to Eumæus: bring the ſtranger, fly!
And if my queſtions meet a true reply,
Grac'd with a decent robe he ſhall retire,
A gift in ſeaſon which his wants require.
Thus ſpoke Penelope. Eumæus flies
In duteous haſte, and to Ulyſſes cries.
The queen invites thee, venerable gueſt!
A ſecret inſtinct moves her troubled breaſt,

of Xenophon, in his expedition of Cyrus. Xenophon having ended a ſhort ſpeech to his ſoldiers with theſe words, viz. "We have "many reaſons to hope for preſervation;" they were ſcarce uttered, when a certain ſoldier ſneezed: the whole army took the omen, and at once paid adoration to the gods; then Xenophon reſuming his diſcourſe, proceeded, "Since my fellow-ſoldiers, at the "mention of our preſervation, Jupiter has ſent this omen," &c. So that Xenophon fully explains Homer.

Sneezing was likewiſe reckoned ominous by the Romans. Thus Catullus,

> " Hoc ut dixit, amor ſiniſtra ut ante
> " Dextram ſternuit approbationem."

Thus alſo Propertius,

> " Num tibi naſcenti primis, mea vita, diebus
> " Aridus argutum ſternuit omen amor."

We find in all theſe inſtances that ſneezing was conſtantly received as a good omen, or a ſign of approbation from the gods. In theſe ages we pay an idle ſuperſtition to ſneezing, but it is ever looked upon as a bad o[illegible] and we cry "God bleſs you," upon hearing it, as the Greeks in later times ſaid ζῆθι or Ζεῦ σῶσον. We are told this cuſtom aroſe from a mort[illegible] that affected the head, and threw the patient into convulſive ſneezings, that occaſioned his death.

I will only add from Euſtathius, that Homer expreſſes the loudneſs of the ſneezing, to give a reaſon why Penelope heard it, ſhe being in an apartment at ſome diſtance from Telemachus.

The ſneezing likewiſe gives us the reaſon why Penelope immediately commands Eumæus to introduce the beggar into her preſence: the omen gave her hopes to hear of Ulyſſes; ſhe ſaw the beggar was a ſtranger, and a traveller, and therefore expected he might be able to give her ſome information.

Of her long abſent lord from thee to gain
Some light, and ſoothe her ſoul's eternal pain.
If true, if faithful thou; her grateful mind
Of decent robes a preſent has deſign'd:
So finding favour in the royal eye,
Thy other wants her ſubjects ſhall ſupply.
  Fair truth alone (the patient man reply'd)
My words ſhall dictate, and my lips ſhall guide.
To him, to me, one common lot was giv'n,
In equal woes, alas! involv'd by heav'n.
Much of his fates I know; but check'd by fear
I ſtand: the hand of violence is here:
Here boundleſs wrongs the ſtarry ſkies invade,
And injur'd ſuppliants ſeek in vain for aid.
Let for a ſpace the penſive queen attend,
Nor claim my ſtory till the ſun deſcend;
Then in ſuch robes as ſuppliants may require,
Compos'd and chearful by the genial fire,
When loud uproar and lawleſs riot ceaſe,
Shall her pleas'd ear receive my words in peace.
  Swift to the queen returns the gentle ſwain:
And ſay, (ſhe cries) does fear, or ſhame, detain
The cautious ſtranger? With the begging kind
Shame ſuits but ill. Eumæus thus rejoin'd:
  He only aſks a more propitious hour,
And ſhuns (who wou'd not?) wicked men in pow'r;
At ev'ning mild (meet ſeaſon to confer)
By turns to queſtion, and by turns to hear.

v. 644. *To him, to me, one common lot was giv'n,*
In equal woes, alas! involv'd by heav'n.

These words bear a double ſenſe; one applicable to the ſpeaker, the other to the reader: the reader, who knows this beggar to be Ulyſſes, is pleaſed with the concealed meaning, and hears with pleaſure the beggar affirming that he is fully inſtructed in the miſfortunes of Ulyſſes: but ſpeaking in the character of a beggar, he keeps Eumæus in ignorance, who believes he is reciting the adventures of a friend, while he really gives his own hiſtory.

Whoe'er this gueſt (the prudent queen replies)
His ev'ry ſtep and ev'ry thought is wiſe.
For men, like theſe, on earth he ſhall not find
In all the miſcreant race of human kind.
Thus ſhe. Eumæus all her words attends,
And parting, to the ſuitor pow'rs deſcends:
There ſeeks Telemachus, and thus apart
In whiſpers breathes the fondneſs of his heart.
The time, my lord, invites me to repair
Hence to the lodge; my charge demands my care.
Theſe ſons of murder thirſt thy life to take;
O guard it, guard it, for thy ſervant's ſake!
Thanks to my friend, he cries; but now the hour
Of night draws on, go ſeek the rural bow'r:
But firſt refreſh: and at the dawn of day
Hither a victim to the gods convey.
Our life to heav'n's immortal pow'rs we truſt,
Safe in their care, for heav'n protects the juſt.
Obſervant of his voice, Eumæus ſat
And fed recumbent on a chair of ſtate.
Then inſtant roſe, and as he mov'd along
'Twas riot all amid the ſuitor-throng,
They feaſt, they dance, and raiſe the mirthful ſong.
'Till now declining tow'rd the cloſe of day,
The ſun obliquely ſhot his dewy ray.

v. 676. —— *but now the hour of night draws on* ——] The reader may look back to the beginning of the preceding book, for the explication of δείελον ἦμαρ, here mentioned by Homer.

This book does not fully comprehend the ſpace of one day: it begins with the morning, and ends before night, ſo that the time here mentioned by the poet, is the evening of the thirty-ninth day.

THE

ODYSSEY.

*BOOK XVIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The fight of Ulysses and Irus.

The beggar Irus insults Ulysses; the suitors promote the quarrel, in which Irus is worsted, and miserably handled. Penelope descends, and receives the presents of the suitors. The dialogue of Ulysses with Eurymachus.

WHILE fix'd in thought the pensive hero sat,
A mendicant approach'd the royal gate;
A surly vagrant of the giant kind,
The stain of manhood, of a coward mind:
From feast to feast, insatiate to devour
He flew, attendant on the genial hour.
Him on his mother's knees, when babe he lay,
She nam'd Arnæus on his natal day:

* Homer has been severely blamed for describing Ulysses, a king, entering the lists with a beggar: Rapin affirms, that he demeans himself by engaging with an unequal adversary. The objection would be unanswerable, if Ulysses appeared in his royal character: but it is as necessary in epic poetry, as on the theatre, to adapt the behaviour of every person to the character he is to represent, whether real or imaginary. Would it not have been ridiculous to have represented him, while he was disguised in the garb of a beggar, refusing the combat, because he knew himself to be a king? and would not such a conduct have endangered a discovery? Ought we not rather to look upon this episode as an instance of the greatness of the calamities of Ulysses, who is reduced to such uncommon extremities as to be set upon a level with the meanest of wretches?

v. 8. *She nam'd Arnæus.*] It seems probable from this passage, that the mother gave the name to the child in the days of Homer;

But Irus his associates call'd the boy,
Practis'd, the common messenger to fly;
Irus, a name expressive of th' employ.
From his own roof, with meditated blows,
He strove to drive the man of mighty woes.
Hence dotard, hence! and timely speed thy way,
Lest dragg'd in vengeance thou repent thy stay;
See how with nods assent yon' princely train!
But honouring age, in mercy I refrain;

though perhaps not without the concurrence of the father: thus in the scriptures it is said of Leah, that "she bare a son and called "his name Reuben;" and again, "she called his name Simeon;" and the same is frequently repeated both of Leah and Rachel. In the age of Aristophanes, the giving a name to the child seems to have been a divided prerogative between the father and mother: for in his Νέφελαι there is a dispute between Strepsiades and his wife, concerning the name of their son: the wife was of noble birth, and would therefore give him a noble name; the husband was a plain villager, and was rather for a name that denoted frugality: but the woman not waving the least branch of her prerogative, they compromised the affair, by giving the child a compounded name that implied both frugality and chivalry, derived from φείδω to spare, and ἵππος an horse; and the young cavalier's name was Phidippides. Eustathius affirms, that antiently the mother named the child; and the scholiast upon Aristophanes in avib. quotes a fragment from Euripides to this purpose from a play called Ægeus.

Τί σὲ μάτερ ἐν δεκάτᾳ τέκον ὠνόμασε.

"What was the name given on the tenth day by the mother to "thee, the child?" Dacier tells us, that the name of Arnæus was prophetic ὑπὸ τῶν ἀρνῶν, "from the sheep the glutton would "devour when he came to manhood;" but this is mere fancy, and it is no reason, because he proved a glutton, that therefore the name foretold it: one might rather think the fondness of the mother toward her infant, suggested a very different view: she gave the name according to her wishes, and flattered herself that he would prove a very rich man, "a man of many flocks and herds:" and therefore she called him Ἀρναῖος: and this is the more probable, because all riches originally consisted in flocks and herds.

v. 11. *Irus a name expressive of th' employ.*] To understand this, we must have recourse to the derivation of the word Irus; it comes from εἴρω, which signifies "nuncio;" Irus was therefore so called, because he was a public messenger; and Iris bears that name, as the messenger of the gods; Ἶρος, ἀπαγγέλλων; Ἶρις, Ἄγγελος. Hesychius.

In peace away! leſt, if perſuaſions fail,
This arm with blows more eloquent prevail.
  To whom, with ſtern regard: O inſolence,
Indecently to rail without offence!
What bounty gives, without a rival ſhare;
I aſk, what harms not thee, to breathe this air:
Alike on alms we both precarious live;
And canſt thou envy, when the great relieve?
Know from the bounteous heav'ns all riches flow,
And what man gives, the gods by man beſtow;
Proud as thou art, henceforth no more be proud,
Leſt I imprint my vengeance in thy blood;
Old as I am, ſhould once my fury burn,
How would'ſt thou fly, nor ev'n in thought return?
  Mere woman-glutton! (thus the churl reply'd)
A tongue ſo flippant, with a throat ſo wide!
Why ceaſe I, gods! to daſh thoſe teeth away,
Like ſome vile boar's, that greedy of his prey
Uproots the bearded corn? riſe, try the fight,
Gird well thy loins, approach and feel my might:

v. 34. ——— *To daſh thoſe teeth away,*
Like ſome wild boar's.]

Theſe words refer to a cuſtom that prevailed in former ages; it was allowed to ſtrike out the teeth of any beaſt which the owner found in his grounds: Euſtathius informs us, that this was a cuſtom or law among the people of Cyprus; but from what Homer here ſpeaks, it ſeems to have been a general practice; at leaſt it was in uſe amongſt the Ithacans.

v. 37. *Gird well thy loins.*] We may gather from hence the manner of the ſingle combat; the champions fought naked, and only made uſe of a cincture round the loins out of decency. Homer directly affirms it, when Ulyſſes prepares for the fight.

Then girding his ſtrong loins, the king prepares
To cloſe in combat, and his body bares;
Broad ſpread his ſhoulders, and his nervous thighs
By juſt degrees like well turn'd columns riſe;
Ample his cheſt, his arms are round and long,
And each ſtrong joint Minerva knits more ſtrong.

Thus Diomed in the Iliad girds his friend Euryalus when he engag'd Epæus.

Sure of defeat, before the peers engage;
Unequal fight! when youth contends with age!
Thus in a wordy war their tongues display
More fierce intents, preluding to the fray;
Antinous hears, and in a jovial vein,
Thus with loud laughter to the suitor-train.
This happy day in mirth, my friends employ,
And lo! the gods conspire to crown our joy.
See ready for the fight, and hand to hand,
Yon' surly mendicants contentious stand;
Why urge we not to blows? Well pleas'd they spring
Swift from their seats, and thick'ning form a ring.
To whom Antinous. Lo! enrich'd with blood,
A kid's well-fatted entrails (tasteful food)
On glowing embers lie; on him bestow
The choicest portion who subdues his foe;
Grant him unrival'd in these walls to stay,
The sole attendant on the genial day.
The lords applaud: Ulysses then with art,
And fears well-feign'd, disguis'd his dauntless heart:
Worn as I am with age, decay'd with woe;
Say, is it baseness, to decline the foe?
Hard conflict! when calamity and age
With vig'rous youth, unknown to cares, engage!
Yet fearful of disgrace, to try the day
Imperious hunger bids, and I obey;
But swear, impartial arbiters of right,
Swear to stand neutral, while we cope in fight.

Officious with the cincture girds him round.

The speeches here are short, and the periods remarkably concise, suitable to the nature of anger. The reader may consult the annotations on the xxth book, concerning the goat's entrails mentioned here by Antinous.

v. 64. *But swear, impartial arbiters of right,*
Swear to stand neutral, while we cope in fight.]
This is a very necessary precaution: Ulysses had reason to appre-

The peers aſſent: when ſtraight his ſacred head
Telemachus uprais'd, and ſternly ſaid.
Stranger, if prompted to chaſtiſe the wrong
Of this bold inſolent; confide, be ſtrong!
Th' injurious Greek that dares attempt a blow,
That inſtant makes Telemachus his foe;
And theſe my friends * ſhall guard the ſacred ties
Of hoſpitality, for they are wiſe.
Then girding his ſtrong loins, the king prepares
To cloſe in combat, and his body bares;
Broad ſpread his ſhoulders, and his nervous thighs
By juſt degrees, like well-turn'd columns, riſe:
Ample his cheſt, his arms are round and long,
And each ſtrong joint Minerva knits more ſtrong,
(Attendant on her chief:) the ſuitor-crowd
With wonder gaze, and gazing ſpeak aloud;
Irus! alas! ſhall Irus be no more,
Black fate impends, and this th' avenging hour!

hend that the ſuitors would intereſt themſelves in the cauſe of Irus, who was their daily attendant, rather than in that of a perfect ſtranger. Homer takes care to point out the prudence of Ulyſſes upon every emergence: beſides, he raiſes this fray between two beggars into ſome dignity, by requiring the ſanction of an oath to regulate the laws of the combat. It is the ſame ſolemnity uſed in the Iliad between Paris and Menelaus, and repreſents theſe combatants engaging with the formality of two heroes.

v. 72. *And theſe my friends ſhall guard the ſacred ties*
Of hoſpitality, for they are wiſe.]

When Telemachus ſpeaks theſe words, he is to be ſuppoſed to turn to Eurymachus and Antinous, to whom he directs his diſcourſe. It muſt be allowed that this is an artful piece of flattery in Telemachus, and he makes uſe of it to engage theſe two princes, who were the chief of the ſuitors, on his ſide.

* Antinous and Eurymachus.

v. 82. *Irus, alas! ſhall Irus be no more.*] This is literally tranſlated: I confeſs I wiſh Homer had omitted theſe little colluſions of words: he ſports with Ἶρος ἄϊρος. It is a low conceit, alluding to the derivation of Irus, and means that he ſhall never more be a meſſenger. The tranſlation, though it be verbal, yet is free from

Gods! how his nerves a matchless strength proclaim:
Swell o'er his well-strung limbs, and brace his frame!
Then pale with fears, and sick'ning at the sight,
They dragg'd th' unwilling Irus to the fight;
From his blank visage fled the coward blood,
And his flesh trembled as aghast he stood:
O that such baseness should disgrace the light!
O hide it, death, in everlasting night!
(Exclaims Antinous) can a vig'rous foe
Meanly decline to combat age and woe?
But hear me, wretch! if recreant in the fray,
That huge bulk yield this ill-contested day;
Instant thou sail'st, to Echetus resign'd;
A tyrant, fiercest of the tyrant-kind,

ambiguity, and the joke concealed in ἄιρος; this will be evident if we substitute another name in the place of Irus; we may say Achilles shall be no longer Achilles, without descending from the gravity of epic poetry.

v. 90. *O that such baseness should disgrace the light!*
O! hide it, death, &c.]

Eustathius gives us an instance of the deep penetration of some critics, in their comments upon these words; they have found in them the philosophy of Pythagoras, and the transmigration of souls. The verse stands thus in Homer;

Νῦν μὲν μήτ' εἴης βουγάϊε, μήτε γένοιο:

which they imagine is to be understood after this manner; "I wish thou hadst never been born! and mayst thou never exist again, or have a second being!" To recite such an absurdity, is to refute it. The verse when literally rendered bears this import; "I wish thou wert now dead, or hadst never been born!" an imprecation very natural to persons in anger, who seldom give themselves time to speak with profound allusions to philosophy.

v. 96. *Instant thou sail'st, to Echetus resign'd;*
A tyrant, fiercest of the tyrant-kind.]

The tradition concerning Echetus stands thus: he was king of Epirus, the son of Euchenor and Phlogea; he had a daughter called Metopè, or as others affirm, Amphissa; she being corrupted by Æchmodicus, Echetus put out her eyes, and condemned her to grind pieces of iron made in the resemblance of corn; and told her she should recover her sight when she had ground the iron into flour.

Who casts thy mangled ears and nose a prey
To hungry dogs, and lops the man away.
  While with indignant scorn he sternly spoke,
In ev'ry joint the trembling Irus shook;
Now front to front each frowning champion stands,
And poises high in air his adverse hands.
The chief yet doubts, or to the shades below
To fell the giant at one vengeful blow,
Or save his life; and soon his life to save
The king resolves, for mercy sways the brave.
That instant Irus his huge arm extends,
Full on the shoulder the rude weight descends;
The sage Ulysses, fearful to disclose
The hero latent in the man of woes,
Check'd half his might; yet rising to the stroke,
His jaw-bone dash'd; the crashing jaw-bone broke:
Down dropp'd he stupid from the stunning wound;
His feet extended, quiv'ring, beat the ground;
His mouth and nostrils spout a purple flood;
His teeth, all shatter'd, rush immix'd with blood.
  The peers transported, as outstretch'd he lies,
With bursts of laughter rend the vaulted skies;
  Then dragg'd along, all bleeding from the wound,
His length of carcass trailing prints the ground;

He invited Æchmodicus to an entertainment, and cut off the extremities from all parts of his body, and cast them to the dogs; at length being seized with madness, he fed upon his own flesh, and died. This history is confirmed, lib. iv. of Apollonius,

Ὑβριστὴς Ἔχετος γλήναις ἐνὶ χάλκεα κέντρα
Πῆξε θυγατρὸς ἑῆς, στονόεντι δὲ κάρφεται οἴτῳ,
Ὀρφναίῃ ἐνὶ χαλκὸν ἀλετρεύουσα καλιῇ.

I wonder how this last quotation escaped the diligence of Eustathius. Dacier affirms, that no mention is made of Echetus by any of the Greek historians, and therefore she has recourse to another tradition, preserved by Eustathius, who tells us, that Echetus was contemporary with Homer, that the poet had been ill used by him, and therefore took this revenge for his inhumanity.

Rais'd on his feet, again he reels, he falls,
'Till propp'd, reclining on the palace walls;
Then to his hand a ſtaff the victor gave,
And thus with juſt reproach addreſs'd the ſlave.
There terrible, affright the dogs, and reign
A dreaded tyrant o'er the beſtial train!
But mercy to the poor and ſtranger ſhow,
Leſt heav'n in vengeance ſend ſome mightier woe.
Scornful he ſpoke, and o'er his ſhoulder flung
The broad patch'd ſcrip; the ſcrip in tatters hung
Ill join'd, and knotted to a twiſted thong.
Then, turning ſhort, diſdain'd a further ſtay;
But to the palace meaſur'd back the way.
There as he reſted, gathering in a ring
The peers with ſmiles addreſt their unknown king:
Stranger, may Jove and all th' aerial pow'rs,
With ev'ry bleſſing crown thy happy hours?
Our freedom to thy proweſs'd arm we owe
From bold intruſion of thy coward foe;
Inſtant the flying ſail the ſlave ſhall wing
To Echetus, the monſter of a king.
While pleas'd he hears, Antinous bears the food,
A kid's well fatted entrails, rich with blood:
The bread from caniſters of ſhining mold
Amphinomus; and wines that laugh in gold:
And oh! (he mildly cries) may heav'n diſplay
A beam of glory o'er thy future day!
Alas, the brave too oft' is doom'd to bear
The gripes of poverty, and ſtings of care.

v. 140. *From bold intruſion of thy coward foe.*] The word in the Greek is ἄναλτον. Γάςεϛα ἄναλτον is "a voracious appetite, a ſto-"mach that nothing can ſatisfy:" Heſychius thus explains it: ἄναλτον ἀναυξεῖς, τῦτ' ἐςὶν ἱκανὸν, ἢ ἀπλήρωτον παρὰ τὴν ἄλσιν. But there is undoubtedly an error in Heſychius; inſtead of ἱκανὸν we ſhould read ἰσχνὸν, that is "meager," or a "ſtomach that appears "always unfilled." The general moral that we are to gather from the behaviour of Ulyſſes and Irus, is that inſolence and boaſting are ſigns of cowardice.

To whom with thought mature the king replies:
The tongue ſpeaks wiſely, when the ſoul is wiſe;
Such was thy father! in imperial ſtate,
Great without vice, that oft' attends the great:
Nor from the ſire art thou, the ſon, declin'd;
Then hear my words, and grave them in thy mind!
Of all that breathes, or grov'ling creeps on earth,
Moſt vain is man! calamitous by birth;
To-day with pow'r elate, in ſtrength he blooms;
The haughty creature on that pow'r preſumes:
Anon from heav'n a ſad reverſe he feels;
Untaught to bear, 'gainſt heav'n the wretch rebels.
For man is changeful, as his bliſs or woe;
Too high when proſp'rous, when diſtreſt too low.

v. 156. *Then hear my words, and grave them in thy mind!*] There never was a finer lecture of morality read in any of the ſchools of the philoſophers, than this which Ulyſſes delivers to Amphinomus; he uſhers it in with great ſolemnity, and ſpeaks to all mankind in the perſon of Amphinomus. It is quoted by a variety of authors: Pliny in his preface to his Natural Hiſtory, lib. 7. has wrote a diſſertation on this ſentence.

> Of all that breathes, or grov'ling creeps on earth,
> Moſt vain is man, &c.

Ariſtotle and Maximus Tyrius quote it; and Plutarch twice refers to it. Homer conſiders man both with reſpect to the errors of the mind, and the calamities incident to the body; and upon a review of all mortal creatures, he attributes to man the unhappy ſuperiority in miſeries. But indeed Homer is ſo plain that he needs no interpretation, and any words but his own muſt diſgrace him. Beſides, this ſpeech is beautiful in another view, and excellently ſets forth the forgiving temper of Ulyſſes: he ſaw that all the ſparks of virtue and humanity were not extinguiſhed in Amphinomus; he therefore warns him with great ſolemnity to forſake the ſuitors; he imprints conviction upon his mind, though ineffectually, and ſhews by it that when he falls by the hand of Ulyſſes in the ſucceeding parts of the Odyſſey, his death is not a revenge but a puniſhment.

v. 163. *For man is changeful as his bliſs or woe.*] Moſt of the interpreters have greatly miſrepreſented theſe words,

> Τοῖος γὰρ νόος ἐςὶν ἐπιχθονίων ἀνθρώπων
> Οἷον ἐπ' ἦμαρ ἄγησι,

There was a day, when with the ſcornful great
I ſwell'd in pomp and arrogance of ſtate;
Proud of the pow'r that to high birth belongs;
And us'd that pow'r to juſtify my wrongs.
Then let not man be proud: but firm of mind,
Bear the beſt humbly, and the worſt reſign'd;
Be dumb when heav'n afflicts! unlike yon' train
Of haughty ſpoilers, inſolently vain;
Who make their queen and all her wealth a prey:
But vengeance and Ulyſſes wing their way.
O may'ſt thou, favour'd by ſome guardian pow'r,
Far, far be diſtant in that deathful hour!
For ſure I am, if ſtern Ulyſſes breathe,
Theſe lawleſs riots end in blood and death.
  Then to the gods the roſy juice he pours,
And the drain'd goblet to the chief reſtores.
Stung to the ſoul, o'ercaſt with holy dread,
He ſhook the graceful honours of his head;
His boding mind the future woe foreſtalls:
In vain! by great Telemachus he falls,
For Pallas ſeals his doom: all ſad he turns
To join the peers; reſumes his throne, and mourns.

They thus tranſlate it, "talis mens hominum, qualem deus ſug-"gerit;" or, "Such is the mind of man, as heav'n inſpires:" but this is an error, for οἷον cannot refer to νόος, but to ἦμαρ, and the ſentence is thus to be rendered, "Talis mens hominum, qua-"lem diem deus inducit;" that is, "The mind of man changes "with the complexion of the day, as heav'n ſends happineſs or "miſery;" or as in the tranſlation,

> For man is changeful, as his bliſs or woe;
> Too high when proſp'rous, when diſtreſs'd too low.

The reader will be convinced that the conſtruction requires this ſenſe, by joining the prepoſition with the verb, ἐπὶ with ἄγησι, and rendering it, οἷον ἦμαρ ἐπάγησι; nothing being more frequent than ſuch a diviſion of the prepoſition from the verb amongſt the Greeks. It muſt be allowed, that Homer gives a very unhappy, yet too juſt a picture, of human nature: man is too apt to be proud and inſolent in proſperity, and mean and abject in adverſity; and thoſe men who are moſt overbearing in an happy ſtate, are always moſt baſe and mean in the day of affliction.

Meanwhile Minerva with inſtinctive fires
Thy ſoul, Penelope, from heav'n inſpires;
With flatt'ring hopes the ſuitors to betray,
And ſeem to meet, yet fly, the bridal day;
Thy huſband's wonder, and thy ſon's, to raiſe;
And crown the mother and the wife with praiſe.

v. 189. *With flatt'ring hopes the ſuitors to betray.*] The Greek is very conciſe, and the expreſſion uncommon, ὅπως πετάσειε θυμὸν μνηςήρων; that is, Penelope thus acted that ſhe might "dilate the "heart of the ſuitors;" meaning (as Euſtathius obſerves) that ſhe might give them falſe hopes by appearing in their company; for the heart ſhrinks, and is contracted by ſorrow and deſpair, and is again dilated by hope or joy: this is I believe literally true, the ſpirits flow briſkly when we are in joy, and a new pulſe is given to the blood, which neceſſarily muſt dilate the heart: on the contrary, when we are in ſorrow the ſpirits are languid, and the blood moves leſs actively; and therefore the heart ſhrinks and contracts, the blood wanting vigour to dilate and expand it.

v. 191. *Thy huſband's wonder, and thy ſon's, to raiſe.*] This is ſolely the act of Minerva, for Penelope is ignorant that ſhe is to appear before her huſband. This interview is excellently managed by Homer: Ulyſſes is to be convinced of his wife's fidelity; to bring this about, he introduces her upon the public ſtage, where her huſband ſtands as a common unconcerned ſpectator, and hears her expreſs her love for him in the warmeſt terms; here is no room for art or deſign, becauſe ſhe is ignorant that ſhe ſpeaks before Ulyſſes; and therefore her words muſt be ſuppoſed to proceed from the heart. This gives us a reaſon why Homer makes her dwell at large upon her paſſion for Ulyſſes, and paint it in the ſtrongeſt colours, viz. to evidence her chaſtity, and urge Ulyſſes to haſten the deſtruction of the ſuitors, by convincing him that ſhe is able no longer to elude the marriage hour. But then it may be objected, if Penelope's ſole deſign was to give a falſe hope to the ſuitors, does ſhe not take a very wrong method, by ſpeaking ſo very tenderly of Ulyſſes? is not this a more probable reaſon for deſpair, than hope? It is true, it would have been ſo, if in the concluſion of her ſpeech ſhe had not artfully added,

> But when my ſon grows man, the royal ſway
> Reſign, and happy be thy bridal day!

So that Telemachus being now grown up to maturity, the ſuitors concluded that the nuptial hour was at hand. If then we conſider the whole conduct of Penelope in this book, it muſt be allowed to be very refined and artful; ſhe obſerves a due regard towards Ulyſſes, by ſhewing ſhe is not to be perſuaded to marry; and yet by the ſame words ſhe gives the ſuitors hopes that the day is almoſt come when ſhe intends to celebrate her nuptials; ſhe manages ſo dex-

Then, while the streaming sorrow dims her eyes,
Thus with a transient smile the matron cries,

Eurynomè! to go where riot reigns
I feel an impulse, tho' my soul disdains;
To my lov'd son the snares of death to show,
And in the traitor-friend unmask the foe;
Who smooth of tongue, in purpose insincere,
Hides fraud in smiles, while death is ambush'd there.

Go warn thy son, nor be the warning vain,
(Reply'd the sagest of the royal train)
But bath'd, anointed, and adorn'd descend;
Pow'rful of charms, bid ev'ry grace attend;
The tide of flowing tears a-while suppress;
Tears but indulge the sorrow, not repress.
Some joy remains: to thee a son is giv'n,
Such as in fondness parents ask of heav'n.

trously, as to persuade without a promise; and for this reason the words are put into the mouth of Ulysses, and it is Ulysses who gives the hopes, rather than Penelope.

v. 193. *Then, while the streaming sorrow dims her eyes,*
Thus with a transient smile the matron cries.]

Homer gives us a very beautiful and just image in these words. In the Iliad he used a similar expression concerning Andromache, δακρυόεν γελάσασα; "a smile chastis'd with tears." Ἀχρεῖον δ' ἐγέλασσεν here bears the same import.

v. 207. ——— —— *to thee a son is giv'n,*
Such as in fondness parents ask of heav'n.]

I am not certain that this is the exact sense of Homer; Dacier understands him very differently. Eurynomè (observes that author) is not endeavouring to comfort Penelope because her son is now come to years of maturity; her purpose is, to shew the necessity she has to have recourse to art, to assist her beauty: for (adds she) your son is grown a man; meaning that a lady who has a son twenty years old, must have lost her natural beauty, and has occasion to be obliged to art to give her an artificial one. This, I confess, is too true, but it seems a little too ludicrous for epic poetry; I have followed a different sense, that gives us a far nobler image; conformable to that verse of Horace.

"Quid voveat dulci nutricula majus alumno,
"Quam sapere," &c.

This agrees with the tenour of Eurycl ea's speech, and is a foundation of great comfort to Penelope.

Ah me! forbear, returns the queen, forbear,
Oh! talk not, talk not of vain beauty's care;
No more I bathe, ſince he no longer ſees
Thoſe charms, for whom alone I wiſh to pleaſe.
The day that bore Ulyſſes from this coaſt,
Blaſted the little bloom theſe cheeks could boaſt.
But inſtant bid Autonoë deſcend,
Inſtant Hippodamè our ſteps attend;
Ill ſuits it female virtue, to be ſeen
Alone, indecent, in the walks of men.
Then while Eurynomè the mandate bears,
From heav'n Minerva ſhoots with guardian cares;
O'er all her ſenſes, as the couch ſhe preſt,
She pours a pleaſing, deep, and death-like reſt,
With ev'ry beauty ev'ry feature arms,
Bids her cheeks glow, and lights up all her charms,
In her love-darting eyes awakes the fires,
(Immortal gifts! to kindle ſoft deſires)
From limb to limb an air majeſtic ſheds,
And the pure iv'ry o'er her boſom ſpreads.
Such Venus ſhines, when with a meaſur'd bound
She ſmoothly gliding ſwims th' harmonious round,
When with the graces in the dance ſhe moves,
And fires the gazing gods with ardent loves.
Then to the ſkies her flight Minerva bends,
And to the queen the damſel-train deſcends:

v. 221. *O'er all her ſenſes, as the couch ſhe preſt,*
She pours a pleaſing, deep, and death-like reſt.]

This is an admirable ſtroke of art, to ſhew the determined reſolution of Penelope, to forbear the endeavour of making her perſon agreeable in any eyes but thoſe of Ulyſſes: a goddeſs is obliged to caſt her into an involuntary repoſe, and to ſupply an adventitious grace while ſhe ſleeps.

v. 233. *Then to the ſkies her flight Minerva bends.*] We ſee Penelope is a woman of ſo much wiſdom, as to be the favourite of Minerva. She acts in every point with the higheſt diſcretion, and is inconſolable for her huſband; yet the poet forbears to let her into the ſecret that Ulyſſes is returned: this is undoubtedly an in-

Wak'd at their ſteps, her flowing eyes unclofe;
The tear ſhe wipes, and thus renews her woes.
  Howe'er 'tis well; that ſleep a-while can free
With ſoft forgetfulneſs, a wretch like me;
Oh! were it giv'n to yield this tranſient breath,
Send, oh! Diana, ſend the ſleep of death!
Why muſt I waſte a tedious life in tears,
Nor bury in the ſilent grave my cares?
O my Ulyſſes! ever honour'd name!
For thee I mourn, 'till death diſſolves my frame.
  Thus wailing, ſlow and ſadly ſhe deſcends,
On either hand a damſel-train attends:
Full where the dome its ſhining valves expands,
Radiant before the gazing peers ſhe ſtands;
A vail tranſlucent o'er her brow diſplay'd,
Her beauty ſeems, and only ſeems, to ſhade.
Sudden ſhe lightens in their dazled eyes,
And ſudden flames in ev'ry boſom riſe;
They ſend their eager ſouls with ev'ry look,
'Till ſilence thus th' imperial matron broke:
  O why! my ſon, why now no more appears
That warmth of ſoul that urg'd thy younger years?
Thy riper days no growing worth impart,
A man in ſtature, ſtill a boy in heart!
Thy well-knit frame unprofitably ſtrong,
Speaks thee an hero from an hero ſprung:
But the juſt gods in vain thoſe gifts beſtow,
O wiſe alone in form, and brave in ſhow!
Heav'ns! could a ſtranger feel oppreſſion's hand
Beneath thy roof, and could'ſt thou tamely ſtand?

tended ſatyr, and Homer means, that a woman in every point diſcreet, is ſtill to be ſuſpected of loquacity: this ſeems to have been the real ſentiment of Homer, which he more fully declares in the eleventh Odyſſey.

When earneſt to explore thy ſecret breaſt,
Unfold ſome trifle, but conceal the reſt;
For ſince of woman-kind ſo few are juſt,
Think all are falſe, nor ev'n the faithful truſt.

If thou the ſtranger's righteous cauſe decline,
His is the ſuff'rance, but the ſhame is thine.
To whom with filial awe, the prince returns:
That gen'rous ſoul with juſt reſentment burns,
Yet taught by time, my heart has learn'd to glow,
For others good, and melt at others woe:
But impotent theſe riots to repel,
I bear their outrage, tho' my ſoul rebel:
Helpleſs amid the ſnares of death I tread,
And numbers leagu'd in impious union dread:
But now no crime is theirs: this wrong proceeds
From Irus, and the guilty Irus bleeds.
O would to Jove! or her whoſe arms diſplay
The ſhield of Jove, or him who rules the day!
That yon' proud ſuitors, who licentious tread
Theſe courts, within theſe courts like Irus bled:
Whoſe looſe head tott'ring, as with wine oppreſt,
Obliquely drops, and nodding knocks his breaſt;
Pow'rleſs to move, his ſtagg'ring feet deny
The coward wretch the privilege to fly.
Then to the queen Eurymachus replies;
O juſtly lov'd, and not more fair than wiſe!
Should Greece thro' all her hundred ſtates ſurvey
Thy finiſh'd charms, all Greece would own thy ſway,

v. 275. ——— *this wrong proceeds*
From Irus, and the guilty Irus bleeds.]

Euſtathius informs us, that we are here to underſtand the fray between Irus and Ulyſſes. Penelope refers to the violence intended to be offered to Ulyſſes, when the footſtool was thrown at him by Antinous; we find that ſhe was acquainted with that aſſault from her ſpeech in the preceding book. In reality, the queen was ignorant of the combat between Irus and Ulyſſes; but Telemachus miſunderſtands her with deſign, and makes an apology for the ſuitors, fearing to raiſe a further diſorder, or provoke them to ſome more violent act of reſentment.

v. 288. ——— *all Greece would own thy ſway, &c.*] Homer expreſſes Greece by Ἴασον Ἄργος, Iaſian Argos. The word properly (as Euſtathius obſerves) denotes the Morea or Peloponneſus, ſo

In rival crouds contest the glorious prize,
Dispeopling realms to gaze upon thy eyes:
O woman! loveliest of the lovely kind,
In body perfect, and compleat in mind!

Ah me! returns the queen, when from this shore
Ulysses sail'd, then beauty was no more!
The gods decreed these eyes no more should keep
Their wonted grace, but only serve to weep.
Should he return, whate'er my beauties prove,
My virtues last; my brightest charm is love.
Now, grief, thou all art mine! the gods o'ercast
My soul with woes, that long, ah long must last!
Too faithfully my heart retains the day
That sadly tore my royal lord away:
He grasp'd my hand, and oh my spouse! I leave
Thy arms, (he cry'd) perhaps to find a grave:
Fame speaks the Trojans bold; they boast the skill
To give the feather'd arrow wings to kill,
To dart the spear, and guide the rushing car
With dreadful inroad thro' the walks of war.
My sentence is gone forth, and 'tis decreed
Perhaps by righteous heav'n that I must bleed!

called from Iasus the son of Argus, and Io king of that country; Strabo agrees with Eustathius. Chapman wonderfully mistakes Homer, and explains his own mistake in a paraphrase of six lines.

> Most wise Icarius' daughter, if all those
> That did for Colchos vent'rous sail dispose,
> For that rich purchase; had before but seen
> Earth's richer prize, in th' Ithacensian queen,
> They had not made that voyage; but to you
> Would all their virtues, all their beings vow.

I need not say how foreign this is to the original. In reality Argos with different epithets, signifies different countries; Ἀχαιϊκὸν Ἄργος means Thessaly, and Ἴασον Ἄργος Peloponnesus; but here it denotes Greece universally; for it would appear absurd to tell Penelope, that all the Morea would admire her beauty, this would lessen the compliment; nor is any reason to be assigned why Peloponnesus should admire her more than the rest of the Greeks.

My father, mother, all, I truſt to thee;
To them, to them transfer the love of me:
But when my ſon grows man, the royal ſway
Reſign, and happy be thy bridal day!
Such were his words; and Hymen now prepares
To light his torch, and give me up to cares;
Th' afflictive hand of wrathful Jove to bear:
A wretch the moſt compleat that breathes the air!
Fall'n ev'n below the rights to woman due!
Careleſs to pleaſe, with inſolence ye woo!
The gen'rous lovers, ſtudious to ſucceed,
Bid their whole herds and flocks in banquets bleed;

v. 313. *But when my ſon grows man, the royal ſway*
Reſign, and happy be thy bridal day.]

The original ſays, "reſign the palace to Telemachus:" this is ſpoken according to the cuſtoms of antiquity: the wife, upon her ſecond marriage, being obliged to reſign the houſe to the heir of the family. This circumſtance is inſerted with great judgment: the ſuitors were determined to ſeize it upon marriage with Penelope, as appears from the ſecond Odyſſey.

What mighty labours would he then create,
To ſeize his treaſures, and divide his ſtate,
The royal palace to the queen convey,
Or him ſhe bleſſes in the bridal day?

Penelope therefore by this declaration gives the ſuitors to underſtand, that the palace belonged not to her, but Telemachus. This aſſertion has a double effect; it is intended to make the ſuitors leſs warm in their addreſſes; or if they perſiſt, to ſet the injuſtice done to Telemachus in open view. The beauty of all the ſpeeches of Penelope in this book is ſo obvious that it needs no explanation; Homer gives her a very amiable character, ſhe is good in every relation of life, merciful to the poor and ſtranger, a tender mother, and an affectionate wife; every period is almoſt a lecture of morality.

My father, mother, all, I truſt to thee;
To them, to them transfer the love of me.

This ſhews the duty of the child to the parent; it may be extended to all perſons to whom we owe any duty; and humanity requires that we ſhould endeavour to eaſe the burthen of our friends in proportion to their calamities; we ſhould at all times conſult their happineſs, but chiefly in the hour of adverſity. A friend ſhould be a ſupport to lean upon in all our infirmities.

By precious gifts the vow ſincere diſplay:
You, only you, make her ye love your prey.
  Well-pleas'd Ulyſſes hears his queen deceive
The ſuitor-train, and raiſe a thirſt to give:

v. 323. *By precious gifts the vow ſincere diſplay:*
You, only you, make her ye love your prey.]

Horace, lib. ii. Sat. 5. makes a very ſevere reflection upon Penelope, and in her perſon (I ſay not how juſtly) upon the whole ſex; he gives the avarice of the ſuitors as the ſole reaſon of Penelope's chaſtity; and inſinuates that women would ſell their virtue, if men would be at the expence to buy.

> "Venit enim magnum donandi parca juventus;
> "Nec tantum Veneris, quantum ſtudioſa culinæ.
> "Sic tibi Penelope frugi eſt: quæ ſi ſemel uno
> "De ſene guſtârit, tecum partita lucellum;
> "Ut canis, a corio nunquam abſterrebitur uncto."

Horace had this paſſage in view, and imputes the coldneſs of Penelope to a want of generoſity in her admirers. Diodorus aſſures us, that Venus had a temple in Ægypt dedicated to her under the title of χρυσῆ Ἀφροδίτη: or "golden Venus;" and it is her uſual epithet throughout all Homer. Near Memphis there was an allotment of ground called "the field of golden Venus:" but it ought not to be concealed, that ſome perſons believe ſhe bears that name from the golden colour of her hair. Horace, to give his ſatyr the greater ſtrength, puts the words into the mouth of the prophet Tireſias, a perſon of unerring veracity.

v. 325. *Well-pleas'd Ulyſſes hears his queen deceive*
The ſuitor-train, and raiſe a thirſt to give.]

This conduct may appear ſomewhat extraordinary both in Penelope and Ulyſſes; ſhe not only takes, but aſks preſents from perſons whom ſhe never intends to marry: is not this a ſign either of avarice or falſhood? and is not Ulyſſes equally guilty, who rejoices at it? But in reality, Penelope is no way faulty; ſhe deceives the ſuitors with hopes of marriage by accepting theſe preſents, but it is for this ſole reaſon that ſhe accepts them; ſhe intends to give them falſe hopes, and by that method to defer the nuptial hour: it is not injuſtice, but an equitable repriſal; they had violently waſted her treaſures, and ſhe artfully recovers part of them by a piece of refined management. Dacier defends her after another method: ſhe believes that Penelope thus acts, not out of intereſt but honour; it was a diſgrace to ſo great a princeſs to have ſo many admirers, and never to receive from their hands ſuch preſents as cuſtom not only allows, but commands; neither is Ulyſſes blameable, who rejoices at his wife's policy. He underſtood her intent, and being artful himſelf, ſmiles to ſee her artfulneſs.

False hopes ſhe kindles, but thoſe hopes betray,
And promiſe, yet elude the bridal day.
While yet ſhe ſpeaks, the gay Antinous cries,
Offspring of kings, and more than woman wiſe!
'Tis right; 'tis man's prerogative to give,
And cuſtom bids thee without ſhame receive;
Yet never, never, from thy dome we move,
'Till Hymen lights the torch of ſpouſal love.
The peers diſpatch their heralds to convey
The gifts of love; with ſpeed they take the way.
A robe Antinous gives of ſhining dyes.
The varying hues in gay confuſion riſe
Rich from the artiſt's hand! twelve claſps of gold
Cloſe to the leſs'ning waiſt the veſt infold;
Down from the ſwelling loins, the veſt unbound
Floats in bright waves redundant o'er the ground.

Plutarch in his Treatiſe of reading poems, vindicates Ulyſſes very much in the ſame way: if (ſays that author) Ulyſſes rejoiced at Penelope's art in drawing preſents from the ſuitors out of avarice, he diſcovers himſelf to be a ſordid proſtitutor of his wife; but if through a wiſe foreſight he hoped by her acceptance of the preſents, to get the ſuitors more into his power, by lulling them into ſecurity, and laying all their ſuſpicions aſleep, through a ſudden proſpect of marriage; if this occaſioned his joy, this joy ariſing from her artful management, and from a full confidence in his wife, is no ways blameable, but proceeds from a ſufficient and laudable cauſe. In ſhort, the ſuitors were enemies, and nothing could be practiſed diſhonourably againſt them, that either Ulyſſes or Penelope could act conſiſtently with their own honour.

v. 327. *Falſe hopes ſhe kindles.*] It is certain that the words in the Greek will bear a double conſtruction, and θέλγε θυμὸν μειλιχίοις ἐπέεσσι may refer either to Penelope or Ulyſſes. Euſtathius thinks they are ſpoken of Ulyſſes; then the meaning is, that Ulyſſes comforted himſelf with her amuſing words, while he formed a deſign very different from what her words expreſſed; but Dacier refers them to Penelope, perhaps with better reaſon: θέλγε depends upon φάτο in the preceding line; and by thus underſtanding it, the conſtruction becomes eaſy and natural: and the ſentence means, that Penelope's words flattered the ſuitors into hopes of marriage, while her thoughts were very diſtant from complying with their inclinations: this interpretation beſt agrees with the general deſign of Penelope, which was to act an artful part, and neither comply, nor abſolutely refuſe their addreſſes.

A bracelet rich with gold, with amber gay,
That ſhot effulgence like the ſolar ray,
Eurymachus preſents: and ear-rings bright,
With triple ſtars, that caſt a trembling light.
Piſander bears a necklace wrought with art;
And ev'ry peer, expreſſive of his heart,
A gift beſtows: this done, the queen aſcends,
And ſlow behind her damſel-train attends.
Then to the dance they form the vocal ſtrain,
'Till Heſperus leads forth the ſtarry train;
And now he raiſes, as the day-light fades,
His golden circlet in the deep'ning ſhades:
Three vaſes heap'd with copious fires diſplay
O'er all the palace a fictitious day;
From ſpace to ſpace the torch wide-beaming burns,
And ſprightly damſels trim the rays by turns.
To whom the king: Ill ſuits your ſex to ſtay
Alone with men! ye modeſt maids, away!

v. 355. *Three vaſes heap'd with copious fires diſplay*
O'er all the palace a fictitious day.]

The word in the Greek is λαμπτῆρ, or a vaſe which was placed upon a tripod, upon which the antients burnt dry and oftentimes odoriferous wood, to give at once both perfume and light. Euſtathius explains it by χυτρόπους, or a veſſel raiſed on feet in the nature of an hearth. Heſychius explains λαμπτῆρ, an hearth placed in the middle of the houſe or hall, on which they burnt dry wood with intermingled torches to enlighten it. It is ſtrange that there is no mention of lamps, but only torches, in Homer; undoubtedly lamps were not yet in uſe in Greece, although much earlier found out by the Hebrews: thus Exod. xxv. 6. oil is mentioned, and injoined to be uſed in giving light to the ſanctuary.

v. 359. ——— ——— *Ill ſuits your ſex to ſtay*
Alone with men! ye modeſt maids, away!]

Homer is perpetually giving us leſſons of decency and morality. It may be thought that this interlude between Ulyſſes and the damſels of Penelope is foreign to the action of the Odyſſey; but in reality it is far from it: the poet undertook to deſcribe the diſorders which the abſence of a prince occaſions in his family; this paſſage is an inſtance of it; and Homer with good judgment makes theſe wantons declare their contempt of Ulyſſes, and their favour to their ſuitors, that we may acknowledge the juſtice of their puniſhment in the ſubſequent parts of the Odyſſey.

Go, with the queen the ſpindle guide; or cull
(The partners of her cares) the ſilver wool;
Be it my taſk the torches to ſupply,
Ev'n 'till the morning lamp adorns the ſky;
Ev'n 'till the morning, with unwearied care,
Sleepleſs I watch; for I have learn'd to bear.
Scornful they heard: Melantho, fair and young,
(Melantho, from the loins of Dolius ſprung,
Who with the queen her years an infant led,
With the ſoft fondneſs of a daughter bred)
Chiefly derides: regardleſs of the cares
Her queen endures, polluted joys ſhe ſhares
Nocturnal with Eurymachus! With eyes
That ſpeak diſdain, the wanton thus replies.
Oh! whither wanders thy diſtemper'd brain,
Thou bold intruder on a princely train?
Hence to the vagrant's rendezvous repair;
Or ſhun in ſome black forge the midnight air.

v. 377. *Hence to the vagrant's rendezvous repair;*
Or ſhun in ſome black forge the midnight air.]

I flatter myſelf that I have given the true ſenſe of χαλκήϊος δόμος, and λέσχη: in Greece the beggars in winter retired by night to public forges for their warmth, or to ſome rendezvous where they entertained themſelves as it were in a common aſſembly. Euſtathius explains λέσχη to be "a public place without any doors, "where beggars were uſed to lodge." Heſychius gives us ſeveral interpretations of the word, that it ſignifies an aſſembly, a converſation; it implies alſo public ſtoves or baths; and Euſtathius informs us from Ariſtophanes, that beggars uſed to take up their lodgings in the public baths, as well as in theſe places mentioned by Homer; χαλκήϊος δόμος is an office of men that work in braſs. He further obſerves that theſe two places are uſed after the ſame manner in Heſiod,

Πὰρ δ' ἴθι χάλκειον θῶκον, ϗ ἐπ' ἀλέα λέσχην
Ὥρῃ χειμερίῃ, ὁπότε κρύος ἀνέρας ἔργον
Ἰσχάνει. ——

It may not be improper to obſerve, that πὰρ δ' ἴθι θῶκον χάλκειον is very ill tranſlated by "Accede Æneam ſedem," in the Latin verſion; it ſhould be "fuge officinam ærariam."

Proceeds this boldneſs from a turn of ſoul,
Or flows licentious from the copious bowl?
Is it that vanquiſh'd Irus ſwells thy mind?
A foe may meet thee of a braver kind,
Who, ſhort'ning with a ſtorm of blows thy ſtay,
Shall ſend thee howling all in blood away!
  To whom with frowns: O impudent in wrong!
Thy lord ſhall curb that inſolence of tongue;
Know to Telemachus I tell th' offence:
The ſcourge, the ſcourge ſhall laſh thee into ſenſe.
  With conſcious ſhame they hear the ſtern rebuke,
Nor longer durſt ſuſtain the ſov'reign look.
  Then to the ſervile taſk the monarch turns
His royal hands: each torch refulgent burns
With added day: meanwhile in muſeful mood,
Abſorpt in thought, on vengeance fix'd he ſtood.
And now the martial maid, by deeper wrongs
To rouſe Ulyſſes, points the ſuitors tongues,

v. 381. *Is it that vanquiſh'd Irus ſwells thy mind?*] The word in Homer is ἀλύεις, which is uſed in various places; ſometimes (obſerves Plutarch in his Treatiſe upon reading poems) it ſignifies "being diſquieted in mind,"

Ὣς ἔφατ᾽ ἣ ἀλύουσ᾽ ἀπεβήσατο, τείρετο δ᾽ αἰνῶς.

In other places it implies "an inſolent joy, or boaſting;" and then he quotes this verſe,

Ἦ ἀλύεις ὅτι Ἶρον ἐνίκησας.

v. 395. *And now the martial maid, by deeper wrongs,*
To rouſe Ulyſſes, points the ſuitors tongues.]

It may be thought very unjuſtifiable in Homer, to introduce Minerva exciting the ſuitors to violence. Dacier defends the poet, by ſhewing that the ſentiment is conformable to true theology: and the all-wiſe Author of our being is pleaſed ſometimes to harden the hearts of the wicked, (or rather to permit them to harden their own hearts) that they may fill up the meaſure of their crimes, and be ripe for judgment: yet we are not to imagine, that any perſon is neceſſitated to be wicked: it is not the hardening the heart that originally makes men impious, but they are firſt impious, and then they are delivered over to an hardneſs of heart,

Scornful of age, to taunt the virtuous man:
Thoughtleſs and gay, Eurymachus began.
Hear me (he cries) confederates and friends!
Some god no doubt this ſtranger kindly ſends;
The ſhining baldneſs of his head ſurvey,
It aids our torch-light, and reflects the ray.—
Then to the king that levell'd haughty Troy.—
Say, if large hire can tempt thee to employ

But Homer may be juſtified another way; and Minerva may be underſtood to act thus in favour of Ulyſſes: the goddeſs of wiſdom infatuates the ſuitors to inſult that hero, and haſten their own deſtruction.

v. 400. *Some god, no doubt, this ſtranger kindly ſends.*] Ariſtotle affirms that Homer is the father of poetry; not only of the epic, but alſo of the dramatic; that he taught how to write tragedy in the Iliad, and comedy by ſeveral ſhort ſketches in the Odyſſey. Euſtathius here remarks, that he likewiſe gave a model for ſatyr, of which the Cyclops of Euripides ſtill extant is an example; (which is a ſatyric poem founded upon the ſtory of Polypheme in Homer.) I confeſs my eye is not ſharp enough to ſee the dignity of theſe railleries; and it may be thought that Homer is the father of another kind of poetry, I mean the farce, and that theſe low conceits are no way to be juſtified, but by being put into the mouths of the ſuitors, perſons of no dignity or character. Longinus brings ſuch deſcriptions of the ſuitors, as inſtances of the decay of Homer's genius. When that declines (obſerves that author) poets commonly pleaſe themſelves with painting manners; ſuch is Homer's deſcription of the lives led by the ſuitors in the palace of Ulyſſes: for in reality all that deſcription is a kind of comedy, wherein the different characters of men are painted.

v. 401. *The ſhining baldneſs of his head ſurvey,*
It aids our torch-light, and reflects the ray.]

This in Dacier's judgment is a raillery purely ſatirical: it is drawn from the ſhining glaſs of an old man's bald head. But if this be purely ſatyrical, to be a ſatyriſt is to be a bad man: to rally natural infirmities is inhumanity: old age is venerable, and the bald head as well as the gray hair is an honour, and ought not to be the ſubject of raillery. I doubt not but Homer put it into the mouth of Eurymachus to make him more odious, and to ſhew us that the ſame man who invades his prince's property, inſults the ſtranger, and outrages the poor; pays no deference to old age, but is baſe enough to contemn what he ought to honour. Vice and folly are the province of ſatyr, not human infirmity.

Those hands in works? to tend the rural trade,
To dress the walk, and form th' embow'ring shade?
So food and raiment constant will I give:
But idly thus thy soul prefers to live,
And starve by strolling, not by work to thrive.
  To whom incens'd: Should we, O prince engage
In rival tasks beneath the burning rage
Of summer suns; were both constrain'd to wield,
Foodless, the scythe along the burthen'd field;

v. 412. ——— *were both constrain'd to wield,*
Foodless, the scythe along the burthen'd field.]

I doubt not but such employments as these, now only suitable to low life, will seem mean to many readers, and unworthy of the dignity of epic poetry: it is no defence to say that they are mentioned by a beggar, and therefore agreeable to his character: the words are addressed to a prince, and suppose that a skill in such works was not unusual to persons of eminent stations? otherwise the challenge of Ulysses is ridiculously absurd. Who could forbear laughing, if he should hear one of our beggars challenge a peer, to plough or mow with him all day without eating? The truth is, the greatest persons followed such employments without any diminution of their dignities; nay, a skill in such works as agriculture was a glory even to a king: Homer here places it upon a level with military science, and the knowledge of the cultivation of the ground is equalled to glory in war. In the preface to the Pastorals of Virgil, (but not written by Mr. Dryden) there is a passage that shews that the same simplicity of manners prevailed amongst the antient Latins, as amongst the antient Greeks: "It "ought not (says that author) to surprise a modern writer, that "kings laid down their first rudiments of government in tending "their mute subjects, their herds and flocks: nor ought it to "seem strange that the master of the horse to king Latinus in "the ninth Æneid was found in the homely employment of cleav-"ing blocks, when news of the first skirmish between the Trojans "and Latins was brought to him." This passage fully vindicates Homer, and shews that such employments were no dishonour to the greatest persons; but there are two errours in the quotation; it is not taken from the ninth, but the seventh Æneid; nor is Tyrrheus, who cleaves the blocks, master of the horse to king Latinus, but the intendant of his flocks; or as Dryden translates it,

Tyrrheus, chief ranger to the Latian king.

" ——— Tyrrheusque pater, cui regia parent
" Armenta, & latè custodia credita campi."

Or ſhould we labour, while the ploughſhare wounds,
With ſteers of equal ſtrength, th' allotted grounds:
Beneath my labours, how thy wond'ring eyes
Might ſee the ſable field at once ariſe!
Should Jove dire war unlooſe; with ſpear, and ſhield,
And nodding helm, I tread th' enſanguin'd field,
Fierce in the van: then wou'dſt thou, wou'dſt thou,—ſay,—
Miſ-name me, glutton, in that glorious day?
No, thy ill-judging thoughts the brave diſgrace;
'Tis thou injurious art, not I am baſe.
Proud to ſeem brave among a coward-train!
But know, thou art not valorous, but vain.
Gods! ſhould the ſtern Ulyſſes riſe in might,
Theſe gates would ſeem too narrow for thy flight.
While yet he ſpeaks, Eurymachus replies,
With indignation flaſhing from his eyes.
Slave, I with juſtice might deſerve the wrong,
Should I not puniſh that opprobrious tongue,
Irrev'rent to the great, and uncontrol'd,
Art thou from wine, or innate folly, bold?
Perhaps, theſe outrages from Irus flow,
A worthleſs triumph o'er a worthleſs foe!
He ſaid, and with full force a footſtool threw:
Whirl'd from his arm with erring rage it flew;

Tyrrheus is no otherwiſe a warriour, than as a deer under his charge, being killed, engages him in a quarrel, and he arms the ruſtics to encounter the Trojans who ſlew it.

" ——— vocat agmina Tyrrheus
" Quadrifidam quercum cuneis ut forte coactis
" Scindebat" ———

Tyrrheus, the foſter-father of the beaſt,
Then clench'd an hatchet in his horny fiſt;
But held his hand from the deſcending ſtroke,
And left his wedge within the cloven oak.

It is true, though Tyrrheus was not maſter of the horſe to the king, yet his office was a poſt of dignity, otherwiſe it had been very eaſy for Virgil to have given him a more noble employment.

Ulysses, cautious of the vengeful foe,
Stoops to the ground, and disappoints the blow.
Not so a youth who deals the goblet round,
Full on his shoulder it inflicts a wound,
Dash'd from his hand the sounding goblet flies,
He shrieks, he reels, he falls, and breathless lies.
Then wild uproar and clamour mounts the sky,
'Till mutual thus the peers indignant cry;
O had this stranger sunk to realms beneath,
To the black realms of darkness and of death,
Ere yet he trod these shores! to strife he draws
Peer against peer; and what the weighty cause?
A vagabond! for him the great destroy
In vile ignoble jars, the feast of joy.
To whom the stern Telemachus uprose!
Gods! what wild folly from the goblet flows?
Whence this unguarded openness of soul,
But from the licence of the copious bowl?
Or heav'n delusion sends: but hence, away!
Force I forbear, and without force obey.
Silent, abash'd, they hear the stern rebuke,
'Till thus Amphinomus the silence broke.
True are his words, and he whom truth offends
Not with Telemachus, but truth contends;
Let not the hand of violence invade
The rev'rend stranger, or the spotless maid;

v. 457. *Force I forbear, and without force obey.*] This is very artful in Telemachus; he had spoken warmly in defence of Ulysses, and he apprehends lest he should have provoked the suitors too far; he therefore softens his expression, to avoid suspicions of a latent cause, why he interests himself so vigorously in vindication of a beggar, against the princes of the country. Besides, too obstinate an opposition might have provoked the suitors to have continued all night in the palace, which would have hindered Ulysses and Telemachus from concerting their measures to bring about their destruction: Telemachus therefore, to induce them to withdraw, uses menaces, but menaces approaching to persuasion; if he had used violence, matters must immediately have come to extremities.

Retire we hence! but crown with rosy wine
The flowing goblet to the pow'rs divine;
Guard he his guest beneath whose roof he stands;
This justice, this the social right demands.
The peers assent; the goblet Mulius crown'd
With purple juice, and bore in order round;
Each peer successive his libation pours
To the blest gods that fill th' aerial bow'rs;
Then swill'd with wine, with noise the crouds obey,
And rushing forth tumultuous, reel away.

v. 470. *Each peer successive his libation pours*
To the blest gods ———]

We have already observed that libations were made to the gods before and after meals; here we see the suitors offer their libation before they retire to repose. We are not to ascribe this religious act to the piety of these debauchees, but to the customs of the times; they practise not true religion, but only the exteriors of it; they are not pious, but fashionable.

The action of this book is comprehended in a very short duration of time; it begins towards the close of the day, and ends at the time when the suitors withdraw to repose; this is the evening and part of the thirty-ninth day.

In general, this book is in the Greek very beautiful: the combat between Irus and Ulysses is naturally described; it is indeed between beggars, but yet not without dignity, it being almost of the same nature with the single combats practised amongst heroes in their most solemn games; as is evident from that in the Iliad, at the funeral of Patroclus. I could wish Homer had not condescended to those low jests and mean railleries towards the conclusion: it is true, they are not without effect, as they agree with the characters of the suitors and make Ulysses a spectator of the disorders of his own family, and provoke him to a speedy vengeance: but might not more serious provocations have been found out, such as might become the gravity and majesty of epic poetry? Or if gaiety was essential to his characters, are quibbles so too? These may be thought to be of the same level with those conceits which Milton puts into the mouth of the devil, and which disgrace his poem. But the dignity, the tenderness, and justness of the sentiments, in all the speeches of Penelope, more than atone for the low railleries of Eurymachus.

THE ODYSSEY.

* BOOK XIX.

THE ARGUMENT.

The discovery of Ulysses to Euryclea.

Ulysses and his son remove the weapons out of the armoury. Ulysses in conversation with Penelope gives a fictitious account of his adventures; then assures her he had formerly entertained her husband in Crete; and describes exactly his person and dress, affirms to have heard of him in Phæacia and Thesprotia, and that his return is certain, and within a month. He then goes to bathe, and is attended by Euryclea, who discovers him to be Ulysses by the scar upon his leg, which he formerly received in hunting the wild boar on Parnassus. The poet inserts a digression, relating that accident, with all its particulars.

CONSULTING secret with the blue-ey'd maid,
Still in the dome divine Ulysses staid:
Revenge mature for act inflam'd his breast;
And thus the son, the fervent sire addrest.

* The scene still continues in the palace of Ulysses; but new persons are introduced to carry on the action, and diversify the story: this book opens with a repetition from the sixteenth; the antients marked it with an asterism, without any obelisk, to shew that it was here inserted with propriety: as we draw nearer the conclusion of the poem, the repetitions are more frequent. Virgil has generally avoided them, and indeed it may be observed, that these two poets differ in nothing more than the manner of their elocution: Virgil is full, but Homer even overflows; and this agrees with their general characters. Homer is like those painters of whom Apelles used to complain, that they left nothing to be

Inſtant convey thoſe ſteely ſtores of war
To diſtant rooms, diſpos'd with ſecret care:
The cauſe demanded by the ſuitor-train,
To ſooth their fears a ſpecious reaſon feign:
Say, ſince Ulyſſes left his natal coaſt,
Obſcene with ſmoke, their beamy luſtre loſt,
His arms deform'd, the roof they won't adorn:
From the glad walls inglorious lumber torn.
Suggeſt, that Jove the peaceful thought inſpir'd,
Leſt they by ſight of ſwords to fury fir'd;
Diſhoneſt wounds, or violence of ſoul,
Defame the bridal feaſt, and friendly bowl.
The prince obedient to the ſage command,
To Euryclea thus: the female band
In their apartments keep; ſecure the doors:
Theſe ſwarthy arms among the covert ſtores
Are ſeemlier hid; my thoughtleſs youth they blame,
Imbrown'd with vapour of the ſmould'ring flame.
In happy hour, (pleas'd Euryclea cries)
Tutor'd by early woes, grow early wiſe!

imagined by the ſpectator, and made too accurate repreſentations; but Virgil is like Timantes in Pliny. "Timanti plurimum adfuit ingenii, in omnibus operibus ejus intelligitur plus ſemper quam pingitur:" and again, "oſtendit etiam quæ occultat."

Euſtathius obſerves, that the unexpected opportunity to remove the arms in the abſence of the ſuitors, occaſions this repetition: in the ſixteenth book Ulyſſes told Telemachus he would give a ſign when he ſhould make the removal, deſpairing of an opportunity to give a public direction, without danger from the ſuitors; he therefore wiſely lays hold of the preſent hour which happily favours his deſires, and injoins the arms to be removed immediately.

v. 18. ——— *the female band*
In their apartments keep, &c.]

It is not without ſufficient reaſon that Telemachus diſtruſts the maids; many of them were in the intereſt of the ſuitors: it was therefore neceſſary to conceal the place to which the arms were conveyed, leſt they ſhould betray the ſecret. Euſtathius.

Inſpect with ſharpen'd ſight, and frugal care,
Your patrimonial wealth, a prudent heir.
But who the lighted taper will provide,
(The female train retir'd) your toils to guide?
  Without infringing hoſpitable right,
This gueſt (he cry'd) ſhall bear the guiding light:
I cheer no lazy vagrants with repaſt;
They ſhare the meal that earn it ere they taſte.
  He ſaid; from female ken ſhe ſtrait ſecures
The purpos'd deed, and guards the bolted doors:
Auxiliar to his ſon, Ulyſſes bears
The plumy-creſted helms, and pointed ſpears,
With ſhields indented deep in glorious wars.
Minerva viewleſs on her charge attends,
And with her golden lamp his toil befriends,

v. 38. *Minerva —— with her golden lamp ——*] The office here aſcribed to Minerva gave great offence to Rapin, and he cenſured it as mean, and unworthy of the goddeſs; but Euſtathius fully vindicates Homer; Pallas is here an allegorical deity intended by the poet to expreſs the wiſdom of Ulyſſes; he acts with as much prudence as if Minerva herſelf guided him in all his ways. We are to gather from this deſcription, that Ulyſſes formed all the actions of this night with the utmoſt wiſdom, or according to the Greek proverb, ἐν νυκτὶ βουλὴ, the "councils of this night" were regulated with the exacteſt prudence and ſecrecy. Spondanus obſerves, that Callimachus, a ſtatuary in Athens, made an image of Minerva according to this picture in Homer: ſhe held a lamp of gold, which was filled with an oil of ſuch an unwaſting nature, as not to want to be repleniſhed in the ſpace of a whole year. See lib. i. of Pauſanias. Dacier judges, that though a lamp was unknown in the days of Ulyſſes, yet it might be not ſo in the days of Homer, and therefore he might ſpeak of it; for inſtance, the trumpet was not known in the Trojan war, yet Homer mentions it, becauſe it was uſed in his age. But this is no anſwer; for Homer does not ſay that the trumpet was uſed during the ſiege of Troy; if he had, he would have been guilty of a groſs anachroniſm, but he ſpeaks of it by way of alluſion, as a thing well known in his time. Here therefore the caſe is different; for Ulyſſes is the perſon who is ſuppoſed to make uſe of this lamp, and Dacier allows that it was unknown in his age, and conſequently he ought not to uſe it at all. It may therefore perhaps be moſt probable, that Callimachus did not form his ſtatue from this ori-

Not such the sickly beams, which unsincere,
Gild the gross vapour of this nether sphere!
A present deity the prince confess'd,
And wrapp'd with ecstacy the sire address'd.
  What miracle thus dazzles with surprise!
Distinct in rows the radiant columns rise:
The walls where-e'er my wond'ring sight I turn,
And roofs, amidst a blaze of glory burn!
Some visitant of pure etherial race,
With his bright presence deigns the dome to grace.
  Be calm, replies the sire; to none impart,
But oft' revolve the vision in thy heart:
Celestials, mantl'd in excess of light,
Can visit unapproach'd by mortal sight.
Seek thou repose; whilst here I sole remain,
T' explore the conduct of the female train:

ginal; or if this be not allowed, that he fell into an errour, and gave the goddess a lamp instead of a torch.

I will only further add, that this office of Minerva may be vindicated from all meanness, by observing that it is not the bare act of carrying the torch which the goddess here executes; she improves it into a miracle; the whole palace is enlightened with a celestial fire, and Ulysses and Telemachus gather full assurances of her favour and success from that miraculous illumination: this circumstance raises the description out of lowness into dignity.

v. 48. *Some visitant of pure etherial race.*] Eustathius gives us a twofold explication of the words,

Αὕτη τοι δίκη ἐστὶ θεῶν ———

They imply either that the goddess Themis descended, or that it is the custom of celestial powers to manifest themselves in such illuminations, without appearing visibly. The latter interpretation seems most natural, and makes the construction easy, whereas the other is scarce to be understood without supplying ἀπὸ before θεῶν: otherwise it must be allowed, that the former opinion is not unhappy: Ulysses tells his son, that the goddess of justice is sent by the gods to assist him in taking vengeance on the suitors: Themis is a very proper deity to be introduced upon such an occasion, and shews that Ulysses proceeded upon the strictest rules of equity, in the distribution of his rewards and punishments. But the passage will not admit this sense, it being evidently Pallas, not Themis, who appears.

The pensive queen perchance desires to know
The series of my toils, to sooth her woe.
With tapers flaming day his train attends,
His bright alcove th' obsequious youth ascends:
Soft slumb'rous shades his drooping eye-lids close,
'Till on her eastern throne Aurora glows.
Whilst, forming plans of death, Ulysses staid,
In council secret with the martial maid;
Attendant nymphs in beauteous order wait
The queen, descending from her bow'r of state.
Her cheeks the warmer blush of Venus wear,
Chasten'd with coy Diana's pensive air.
An iv'ry seat with silver ringlets grac'd,
By fam'd Icmalius wrought, the menials plac'd:
With iv'ry silver'd thick the foot-stool shone,
O'er which the panther's various hide was thrown.
The sov'reign seat with graceful air she press'd;
To different tasks their toil the nymphs address'd:
The golden goblets some, and some restor'd
From stains of luxury the polish'd board:
These to remove th' expiring embers came,
While those with unctuous fir foment the flame.
'Twas then Melantho with imperious mien
Renew'd th' attack, incontinent of spleen:
Avaunt, she cry'd, offensive to my sight!
Deem not in ambush here to lurk by night,
Into the woman-state asquint to pry;
A day-devourer, and an ev'ning spy!

v. 69. *By fam'd Icmalius wrought* ——] Homer in both his poems takes all opportunities of celebrating the famous artisans of antiquity; I doubt not but most of them were his particular friends, and to do them honour, he gave them place in his works, and rendered their names and his own gratitude immortal. We may likewise learn the nature of the noblest pieces of art in Homer's days, from his poetry.

v. 82. *Into the woman-state asquint to pry.*] This is the true reason why Melantho is out of humour (says Madam Dacier:) she had some affairs upon her hands, which demanded no witnesses,

Vagrant be gone! before this blazing brand
Shall urge — and wav'd it hiſſing in her hand.
Th' inſulted hero rolls his wrathful eyes,
And, Why, ſo turbulent of ſoul? he cries;
Can theſe lean ſhrivel'd limbs unnerv'd with age,
Theſe poor but honeſt rags, enkindle rage?
In crouds, we wear the badge of hungry fate;
And beg, degraded from ſuperior ſtate!
Conſtrain'd! a rent-charge on the rich I live;
Reduc'd to crave the good I once could give:
A palace, wealth, and ſlaves I late poſſeſs'd,
And all that makes the great be call'd the bleſs'd:
My gate, an emblem of my open ſoul,
Embrac'd the poor, and dealt a bounteous dole.
Scorn not the ſad reverſe, injurious maid!
'Tis Jove's high will, and be his will obey'd!
Nor think thyſelf exempt: that roſy prime
Muſt ſhare the general doom of with'ring time:
To ſome new channel ſoon, the changeful tide
Of royal grace th' offended queen may guide;
And her lov'd lord unplume thy tow'ring pride.
Or were he dead, 'tis wiſdom to beware:
Sweet blooms the prince beneath Apollo's care;

meaning the vicious commerce between her and Eurymachus. Women never forgive their own ſex a frailty. Dacier is undoubtedly in an errour; Eurymachus in the end of the laſt book left the palace, and therefore Melantho could not ſpeak out of any apprehenſions of having a ſtop put to her affairs this night, by the preſence of Ulyſſes.

v. 106. *Sweet blooms the prince beneath Apollo's care.*] It may be aſked why Telemachus is ſaid to owe the preſervation of his life to Apollo? Euſtathius anſwers, that he was called Ὁ Θεὸς κυροτρόφος by antiquity; and that Daphne from being his favourite was named κυροθαλεία: but perhaps that epithet was appropriated to Apollo, becauſe all immature deaths in the male ſex were aſcribed to him, as they were to Diana in the female; it may therefore be ſaid with great propriety that it is owing to the favour of Apollo, that Telemachus had not died an immature death, or that he was arrived to manhood: Euſtathius adds, that Apollo

Your deeds with quick impartial eye surveys;
Potent to punish what he cannot praise.
Her keen reproach had reach'd the sov'reign's ear;
Loquacious insolent! she cries, forbear:
To thee the purpose of my soul I told;
Venial discourse, unblam'd, with him to hold:
The storied labours of my wand'ring lord,
To soothe my grief he haply may record:
Yet him, my guest, thy venom'd rage hath stung:
Thy head shall pay the forfeit of thy tongue! 116

as he is the sun, may be called the nourisher of all things that breathe, as well as of the inanimate creation; it is owing to his influence that every being comes to maturity, and in this sense likewise he may be called Κυροτρόφος. What Eustathius ascribes to Daphne, Dacier applies to Diana, and tells us, that she was called Κυροθαλεία, and that the antients celebrated a festival in her honour for the health of their infants.

v. 110. *Loquacious insolent!* ———] Were this place to be rendered literally, it would be thus, "Thou bold impudent "bitch;" θαρσαλέη κύον ἀδδεές. It is spoken by Penelope. In our age it is an expression so vulgar, as not to be uttered in common conversation, much less in epic poetry: it is true, it fully expresses the height of impudence, and in Homer's time it was no more mean, than calling a coward a deer, and both the expressions are joined together in the first of the Iliad.

Thou dog in forehead, but in heart a deer.

It is there spoken by Achilles: and in another place of the Iliad Jupiter applies it to his wife, and calls Juno an impudent bitch; a plain indication that the expression was not mean, as it is at this day, because it was used by the greatest of heroes, and the supreme of gods.

v. 116. *Thy head shall pay the forfeit of thy tongue!*] The expression in the Greek is remarkable.

——— Ὃ σῇ κεφαλῇ ἀναμάξεις.

"Which you shall wipe upon your own head," or as Eustathius explains it, "a crime which you shall make to cleave to your "own head:" a similar expression (adds the same author) occurs in Sophocles.

——— κἀπὶ χειροῖσιν κάρα
Κηλῖδας ἐξέμαξεν.

But thou on whom my palace cares depend,
Eurynomè, regard the ſtranger-friend:
A ſeat, ſoft ſpread with furry ſpoils, prepare;
Due-diſtant, for us both to ſpeak, and hear.
The menial fair obeys with duteous haſte:
A ſeat adorn'd with furry ſpoils ſhe plac'd:
Due-diſtant for diſcourſe the hero ſat;
When thus the ſov'reign from her chair of ſtate:
Reveal, obſequious to my firſt demand,
Thy name, thy lineage, and thy native land.
He thus: O queen! whoſe far-reſounding fame
Is bounded only by the ſtarry frame,
Conſummate pattern of imperial ſway,
Whoſe pious rule a warlike race obey!
In wavy gold thy ſummer vales are dreſs'd;
Thy autumns bend with copious fruit oppreſs'd:
With flocks and herds each graſſy plain is ſtor'd;
And fiſh of ev'ry fin thy ſeas afford;
Their affluent joys the grateful realms confeſs;
And bleſs the pow'r that ſtill delights to bleſs.

From whence it appears, that the blood that was found upon the ſword, was wiped upon the head of the ſlain; an intimation that his own blood was fallen upon the head of the deceaſed, and the living were free from it. This is a very remarkable cuſtom, and there are many expreſſions like it in the ſcriptures; namely "his "blood be upon his own head." It was cuſtomary amongſt the Romans to waſh their hands, in token of innocence and purity from blood: thus the Roman governour waſhed his hands, and ſaid, "I am innocent of the blood of this juſt perſon."

v. 129. *Conſummate pattern of imperial ſway.*] Homer here gives an amiable picture of a mild and juſt government: it is a truth certain and univerſal, where the ſubject enjoys the fruits of his induſtry, the earth will always be well cultivated, and bring forth in abundance; the ſea will furniſh the land with plenty of fiſhes, and men will plant when they are ſure to gather the fruits. It is the conſtant obſervation of all travellers, the worſt ſituation under an eaſy government enjoys more plenty, and is fuller of inhabitants, than the beſt ſoil and happieſt ſituation under an arbitrary power. This whole paſſage is very beautiful, and the more beautiful becauſe the words proceed from the mouth of a king.

Gracious permit this pray'r, imperial dame!
Forbear to know my lineage, or my name:
Urge not this breast to heave, these eyes to weep;
In sweet oblivion let my sorrow sleep!
My woes awak'd will violate your ear;
And to this gay censorious train appear
A winy vapour melting in a tear.

Their gifts the gods resum'd (the queen rejoin'd)
Exteriour grace, and energy of mind;
When the dear partner of my nuptial joy,
Auxiliar troops combin'd, to conquer Troy.
My lord's protecting hand alone wou'd raise
My drooping verdure, and extend my praise!
Peers from the distant Samian shore resort;
Here with Dulichians join'd, besiege the court:
Zacynthus, green with ever-shady groves,
And Ithaca, presumptuous boast their loves:
Obtruding on my choice a second lord,
They press the Hymenæan rite abhorr'd.
Mis-rule thus mingling with domestic cares,
I live regardless of my state-affairs:
Receive no stranger-guest, no poor relieve;
But ever for my lord in secret grieve!—
This art, instinct by some celestial pow'r,
I try'd, elusive of the bridal hour:
"Ye peers I cry, who press to gain a heart,
"Where dead Ulysses claims no future part;
"Rebate your loves, each rival suit suspend,
"'Till this funereal web my labours end:
"Cease, 'till to good Laertes I bequeath
"A pall of state, the ornament of death.
"For when to fate he bows, each Grecian dame
"With just reproach were licens'd to defame; 169
"Should he, long honour'd in supreme command,
"Want the last duties of a daughter's hand."

The fiction pleas'd! their loves I long elude;
The night still ravell'd, what the day renew'd.
Three years succefsful in my art conceal'd,
My ineffectual fraud the fourth reveal'd:
Befriended by my own domestic spies,
The woof unwrought the suitor-train surprise.
From nuptial rites they now no more recede,
And fear forbids to falsify the breed.
My anxious parents urge a speedy choice,
And to their suffrage gain the filial voice:
For rule mature, Telemachus deplores
His dome dishonour'd, and exhausted stores —
But stranger! as thy days seem full of fate,
Divide discourse, in turn thy birth relate:
Thy port afferts thee of distinguish'd race:
No poor unfather'd product of disgrace.
  Princefs! he cries, renew'd by your command,
The dear remembrance of my native land,
Of secret grief unseals the fruitful source;
And tears repeat their long-forgotten course!
So pays the wretch whom fate constrains to roam,
The dues of nature to his natal home! —
But inward on my soul let sorrow prey;
Your sov'reign will my duty bids obey.
  Crete awes the circling waves, a fruitful soil!
And ninety cities crown the sea-born isle:

v. 196, &c. *Crete* ——] It is not without a good reason that Ulysses is so particular in the geography of Crete; he does it, that Penelope from the knowledge of the truth which he speaks concerning that island, may be induced to give the readier credit to his succeeding fictions. In the Iliad, Homer calls Crete ἑκατόμπολις, or the island with an hundred cities, lib. ii.

Crete's hundred cities pour forth all her sons.

Here he affirms it to have no more than ninety. Strabo is very full upon this difficulty, lib. x. Ephorus (says that author) judges that ten cities were built by the Dorians after the Trojan war, under Althæmenes; and therefore Ulysses here mentions Crete as

Mix'd with her genuine fons, adopted names
In various tongues avow their various claims:

having only ninety: but this opinion carries no probability. Others affirm, that ten cities were demolished by the enemies of Idomeneus; but this is no more than a conjecture: the truth is, Homer does not affirm that there were an hundred cities in the time of the war with Troy, but in his own age; (for the poet in that place fpeaks in his own perfon) if he had put the words into the mouth of any one who had lived in the time of the war, he would not have called it the ifle of the hundred, but ninety cities, according to this defcription of Ulyffes; it being very improbable, that ten of the Cretan cities fhould be deftroyed, either during the war, or after the return of Idomeneus; for Homer himfelf teftifies that he returned fafe to Crete with all his foldiers, lib. iii. of the Odyffey,

> And thofe whom Idomen from Ilion's plain
> Had led, fecurely croft the dreadful main.

And therefore he had fufficient forces to defend his country: but though we allow that thofe ten cities had been deftroyed after his return, yet how could Ulyffes come to the knowledge of it, having neither been in Crete, nor met with any Cretan to inform him in all his voyages? It is therefore probable that in the time of the Trojan war Crete had no more than ninety cities, but an hundred in the days of Homer: and this fully reconciles the Iliad with the Odyffey; in the Odyffey it is Ulyffes that fpeaks, in the Iliad, Homer.

Virgil fpeaks of Crete after the manner of Homer.

> "Creta Jovis magni medio jacet infula ponto,
> "Centum urbes habitant magnas, uberrima regna."

The other ten cities were built by the Dorians (as Ephorus writes) under Althæmenes.

v. 199. *In various tongues* ——] The meaning of this is, that the natural inhabitants of Crete were mixed with ftrangers who had fettled in the ifland; or as fome imagine (fays Euftathius) Ulyffes fpeaks thus out of fear, left Penelope fhould difcover him not to be a native of Crete from his wrong pronunciation of the language of the Cretans. We may gather from Strabo, that the Dorians inhabited the eaftern parts, the Cydonians the weftern, the Eteo-Cretans the fouthern, and the reft of the nation being moft powerful, poffeft the plain country lying toward the north: the Eteo-Cretans, that is, the true Cretans, were the original inhabitants of the ifland, and probably alfo the Cydonians. There is fome difficulty in the word τριχάϊκες. Andron the hiftorian (continus Strabo) affirms, that the Dorians who lived near Parnaffus planted a colony in Crete, and built three cities, and from thence called themfelves τριχάϊκες, "quafi tripartiti." But Strabo rejects this opinion of Andron, for thefe Dorians poffeft four cities, and their

Cydonians dreadful with the bended yew,
And bold Pelasgi boast a native's due:
The Dorians, plum'd amid the files of war,
Her foodful glebe with fierce Achaians share;
Cnossus, her capital of high command;
Where scepter'd Minos with impartial hand
Divided right; each ninth revolving year,
By Jove receiv'd in council to confer.

country was called τριχάϊκες; he therefore believes them to have taken that name from a triple crest, or from having them adorned with hair after the manner of a plumage, from τρίχες signifying hair. But perhaps Strabo is in a mistake, for Thucydides lib. i. p. 107. and Diodorus, lib. xi. p. 60. confirm the opinion of Andron. The words of Strabo have given great trouble to the commentators, and they ingenuously confess they cannot understand them. The expression is τριχίνας λόφυς ἐφαμίλυς: the difficulty lies in ἐφαμίλυς; but if we read the sentence thus, all will be plain, τριχίνυς λόφυς, ἢ ἐφαμίλλυς, that is, crests adorned with hair, or something like it, from ἐφάμιλλος, "æqualis." Dacier.

v. 206. ——— *each ninth revolving year, &c.*] This Minos king of Crete was an excellent lawgiver; and as Ephorus writes, (says Strabo) to give his laws the greater veneration he used to descend into a cave sacred to Jupiter, and pretend that he had there received them from the mouth of that deity; this is the reason why Homer tells us he conversed with Jupiter. Thus also Numa Pompilius boasted of the same favour from Ægeria, to make his decrees to be received by the Romans. The only difficulty is in the word ἐννέωρος; and it has been generally believed to imply, that Minos continued in the cave of Jupiter nine whole years: but Casaubon remarks that it never signifies nine years, but every ninth year; as τρίταιος does not mean three days, but the third day; and this agrees exactly with the history of Minos, (see Valerius Maximus lib. i cap. 2.) who was accustomed to review and rectify all his laws every ninth year. Plato quotes this passage in his piece, entitled Minos, and puts this last observation beyond all dispute: "Homer tells us (says that author) that Minos conversed with Ju-"piter every ninth year; ἐννάτῳ ἔτει, and went to be instructed by "him as a scholar by a master;" and a little lower he adds, ἐφοίτα δι' ἐννάτυ ἔτυς εἰς ἄντρον Διὸς ὁ Μίνως, &c that is, "he went into "the cave of Jupiter, to learn new laws, or to reform the old "which he had received in the former period," τῇ προτέρᾳ ἐννεαετηρίδι. This Minos was the most just of all mankind, and for this reason was supposed to be made one of the infernal judges. Plutarch in the life of Demetrius makes a fine remark upon this description of Minos; "Homer (says he) has not honoured with the

His son Deucalion bore successive sway;
His son, who gave me first to view the day!
The royal bed an elder issue blest,
Idomeneus, whom Ilian fields attest
Of matchless deed: untrain'd to martial toil
I liv'd inglorious in my native isle,
Studious of peace; and Æthon is my name.
'Twas then to Crete the great Ulysses came;
For elemental war, and wint'ry Jove,
From Malea's gusty cape his navy drove
To bright Lucina's fane; the shelfy coast
Where loud Amnisus in the deep is lost.

"glorious title of the disciple of Jupiter, the greatest warriour or "oppressor, or a renowned tyrant; but the man famous for his "justice and probity, a legislator, and a benefactor to mankind." Dacier.

v. 207. *By Jove receiv'd in council to confer.*] The word in the Greek is *ὀαριστὴς*, and Plato fully explains it in his Minos; *ὄαροι* is the discourse, *ὀαριστὴς* the person who discourses; *ὁ συνουσιαστὴς ἐν λόγοις*: others (continues Plato) understand it to signify the guest of Jupiter, *συμπότην, συμπαίκτην*, a person that was admitted to the table of Jupiter, or a partaker in his diversions; but the falsity of this opinion (adds he) will sufficiently appear, if we remember that of all the Greeks, the Cretans and Lacedemonians, who learned it from them, alone abstain from compotations, and diversions arising from them; and in particular this is one of the laws of Minos enacted in Crete, *μὴ συμπίνειν ἀλλήλοις εἰς μέθην*, commanding the Cretans not to drink in their entertainments to excess. Thus far Dacier; to which I shall add that this remark of Plato may perhaps contribute greatly to the glory of Minos, but gives little honour to Jupiter; it insinuates that a person who drinks with that deity, might endanger his sobriety; otherwise to be admitted to the table of Jupiter is an instance of favour and familiarity, and would have been an honour to Minos. Horace is of this opinion, for speaking of Tantalus, lib. i. Carm. he mentions it as a peculiar testimony of favour;

"Occidit & Pelopis genitor, conviva deorum."

That is, according to Homer's expression, *Διὸς συνεστιάτης* or *συμπότης*.

v. 218. *To bright Lucina's fane.*] Strabo informs us that upon the Amnissus there is a cave sacred to Ilithya, or Lucina, who presides over child-birth. The reason given by Eustathius why the poet places the cave by that river is too frivolous to be recited: it

His veffels moor'd (an incommodious port!)
The hero fpeeded to the Cnoffian court:
Ardent the partner of his arms to find;
In leagues of long commutual friendfhip join'd.
Vain hope! ten funs had warm'd the weftern ftrand,
Since my brave brother with his Cretan band
Had fail'd for Troy: but to the genial feaft
My honour'd roof receiv'd the royal gueft:
Beeves for his train the Cnoffian peers affign,
A public treat, with jars of gen'rous wine.
Twelve days, while Boreas vex'd th' aerial fpace,
My hofpitable dome he deign'd to grace:
And when the north had ceas'd the ftormy roar,
He wing'd his voyage to the Phrygian fhore.
  Thus the fam'd hero, perfected in wiles,
With fair fimilitude of truth beguiles

is probable that it was called the cave of Ilithya, becaufe fome great lady had made ufe of it, upon an occafion in which women invoke the affiftance of that goddefs; or perhaps becaufe water is one of the great principles of generation, the temple of Lucina could not be placed in a more proper fituation, than upon the banks of a river, and clofe by the fea. Dacier.

v. 228. *Beeves for his train the Cnoffian peers affign,*
A public treat ——]

It was not to be expected, and indeed it was almoft impoffible that one perfon fhould entertain Ulyffes and his whole fleet, which confifted of twelve veffels. This paffage therefore gives us a remarkable cuftom of antiquity, which was, that when any perfon with too great a number of attendants arrived in other countries, the prince received the chief perfonage and his particular friends, and the reft were entertained at the public expence. Dacier.

v. 235. *With fair fimilitude of truth beguiles.*] The word in the Greek is ἴσκεν, which has been ufually interpreted to be the fame with ἔλεγε, but thofe that fpeak with more exactnefs derive it from ἴσκε, εἴκαζεν, ἀπεικονίζων πρὸς ἀλήθειαν, that is, he accommodated and adapted his fictions to probability or truth; and Hefychius explains the fame word by εἰκάζω, ὁμοιῶ: Horace almoft literally tranflates this verfe:

"Atque ita mentitur, fic veris falfa remifcet,
"Primo ne medium medio ne difcrepat imum."

The queen's attentive ear : [illegible]d in woe,
From her bright eyes the tears unbounded flow.
As snows collected on the mountain freeze ;
When milder regions breathe a vernal breeze,
The fleecy pile obeys the whisp'ring gales,
Ends in a stream, and murmurs thro' the vales :
So, melted with the pleasing tale he told,
Down her fair cheek the copious torrent roll'd :

And indeed in this line the whole art of an epic poem is comprehended, which is a mixture of truths and fictions, but fictions conformable to verity ; or to speak in the language of a critic, the fable of the epic poem should be both probable and marvellous ; astonishing, yet credible ; if it be only credible, it differs in nothing from history ; if only marvellous, it is no better than a romance. The great secret therefore of an epic writer is to produce in the reader's mind at the same time both belief and astonishment ; and this is here performed by Ulysses. Dacier sur l'Aristotle.

v. 238. *As snows collected, &c.*] It is not easy to take the point of this simile. Monf. Perrault grievously mistakes it : " The de-" scription (says he) which Homer gives us of the sorrow of Pene-" lope is very unaccountable ; her body melted like snow upon an " high mountain, when the east wind melts it, and the snow thus " melted fills the rivers ; thus it was that the fair cheeks of Pe-" nelope melted." This, says Perrault, is translated word for word. But in reality it resembles Homer in nothing but the repetition of the word " melted," or τήκετο, which in modern languages is burthensome to the ear, but not in the Greek ; for the word differs from itself according to its different formation, almost as much as a new one, and gives a distant sound ; for instance, τήκετο, τηκομένης, κατέτηξεν : whereas there is almost an identity of sound in " melt, melted, or melting ;" or in the French, " liqui-" fie, liquifiée, liquifioient." Neither has Perrault entered into the sense of the comparison : τήκετο χρὼς is only a figurative hyperbole, as when we say a person is " consumed or wasted" with grief ; or perhaps τήκω signifies no more than " humecto," as τακερὸς " humidus." In reality it is the quantity of tears that is intended to be represented, and the simile is thus to be understood : the snows heaped upon the mountains by the cold west wind, are the sorrows accumulated in the soul of Penelope ; the warm eastern wind, which dissolves these snows, is the recital of Ulysses, which melts those sorrows into tears, and makes them flow. When Agamemnon weeps, in the ninth of the Iliad, his tears are compared to a fountain of water falling from a rock ; but women being more profuse of tears, those of Penelope are here compared to a river.

She to her present lord laments him lost,
And views that object which she wants the most!
With'ring at heart to see the weeping fair,
His eyes look stern, and cast a gloomy stare;
Of horn the stiff relentless balls appear,
Or globes of iron fix'd in either sphere;
Firm wisdom interdicts the soft'ning tear.

v. 244. *She to her present lord laments him lost.*] Dacier observes that this is added by Homer not for our information, for we already know it; but because it is a reflection which must necessarily occur to every reader: it is a thing extraordinary to lament a person present, as if he were absolutely lost; and we reap a double satisfaction from the relation, by observing the behaviour of Penelope towards Ulysses, and of Ulysses towards Penelope; while he is at the same time, in one sense both absent and present.

v. 247. *His eyes look stern, and cast a gloomy stare.*] There is a beautiful contrast between Ulysses and Penelope; Penelope indulges her passion for Ulysses; Ulysses restrains his for Penelope: the picture of Ulysses is drawn to the life, he is assaulted at once with several passions, astonishment and admiration on the one side, and compassion and a desire to comfort Penelope on the other; these passions being in an equal balance, and exerting an equal force, he remains fixed, like a wave driven by contrary winds, and yields to neither of their impulses; it is thus Ulysses continues in a steady admiration, as if he had lost all thought. This passage is too beautiful not to have been explained by the antients; Plutarch quotes it as an instance of the command a wise man ought to have over his passions. "Ulysses who was the most eloquent, yet was the most "silent of men, all his faculties were obedient, and subject to rea-"son, he commanded his eye not to weep, his tongue not to speak, "and his very heart not to pant or tremble: his reason influenced "even his inward motions, and subdued the very blood and vital "spirit." And in his treatise of Moral Virtues, he again quotes these verses; "Ulysses had compleatly subjected all his faculties to "right reason, and he held even his spirits, his blood, and his "tears under the goverment of his judgment." Virgil paints Dido in the infernal shades almost in the same colours with Ulysses:

"Illa solo fixos oculos aversa tenebat,
"Nec magis incepto vultum sermone movetur
"Quàm si dura silex, aut stet Marpesia cautes."

v. 248. *Of horn the stiff relentless balls appear.*] Eustathius informs us, that Homer applied this image of horny, or κεραΐδες, to the eye, because one of the coats of it is said to be of an horny substance; but this is merely fanciful; if another tunic of the eye

A speechless interval of gr[illegible]s,
'Till thus the queen the te[illegible] theme renews.
  Stranger! that ere thy hosp[illegible]able roof
Ulysses grac'd, confirm by faithful proof:
Delineate to my view my warlike lord,
His form, his habit, and his train record.
  'Tis hard, he cries, to bring to sudden sight
Ideas that have wing'd their distant flight:
Rare on the mind those images are trac'd,
Whose footsteps twenty winters have defac'd:
But what I can, receive.—In ample mode,
A robe of military purple flow'd

had been steely, there might have been some ground for the allusion; for Homer joins both of them in the illustration, and only meant to represent the stedfastness of the eye of Ulysses, in this affecting interview.

v. 262, &c. *A robe of military purple, &c.*] This is a remarkable passage, and gives us an exact description of the habit of a king in the days of Homer, or perhaps still earlier in the days of Ulysses. Purple seems antiently to have been appropriated to kings, and to them on whom they bestowed it; thus Judges viii. 26. the sacred historian mentions purple raiment that was on the kings of Midian. Thus Esther viii. 15. a garment of fine linen and purple is given to a favourite by king Ahasuerus; and 1 Maccabees xliii. the Jews made a decree, that Simon should wear purple and gold, and that none of the people should wear purple or a buckle of gold without his permission, in token that he was the chief magistrate of the Jews; thus also 1 Mac. x. 89. Alexander sent Jonathan a buckle of gold, as the use is to be given to such as are of the king's blood. Ulysses is here drest much after the same manner; he wears purple, and a buckle or clasp of gold, as a sign of his regality. But what I would chiefly observe is, that the art of embroidery was known in those early ages, nay perhaps was in greater perfection than at this day; the embroidery was of divers colours, as we may gather from the epithet applied to the fawn, ποικίλον. Some persons indeed tell us, that this was interwoven into the cloth, and was made in the loom, but the words of Homer will admit of the other interpretation, and it is evident that embroidery was known amongst the orientals in the age of Ulysses, from Judges, v. 30. "Have they not sped? have they not divided the prey, to Sisera a "prey of divers colours, a prey of divers colours of needle-work, "of divers colours of needle-work on both sides, meet for the necks "of them that take the spoil?" Here is evidently mention made of embroidery; and perhaps such was this robe of Ulysses; but

O'er all his frame: illuftrious on his breaft,
The double clafping gold the king confeft.
In the rich woof a hound, mofaic-drawn,
Bore on full ftretch, and feiz'd a dappl'd fawn:
Deep in the neck his fangs indent their hold;
They pant, and ftruggle in the moving gold.
Fine as a filmy web beneath it fhone
A veft, that dazzl'd like a cloudlefs fun:
The female train who round him throng'd to gaze,
In filent wonder figh'd unwilling praife.
A fabre, when the warriour prefs'd to part,
I gave, enamel'd with Vulcanian art:
A mantle purple-ting'd, and radiant veft,
Dimenfion'd equal to his fize, expreft
Affection grateful to my honour'd gueft.
A fav'rite herald in his train I knew,
His vifage folemn fad, of fable hue:
Short woolly curls o'erfleec'd his bending head,
O'er which a promontory-fhoulder fpread:
Eurybates! in whofe large foul alone
Ulyffes view'd an image of his own.

however this be, it is manifeft that all manner of creatures were figured upon the habit of great perfonages, and that thofe creatures were in-wrought fo naturally as to feem to be alive.

v. 275. ——— ——— *radiant veft,*
Dimenfion'd equal to his fize ———]

It may be afked what is the meaning of the τερμιόεντα χιτῶνα here mentioned by Ulyffes? Euftathius explains it by σύμμετρος, that is, neither too long nor too fhort, too wide or too fcanty, but exactly correfponding to the make of the body. Hefiod ufes the fame word in the fame fenfe; and Hefychius interprets it in the fame manner, Εὔμετρον, καὶ μέχρι τῶν ποδῶν τερματιζόμενον. Dacier.

v. 278. *A fav'rite herald* ———] This is very artful in Ulyffes: Penelope had afked what kind of perfon her hufband was; Ulyffes fears to give a defcription of himfelf, left by drawing the copy like the original now before the eyes of Penelope, fhe fhould difcover him to be Ulyffes: he therefore diverts the enquiry, yet at the fame time fatisfies her curiofity, by adding a new circumftance to confirm his veracity by defcribing his attendant and herald Eurybates. Dacier.

His ſpeech the tempeſt of her grief reſtor'd,
In all he told ſhe recogniz'd her lord:
But when the ſtorm was ſpent in plenteous ſhow'rs,
A pauſe inſpiriting her languiſh'd pow'rs:
O thou, ſhe cry'd, whom firſt inclement fate
Made welcome to my hoſpitable gate;
With all thy wants the name of poor ſhall end;
Henceforth live honour'd, my domeſtic friend!
The veſt much envy'd on your native coaſt,
And regal robe with figur'd gold emboſt,
In happier hours my artful hand employ'd,
When my lov'd lord this bliſsful bow'r enjoy'd:
The fall of Troy erroneous and forlorn
Doom'd to ſurvive, and never to return!
Then he, with pity touch'd: O royal dame!
Your ever-anxious mind, and beauteous frame,
From the devouring rage of grief reclaim.
I not the fondneſs of your ſoul reprove
For ſuch a lord! who crown'd your virgin-love
With the dear bleſſing of a fair increaſe;
Himſelf adorn'd with more than mortal grace:
Yet while I ſpeak, the mighty woe ſuſpend;
Truth forms my tale; to pleaſing truth attend.
The royal object of your deareſt care,
Breathes in no diſtant clime the vital air:
In rich Theſprotia, and the nearer bound
Of Theſſaly, his name I heard renown'd:
Without retinue, to that friendly ſhore
Welcom'd with gifts of price, a ſumleſs ſtore!
His ſacrilegious train, who dar'd to prey
On herds devoted to the god of day,
Were doom'd by Jove, and Phœbus' juſt decree,
To periſh in the rough Trinacrian ſea.
To better fate the blameleſs chief ordain'd,
A floating fragment of the wreck regain'd,

And rode the storm; 'till by the billows tost,
He landed on the fair Phæacian coast.
That race who emulate the life of gods,
Receive him joyous to their blest abodes:
Large gifts confer, a ready sail command,
To speed his voyage to the Grecian strand.
But your wise lord, (in whose capacious soul
High schemes of pow'r in just succession roll)
His Ithaca refus'd from fav'ring fate,
'Till copious wealth might guard his regal state.
Phedon the fact affirm'd, whose sov'reign sway
Thesprotian tribes, a duteous race, obey:
And bade the gods this added truth attest,
(While pure libations crown'd the genial feast)
That anchor'd in his port the vessels stand,
To waft the hero to his natal land.
I for Dulichium urge the wat'ry way,
But first the Ulyssean wealth survey:
So rich the value of a store so vast
Demands the pomp of centuries to waste!

v. 327. *His Ithaca refus'd from fav'ring fate,*
'Till copious wealth might guard his regal state.]

Ulysses amassed great riches by being driven from country to country: every prince where he arrived made him great presents, according to the laudable customs of hospitality in former ages. The word in the Greek (observes Dacier) is ἀγυρτάζειν, it is borrowed from beggars, who by strolling from place to place get their livelihood; and hence it was made use of simply for to amass, or make collections. Hesychius explains it by συλλέγει, πολίζει, ἐγείρει; in which words there are two errours, and it is manifest they are corrupted: Monsieur le Fevre reads πλουτίζει, ἀγείρει. Dacier.

We may observe that Ulysses gives himself great commendations through this whole interview; he calls himself δῖος Ὀδυσσεύς, and says, that there were few men in the world like him; that he was θεοῖς ἐναλίγκιος, or like the gods: this is not a sign of vanity or ostentation, since Ulysses speaks in the character of a stranger: he must therefore speak in the same manner as a stranger would have spoke; that is, with honour of Ulysses, to ingratiate himself with Penelope. Besides, this conduct conduces to persuade Penelope, that he is the person he pretends to be, and by the consequence contributes to prevent a discovery.

The darling object of your royal love,
Was journey'd thence to Dodonean Jove;
By the ſure precept of the ſilvan ſhrine,
To form the conduct of his great deſign:
Irreſolute of ſoul, his ſtate to ſhrowd
In dark diſguiſe, or come, a king avow'd.
Thus lives your lord; nor longer doom'd to roam:
Soon will he grace this dear paternal dome.
By Jove, the ſource of good, ſupreme in pow'r!
By the bleſt genius of this friendly bow'r!
I ratify my ſpeech; before the ſun
His annual longitude of heav'n ſhall run;
When the pale empreſs of yon' ſtarry train
In the next month renews her faded wane,
Ulyſſes will aſſert his rightful reign.

What thanks! what boon! reply'd the queen, are due,
When time ſhall prove the ſtoried bleſſing true:
My lord's return ſhou'd fate no more retard,
Envy ſhall ſicken at thy vaſt reward.
But my prophetic fears, alas! preſage,
The wounds of deſtiny's relentleſs rage.
I long muſt weep! nor will Ulyſſes come,
With royal gifts to ſend you honour'd home!—
Your other taſk, ye menial train, forbear:
Now waſh the ſtranger, and the bed prepare;

v. 363. *Now waſh the ſtranger, &c.*] This was one of the firſt rites of hoſpitality obſerved towards ſtrangers, amongſt the antients; the ſcriptures abound with inſtances of it: Abraham offers water to waſh the feet of the angels whom he miſtook for ſtrangers, &c. There was alſo a bath for the ſtranger, but this ſeems to have been a greater honour (as Dacier obſerves) than that of waſhing the feet; this may be gathered from the manner in which it was performed; the daughters of the family, even young princeſſes, aſſiſted at the bath; but the waſhing the feet was an office committed to ſervants: thus the daughter of Neſtor, in the third Odyſſey, bathed Telemachus, but Ulyſſes being diſguiſed like a beggar, Euryclea waſhes his feet. This agrees exactly with another paſſage of ſcripture; when David ſent to aſk Abigail to wife, 1 Sam. xxv. 41. ſhe made anſwer, "Let thine handmaid be a ſervant to waſh the feet of the

With ſplendid palls the downy fleece adorn:
Up-riſing early with the purple morn,
His ſinews ſhrunk with age, and ſtiff with toil,
In the warm bath foment with fragrant oil.
Then with Telemachus the ſocial feaſt
Partaking free, my ſole invited gueſt;
Whoe'er neglects to pay diſtinction due,
The breach of hoſpitable right may rue.
The vulgar of my ſex I moſt exceed
In real fame, when moſt humane my deed:
And vainly to the praiſe of queen aſpire,
If, ſtranger! I permit that mean attire,
Beneath the feaſtful bow'r. A narrow ſpace
Confines the circle of our deſtin'd race;
'Tis ours, with good the ſcanty round to grace.
Thoſe who to cruel wrong their ſtate abuſe,
Dreaded in life, the mutter'd curſe purſues;
By death diſ-rob'd of all their ſavage pow'rs,
Then, licens'd rage her hateful prey devours.
But he whoſe in-born worth his acts commend,
Of gentle ſoul, to human race a friend;

"ſervants of my lord." My memory fails me, if there be any other paſſage, either in the Iliad or Odyſſey, where this practice of waſhing the feet is directly mentioned; the reaſon is, this was an office performed only to inferiour perſons; the bath was for heroes and kings. Now both Homer's poems are filled with the characters of ſuch perſonages, and therefore there was no room to mention it in other places: it is true, the word here is ἀπονίψατε, and does not neceſſarily imply the waſhing of the feet, but waſhing in general: yet here it is to be underſtood of the feet, for Euryclea in the act of waſhing them diſcovers this ſtranger to be Ulyſſes.

v. 376. ——— *A narrow ſpace*
Confines the circle of our deſtin'd race.]

The ſenſe is here cut ſhort, and Homer, like a good painter, leaves ſomething to be ſupplied by the reader's imagination. Life is ſhort (ſays Penelope) we ought therefore to employ it in doing good. The motive indeed which ſhe uſes, is not intirely conformable to true theology; ſhe here propoſes glory as the ſole aim of doing virtuous actions; though in other places Homer plainly aſſerts, that we ought to act with piety to pleaſe the gods. Dacier.

The wretched he relieves diffuse his fame,
And distant tongues extol the patron-name.
  Princess, he cry'd, in vain your bounties flow
On me, confirm'd, and obstinate in woe,
When my lov'd Crete receiv'd my final view,
And from my weeping eyes her cliffs withdrew;
These tatter'd weeds (my decent robe resign'd)
I chose, the livery of a woful mind!
Nor will my heart-corroding cares abate
With splendid palls, and canopies of state:
Low-couch'd on earth, the gift of sleep I scorn,
And catch the glances of the waking morn.
The delicacy of your courtly train
To wash a wretched wand'rer wou'd disdain;
But if, in track of long experience try'd,
And sad similitude of woes ally'd,

v. 399. *But if, in track of long experience, &c.*] I will have an old woman to wash me (says Ulysses). The reason of this request is not evident at first view; but Eustathius explains it by shewing that Ulysses acts thus to avoid the insults and contempt of the younger damsels of Penelope, who had sufficiently outraged him in this and the preceding book; they would think themselves degraded by performing such an office to a beggar. Eustathius remarks, that some antient critics rejected three verses here: it is absurd, say they, that Ulysses should chuse Euryclea for this office, who was the only person who could discover him, and ruin his designs; he knew she was acquainted with the wound that afterwards discovers him: but the truth is, Ulysses knew Euryclea to be a person of wisdom, and he was in hopes to draw her over to his interest, and make use of her in his affairs in the future parts of the Odyssey; and this he does upon many important occasions, in particular in locking up the palace at the time of the battle between him and the suitors; so that by her means he prevents the report of that great incident from being carried to their partizans abroad: here therefore he artfully brings it about, that Euryclea should be assigned to this office, not only to avoid the insults of the other females, but to make use of her faithfulness and wisdom to carry on his designs, and make the way more easy to the suitors destruction. The choice therefore was prudent; she was aged, and acquainted with human miseries, not only by reason of her age, but had herself suffered in all the afflictions of Penelope and Telemachus; we find she is described as a mother to the whole family, and she all along adopts the afflictions of it: Eustathius therefore may perhaps be mistaken when he

Some wretch reluctant views aerial light,
To her mean hand aſſign the friendly rite.
Pleas'd with his wiſe reply, the queen rejoin'd:
Such gentle manners, and ſo ſage a mind,
In all who grac'd this hoſpitable bow'r
I ne'er diſcern'd, before this ſocial hour.
Such ſervant as your humble choice requires,
To light receiv'd the lord of my deſires,
New from the birth: and with a mother's hand
His tender bloom to manly growth ſuſtain'd:
Of matchleſs prudence, and a duteous mind;
Tho' now to life's extremeſt verge declin'd,
Of ſtrength ſuperiour to the toil aſſign'd.—
Riſe, Euryclea! with officious care
For the poor friend the cleanſing bath prepare:
This debt his correſpondent fortunes claim,
Too like Ulyſſes, and perhaps the ſame!
Thus, old with woes my fancy paints him now!
For age untimely marks the careful brow.
Inſtant obſequious to the mild command,
Sad Euryclea roſe: with trembling hand
She veils the torrent of her tearful eyes;
And thus impaſſion'd to herſelf replies.

aſſerts this to be an inſtance of ill counſels crowned with good ſucceſs. But then it may be aſked, if Euryclea was a perſon of ſuch wiſdom and fidelity, why does not Ulyſſes truſt her with the ſecret of his return? The reaſon is plain, it would not only have been contrary to his cautious nature, but a breach of all decency to truſt himſelf to Euryclea, and not to Penelope; this would in ſome meaſure have raiſed the character of the ſervant above that of his wife and queen. Part of this note I am indebted for to M. Dacier.

V. 432. *She veils the torrent of her tearful eyes.*] Dacier obſerves that Ariſtotle in his third book of Rhetoric quotes this action of Euryclea as an inſtance of a paralogiſm familiar to Homer; and again in his Poetics he cites it to the ſame purpoſe: a paralogiſm conſiſts in making uſe of falſe reaſoning, and drawing a falſe conſequence from true premiſſes: « All men, ſays Ariſtotle, are naturally perſuaded that where ſuch a thing is, or is done, ſuch another muſt happen; we may therefore make them eaſily believe that if the laſt is, the firſt muſt conſequently be; but in

Son of my love, and monarch of my cares!
What pangs for thee this wretched boſom bears!
Are thus by Jove who conſtant beg his aid
With pious deed, and pure devotion, paid?
He never dar'd defraud the ſacred fane,
Of perfect hecatombs in order ſlain:
There oft' implor'd his tutelary pow'r,
Long to protract the ſad ſepulchral hour;
That form'd for empire with paternal care,
His realm might recognize an equal heir.
O deſtin'd head! The pious vows are loſt;
His god forgets him on a foreign coaſt!—

" reality, the latter which we lay down as truth being often falſe, " the former is ſo more frequently, for it does not follow, that " becauſe one thing is, another muſt neceſſarily be; but becauſe " we are perſuaded of the truth of the latter, we conclude falſly, " that the former is alſo true." The reader will enter into the meaning of Ariſtotle, and underſtand what a paralogiſm is, by an example of it; for inſtance, if we were to prove a man to be in love, we bring it as an argument that he is pale: now this is a falſe reaſoning or paralogiſm, becauſe a perſon may be pale from other reaſons than love. Thus in the inſtance of Euryclea " Homer " (ſays Ariſtotle) impoſes upon his reader, by mentioning a ſign " that is known, to draw a conſequence from it, to prove a thing " that is not known;" that is, Homer endeavours to prove that the whole ſtory concerning Euryclea is true, and that ſhe really hid her eyes when ſhe wept, becauſe this is a conſequence of paſſion, and becauſe it is natural for perſons to conceal their eyes with their hands while they weep. This alſo is a paralogiſm, for every ſyllable concerning Euryclea may be a fiction of the poet, though ſuch a geſture is natural to a perſon in her circumſtances; the impoſition conſiſts in this, namely, in the art of the poet, in endeavouring to deceive us into a belief, that becauſe perſons when they weep conceal their eyes, therefore it is true that Euryclea thus actually wept; the latter may be evidently falſe, though the former may be true; Ariſtotle brings this practice of Homer as an example to all poets how to tell lies as they ought, or agreeably.

v. 434. ——— *The pious vows are loſt;*
His god forgets him ———]

Euryclea we ſee is aſtoniſhed to find that a perſon who is remarkable for his piety ſhould be unfortunate; the age was not enlightened enough to know that calamity is often a proof of virtue, and a trial, not a puniſhment. Maximus Tyrius, the Platonic,

Perhaps, like thee, poor gueſt! in wanton pride
The rich inſult him, and the young deride!
Conſcious of worth revil'd, thy gen'rous mind
The friendly rite of purity declin'd;
My will concurring with my queen's command,
Accept the bath from this obſequious hand.
A ſtrong emotion ſhakes my anguiſh'd breaſt;
In thy whole form Ulyſſes ſeems expreſt:
Of all the wretched harbour'd on our coaſt,
None imag'd e'er like thee my maſter loſt.
  Thus half diſcover'd thro' the dark diſguiſe,
With cool compoſure feign'd, the chief replies:
You join your ſuffrage to the public vote;
The ſame you think, have all beholders thought.

xxii. Diſſert. excellently explains this ſubject: "Who (ſays that "author) can deny Ulyſſes to be a man of piety? Jupiter remem- "bers him, Minerva loves him, Mercury guides him, Calypſo is "enamoured with him, and Leucothea ſaves his life! Who then "can deny but that heaven tried him with all his afflictions, that "he might appear to be, and deſerve to be called a good man? this "is the reaſon why he ſuffered at Troy, from the ſuitors, by the "Cyclops, by Circe, and by ſhipwreck; this is the reaſon why he "wandered as a vagabond, and a beggar, that he was half naked, "that he was ſtruck and inſulted, and ſuffered a thouſand inſolen- "ces from the riots of the ſuitors: it was the favour and love of "heaven that brought him into all theſe afflictions, and not the "anger of Neptune." When a good man ſuffers, heaven fre- quently chuſes him out as an hero, who knows how to behave bravely in the day of adverſity; and this is agreeable to true theology.

v. 443. *In thy whole form Ulyſſes ſeems expreſt*, &c.] Homer con- tinually draws his reflections from the preſent object: Penelope, at the ſight of this diſtreſſed and ill-cloathed ſtranger, breaks out into a tender ſentiment, and cries, "Perhaps my Ulyſſes is ſuch "as he!" for thus Euſtathius applies the expreſſion, ὁ τοιοῦτος ἦν φύσει ἀλλὰ διὰ κάκωσιν; that is, "he was not ſuch by nature, but "misfortune:" but if we underſtand it of a bodily reſemblance, the ſentiment is ſtill beautiful, and the reader cannot without plea- ſure ſee Penelope deceived in comparing Ulyſſcs with Ulyſſes. Dacier.

v. 447. ——— *the chief replies.*] This is very artful in Ulyſ- ſes: if he had denied the reſemblance, it might have given ſuſpi- cion; he therefore confeſſes it, and by confeſſing it perſuades Eu- ryclea that he is not the real Ulyſſes. Dacier.

He ſaid: repleniſh'd from the pureſt ſprings,
The laver ſtraight with buſy care ſhe brings:
In the deep vaſe, that ſhone like burniſh'd gold,
The boiling fluid temperates the cold.
Meantime revolving in his thoughtful mind
The ſcar, with which his manly knee was ſign'd;
His face averting from the crackling blaze,
His ſhoulders intercept th' unfriendly rays.
Thus cautious in th' obſcure he hop'd to fly
The curious ſearch of Euryclea's eye.
Cautious in vain! nor ceas'd the dame to find
The ſcar, with which his manly knee was ſign'd.

v. 456. *His face averting from the crackling blaze.*] The reaſon why Ulyſſes turns toward the darkneſs is to avoid diſcovery, and that Euryclea might not examine him too curiouſly: but this is not the whole deſign of Homer; the poet thus deſcribes Ulyſſes to give probability to the future ſtory; for as Euſtathius judiciouſly remarks, it is from this action alone that the fainting of Euryclea, her laying her hand on the chin of Ulyſſes, his ſeizure of her throat to hinder her from diſcovering him, eſcape the notice of Penelope; Ulyſſes is ſeated out of view, and withdrawn from obſervation. Dacier.

v. 460. *Cautious in vain! nor ceas'd the dame to find*
The ſcar——]

This ſtory concerning the wound of Ulyſſes, may, I fear, in ſome parts of it, ſeem ſomewhat tedious; it may therefore be neceſſary to ſhew that it is introduced with judgment; and though not intirely entertaining, yet artful.

Ariſtotle in the eighth chap. of his Poetics, ſpeaking of the union of the action of the Odyſſey, mentions this wound of Ulyſſes. Homer, ſays he, who excelled other poets in all reſpects, ſeems perfectly to have known this defect, (viz. that all the actions of an hero do not conſtitute the unity of the action, but only ſuch as are capable to be united with the fable) for in compoſing his Odyſſey, he has not mentioned all the adventures of Ulyſſes: for example, he has not joined the wound he received upon Parnaſſus with the account of his feigned madneſs, when the Greeks aſſembled their army; for becauſe one of them happened, it was neither neceſſary nor probable that the other ſhould alſo happen; but he has inſerted all that could have reſpect to one and the ſame action. Monſieur Dacier fully explains Ariſtotle; We have in this precept (obſerves that author) two remarkable events in the life of Ulyſſes, his feigned madneſs, and his wound received upon Par-

This on Parnassus (combating the boar)
With glancing rage the tusky savage tore.
Attended by his brave maternal race,
His grandsire sent him to the silvan chace,
Autolycus the bold: (a mighty name
For spotless faith and deeds of martial fame:

nassus: the poet mentions the wound, but is silent about his madness: he saw that the latter had no connexion either in truth or probability with the subject of his poem, and therefore he says not a word of it; he has acted otherwise with respect to the wound received upon Parnassus: for although that wound was no more to the matter of his poem, than the madness, yet he speaks of it, because he found an opportunity of inserting it so naturally into his principal action, that it becomes a necessary part of it, since it causes a remembrance of his hero, that is, since it is the occasion of Euryclea's discovering Ulysses; so that this history which is here related at length is no foreign episode, but a natural part of the subject, by being thus artfully united to it. This fully teaches us of what nature the different parts which a poet uses to form one and the same action ought to be; namely, either necessary or probable consequences of one another, as the remembrance of Ulysses was of this wound: every adventure then that has not this connexion ought to be rejected as foreign, and as breaking the unity of the action: and therefore Homer took care not to interrupt the unity of his Odyssey, by the episode of the feigned madness of Ulysses; or that incident could not be produced by any that were necessary or proper to the poem, nor produce any that had the least relation to it.

Bossu fully agrees with Aristotle and Dacier, and gathers from this episode that some incidents which make not directly any part of the action or the fable may be inserted into a poem, if those incidents are necessary to clear up any part of the fable or action.

This remembrance, or discovery by the wound, is mentioned in another place; see the twenty-first Odyssey. Aristotle in his seventeenth chap. of the Poetics, prefers this remembrance to that there made to Eumæus: It is (observes that author) here managed with more address and art; it is done without design, and seems a consequence of the story: there Ulysses himself discovers the wound: here it arises from the subject, and a series of incidents: there Ulysses has recourse to it, and it causes no surprise, because there is no great art in shewing a mark, which we are willing to have known. All remembrances therefore (says Aristotle) which produce their effects by design have little ingenuity: whereas those which are brought about by chance, surprise us, and are instances of the poet's art and address.

v. 466. *Autolycus the bold: (a mighty name
For spotless faith* ——]

Hermes his patron-god those gifts bestow'd,
Whose shrine with weanling lambs he wont to load).

This difficult passage is well explained by Dacier and Eustathius: the words are

—— ὃς ἀνθρώπους ἐκέκαστο
Κλεπτοσύνῃ θ' ὅρκῳ τε ——

which literally run thus, "he surpassed all men in swearing and "stealing:" a terrible character! if it were to be understood according to the letter: it has been imagined, that Homer commends Autolycus for his address in robbery, and making equivocal oaths; like the person (says Eustathius) who made a truce with his enemies for several days, and immediately went and ravaged their territories by night, and defended it, by telling them that the truce was not made for the night but the day: or like the person mentioned by Athenæus, who stole a fish, and gave it to his neighbour, and being questioned about it, swore, that he had it not himself, nor saw any other person steal it: but this is not the meaning of Homer, for he calls Autolycus ἐσθλὸς or a "good man," and add that this κλεπτοσύνη καὶ ὅρκος, was the gift of a god. The truth is, the former word does not here signify theft, nor the latter perjury: the former signifies a laudable address in concealing our own designs, and discovering those of our enemies; it consists in surprising them, when they least expect us, in beating up their quarters, carrying off their convoys, their provisions, and in short in all manner of stratagems, authorized by the laws of war: ὅρκος signifies fidelity in observing an oath, and never violating the sanctity of it. Plato, in his first book de Repub. makes it plain, that this is the sense of Homer: he there quotes this passage, and asserts that he is the best guardian of an army, who knows how to steal the counsels and enterprises of the enemy, τὰ τῶν πολεμίων κλέψαι βουλεύματα, καὶ τὰς ἄλλας πράξεις; from this, it is there inferred, that justice is a kind of chicanery (κλεπτική τις ἐπ' ὠφελείᾳ φίλων, καὶ βλάβῃ τῶν ἐχθρῶν) by which we serve our friends, and bring detriment to our enemies; but the answer there given to this assertion is, οὐ μὰ τὸν Δία, or, by no means: it must be understood with some restriction: it is lawful to deceive an enemy in war, but in common life criminal. The qualities therefore that Homer commends in Autolycus, are his dexterity in discovering, penetrating and preventing the designs of his enemies, and the religious observance of his oaths, and not theft and perjury; Eustathius explains Homer by adding κλεπτοσύνην οὐ κακήν, ὅρκον οὐ φαῦλον.

v. 468. *Hermes his patron-god those gifts bestow'd.*] The reason why Homer attributes these gifts to Mercury is, because he was the president of society, or of all things that are acted with a desire of concealment. He is also the god of speech, it therefore appertained to that deity to guard the verity of it, in particular of oaths, being the president of speaking. Dacier.

His courſe to Ithaca this hero ſped,
When the firſt product of Laertes' bed
Was new diſclos'd to birth; the banquet ends,
When Euryclea from the queen deſcends,
And to his fond embrace the babe commends.
" Receive, ſhe cries, your royal daughter's ſon;
" And name the bleſſing that your pray'rs have won."
Then thus the hoary chief, " My victor arms
" Have aw'd the realms around with dire alarms:
" A ſure memorial of my dreaded fame
" The boy ſhall bear; Ulyſſes be his name!
" And when with filial love the youth ſhall come
" To view his mother's ſoil, my Delphic dome
" With gifts of price ſhall ſend him joyous home."
Lur'd with the promis'd boon, when youthful prime
Ended in man, his mother's natal clime
Ulyſſes ſought; with fond affection dear
Amphithea's arms receiv'd the royal heir:

v. 476. " *Receive, ſhe cries, your royal daughter's ſon, &c.*] We have here an antient cuſtom obſerved by the Greeks: the child was placed by the father upon the grandfather's knees, as a token that a grandchild was the moſt agreeable preſent that a ſon could make to a father. That this was an antient cuſtom is evident from the Iliad.

——— ϛυγερὰς δ' ἐπεκέκλετ' Ἐρινῦς
Μήποτε γούνασιν οἷσιν ἐφέσσεσθαι φίλον υἱὸν
Ἐξ ἐμέθεν γεγαῶτα ———

That is, the father of Phœnix imprecated the furies, that Phœnix might never have a ſon to place upon his grandfather's knees.

It has been already remarked that it was cuſtomary in Greece for the parents to name the child; here the grandfather names Ulyſſes: but this is done by permiſſion of the parents, for Autolycus bids them give the name.

Γαμβρὸς ἐμὸς θυγάτηρ τε τίθεσθ' ὄνομ'.

Ulyſſes was called Ὀδυσσεὺς, from Ὀδύσσω, "iraſcor;" implying (ſays Euſtathius) that many hated, or were enraged at, Autolycus, for the miſchiefs he had done by his art in war, ἐκ τοῦ μίσους διὰ κλεπτοσύνην: that is in other words, Autolycus called Ulyſſes Ὀδυσσεὺς from the terrour he had been to his enemies.

Her antient * lord an equal joy poſſeſt;
Inſtant he bade prepare the genial feaſt:
A ſteer to form the ſumptuous banquet bled,
Whoſe ſtately growth five flow'ry ſummers fed:
His ſons divide, and roaſt with artful care
The limbs; then all the taſteful viands ſhare.
Nor ceas'd diſcourſe (the banquet of the ſoul)
'Till Phœbus wheeling to the weſtern goal
Reſign'd the ſkies, and night involv'd the pole.
Their drooping eyes the ſlumb'rous ſhade oppreſt,
Sated they roſe, and all retir'd to reſt.
Soon as the morn, new-rob'd in purple light,
Pierc'd with her golden ſhafts the rear of night;
Ulyſſes, and his brave maternal race
The young Autolyci, aſſay the chace.
Parnaſſus, thick perplex'd with horrid ſhades,
With deep-mouth'd hounds the hunter-troop invades;
What—time the ſun, from ocean's peaceful ſtream,
Darts o'er the lawn his horizontal beam.
The pack impatient ſnuff the tainted gale;
The thorny wilds the wood-men fierce aſſail:
And foremoſt of the train, his cornel ſpear
Ulyſſes wav'd, to rouſe the ſavage war.
Deep in the rough receſſes of the wood,
A lofty copſe, the growth of ages, ſtood:
Nor winter's boreal blaſt, nor thund'rous ſhow'r,
Nor ſolar ray, cou'd pierce the ſhady bow'r,
With wither'd foliage ſtrew'd, a heapy ſtore!
The warm pavilion of a dreadful boar.
Rous'd by the hounds and hunters mingling cries,
The ſavage from his leafy ſhelter flies:
With fiery glare his ſanguine eye-balls ſhine,
And briſtles high impale his horrid chine.

* Autolycus.

Young Ithacus advanc'd, defies the foe,
Poiſing his lifted lance in act to throw;
The ſavage renders vain the wound decreed,
And ſprings impetuous with opponent ſpeed!
His tuſks oblique he aim'd, the knee to gore;
Aſlope they glanc'd, the ſinewy fibres tore,
And bar'd the bone: Ulyſſes undiſmay'd,
Soon with redoubl'd force the wound repay'd;
To the right ſhoulder-joint the ſpear apply'd;
His further flank with ſtreaming purple dy'd:
On earth he ruſh'd with agonizing pain;
With joy, and vaſt ſurpriſe, th' applauding train
View'd his enormous bulk extended on the plain.
With bandage firm Ulyſſes knee they bound;
Then chanting myſtic lays, the cloſing wound
Of ſacred melody confeſs'd the force;
The tides of life regain'd their azure courſe.

v. 535. *Then chanting myſtic lays, the cloſing wound*
Of ſacred melody confeſs'd the force.]

This is a remarkable inſtance of the antiquity of that idle ſuperſtition of curing wounds by incantation or charms: yet Homer is no way blameable for mentioning it; he wrote according to the opinion of the age, which whether true or falſe vindicates him as a poet. Indeed almoſt all other poets have ſpoken more boldly than Homer of the power of incantations; thus Virgil,

"Carmina vel cœlo poſſunt deducere lunam,
"Carminibus Circe ſocios mutavit Ulyſſei,
"Frigidus in pratis cantando rumpitur anguis."

But we may defend Homer from Pliny, who has thought this point, viz. whether charms are available phyſically, worthy of a ſerious diſcuſſion; he refers to this paſſage in his Natural Hiſtory, lib. xxviii. cap. 1. "Dixit Homerus profluvium ſanguinis vulnerato femine Ulyſſem inhibuiſſe carmine: Theophraſtus, Iſchiadicos ſanare: Cato prodidit luxatis membris carmen auxiliari, "Varro; Podagris." Attatus affirms, that if a man chance to ſpy a ſcorpion, and pronounce the word "duo," it will lie ſtill, and never ſhoot his ſting. I think theſe grave authors outdo even the fictions of poets; and I hardly believe that any of them would have ventured to provoke a ſerpent truſting to the charm. But we are to underſtand this charm not merely as a form of words, but

Then back they led the youth with loud acclaim;
Autolycus, enamour'd with his fame,
Confirm'd the cure; and from the Delphic dome
With added gifts return'd him glorious home.
He safe at Ithaca with joy receiv'd,
Relates the chace, and early praise atchiev'd.
Deep o'er his knee inseam'd, remain'd the scar:
Which noted token of the woodland war
When Euryclea found, th' ablusion ceas'd;
Down dropp'd the leg, from her slack hand releas'd;
The mingled fluids from the vase redound;
The vase reclining floats the floor around!
Smiles dew'd with tears the pleasing strife exprest
Of grief, and joy, alternate in her breast.
Her flutt'ring words in melting murmurs dy'd;
At length abrupt—my son!—my king!—she cry'd.

as joined with musical notes, and then it may appear more rational: for the cure of the sciatica, Theophrastus commends the Phrygian music, and A. Gellius for giving ease to it; but adds, "ut memoriæ proditum est." Apollonius in his book de Miris, affirms from Theophrastus, that music cures many diseases both of mind and body, καθάπερ λειποθυμιάς, φόβους, καὶ τὰς ἐπὶ μακρὸν γιγνομένας τῆς διανοιάς ἐκςάσεις· ἰᾶται δὲ καταύλησις ἰσχίαδα καὶ ἐπιληψίαν. And the same author affirms, that many in his time, especially the Thebans, used the pipe for the cure of several sicknesses, which Galen calls καταυλεῖν τῦ τόπυ, "super loco affecto tibiâ canere;" or "loca dolentia decantare." I will not affirm that such charms of music have no power in some maladies; every one knows what an effect the harp of David had over the spirits of Saul; but we have either lost, or not yet found out the art: a natural reason may be assigned for it; for as the musical notes move the air, so the air moves the inward spirits, and the humours of the body, which are the seat of diseases; so that by this new motion they may be condensed, rarified, dissipated or expelled, according as they are agitated or influenced by the concussion of the musical notes; but however this be, if other poets may say that charms have power to stop the rivers in their courses, Homer is not to be condemned for ascribing the power of stopping blood to incantations. See Mr. Cowley's notes on the first book of his Davideis.

v. 553. *—abrupt—my son!—my king!—she cry'd.*] It may seem incredible that this dialogue between Ulysses and Euryclea could be held in the presence of Penelope, and she not hear it: how

His neck with fond embrace infolding faſt,
Full on the queen her raptur'd eye ſhe caſt,
Ardent to ſpeak the monarch ſafe reſtor'd:
But ſtudious to conceal her royal lord,
Minerva fix'd her mind on views remote,
And from the preſent bliſs abſtracts her thought.
His hand to Euryclea's he apply'd,
Art thou foredoom'd my peſt? the hero cry'd:
Thy milky founts my infant lips have drain'd:
And have the fates thy babling age ordain'd,
To violate the life thy youth ſuſtain'd?
An exile have I told, with weeping eyes,
Full twenty annual ſuns in diſtant ſkies:
At length return'd, ſome god inſpires thy breaſt
To know thy king, and here I ſtand confeſt.
This heav'n-diſcover'd truth to thee conſign'd,
Reſerve, the treaſure of thy inmoſt mind:
Elſe if the gods my vengeful arm ſuſtain,
And proſtrate to my ſword the ſuitor-train:
With their lewd mates, thy undiſtinguiſh'd age
Shall bleed a victim to vindictive rage.

is this to be reconciled to probability? I will anſwer in the words of Euſtathius: The poet, ſays he, is admirably guarded againſt this objection; it is for this reaſon that he mentions the falling of Ulyſſes's leg into the water, the ſound of the veſſel from that accident, the overturning of it, and the effuſion of the water: all theſe different ſounds may eaſily be ſuppoſed to drown the voice of Euryclea, ſo as it might not be heard by Penelope; it is true, ſhe could not but obſerve this confuſion that happened while Euryclea waſhes; but the age of Euryclea might naturally make her believe that all this happened by accident through her feebleneſs, and Penelope might be perſuaded that it was thus occaſioned, having no reaſon to ſuſpect the truth: beſides, what is more frequent on the theatre than to ſpeak to the audience, while the perſons on the ſtage are ſuppoſed not to hear? In reality, it is evident that Ulyſſes and Euryclea were at a proper diſtance from Penelope, probably out of decency while the feet were waſhing; for as ſoon as that office is over, Homer tells us that Ulyſſes drew nearer to the fire where Penelope ſat, that he might reſume the conference.

Αὖτις ἄρ' ἀσσοτέρω πυρὸς ἕλκετο δίφρον Ὀδυσσεύς.

Then thus rejoin'd the dame, devoid of fear:
What words, my fon, have pafs'd thy lips fevere?
Deep in my foul the truft fhall lodge fecur'd;
With ribs of fteel, and marble heart, immur'd.
When heav'n, aufpicious to thy right avow'd,
Shall proftrate to thy fword the fuitor-crowd;
The deeds I'll blazon of the menial fair;
The lewd to death devote, the virtuous fpare.
Thy aid avails me not, the chief reply'd;
My own experience fhall their doom decide;
A witnefs-judge precludes a long appeal:
Suffice it thee thy monarch to conceal.
He faid: obfequious with redoubl'd pace,
She to the fount conveys th' exhaufted vafe:
The bath renew'd, fhe ends the pleafing toil
With plenteous unction of ambrofial oil.
Adjufting to his limbs the tatter'd veft,
His former feat receiv'd the ftranger gueft;
Whom thus with penfive air the queen addreft.
Tho' night, diffolving grief in grateful eafe,
Your drooping eyes with foft oppreffion feize;

v. 577. *Deep in my foul the truft fhall lodge fecur'd.*] Plutarch in his treatife upon Garrulity obferves, that Ulyffes and every perfon that had relation to him were remarkable for their taciturnity: they had all profited under fo great a mafter of fecrecy as Ulyffes: it is practifed by his wife, his fon, and his nurfe; his very companions, who attended him in his voyages, poffeffed this virtue in fo eminent a degree as to fuffer themfelves to be dafhed in pieces by the Cyclops, rather than difcover him to that giant. The moral that we are to gather from this fable is, that the fafety of princes counfels confifts in fecrecy. Dacier.

v. 590. *With plenteous unction* ——] We are not to imagine that this cuftom of anointing the feet was an inftance of luxury; it prevailed over the oriental world folely out of neceffity, to avoid offenfivenefs in thofe hot regions. This cuftom prevailed many ages after Homer, and we have an inftance of it in the woman who wafhed the feet of our Lord and Saviour with tears, and anointed them with oil. This place is a plain proof that oil was ufed after wafhing the feet as well as after bathing.

A-while, reluctant to her pleaſing force,
Suſpend the reſtful hour with ſweet diſcourſe.
The day (ne'er brighten'd with a beam of joy!)
My menials, and domeſtic cares employ:
And, unattended by ſincere repoſe,
The night aſſiſts my ever-wakeful woes:
When nature's huſh'd beneath her brooding ſhade,
My echoing griefs the ſtarry vault invade.
As when the months are clad in flow'ry green,
Sad Philomel, in bow'ry ſhades unſeen,

v. 605. *Sad Philomel, &c.*] This paſſage is thus explained by Euſtathius. The ſimile is not only introduced to expreſs the ſorrow of Penelope, but the nature of it: it is not ſo much intended to illuſtrate her grief, as her various agitations and different thoughts compared to the different accents in the mournful ſong of the nightingale; for thus Homer applies it,

Ὣς καὶ ἐμοὶ δίχα θυμὸς ὀρώρεται ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα.

Euſtathius adds, that Homer relates this ſtory very differently from later authors: he mentions nothing of Progne, Tereus, or Pandion, unleſs that name be the ſame with Pandareus; Itylus likewiſe is by them called Itys. The ſtory is thus, according to theſe writers: Philomela was the wife of Tereus king of Thrace, ſhe had a ſiſter named Progne, whom Tereus raviſhed and cut her tongue out, that ſhe might not diſcover the crime to Philomela; but Progne betrayed it by weaving the ſtory in a piece of embroidery; upon this Philomela ſlew her own ſon Itys or Itylus, and ſerved up his fleſh to the table of her huſband Tereus; which being made known to him, he purſues Philomela and Progne, who are feigned to be changed into birds for their ſwift flight into Athens, by which they eſcaped the revenge of Tereus. Philomela is fabled to be turned into a nightingale, and Progne into a ſwallow; it being obſerved by Pauſanias, that no ſwallow ever builds in Thrace, or nightingale is ever ſeen there, as hating the country of Tereus. But Homer follows a different hiſtory: Pandareus, ſon of Merops, had three daughters, Meropè, Cleothena, and Aëdon: Pandareus married his eldeſt daughter Aëdon to Zethus, brother of Amphion, mentioned in the eleventh Odyſſey; ſhe had an only ſon named Itylus; and being envious at the numerous family of her brother-in-law Amphion, ſhe reſolves to murder Amaleus the eldeſt of her nephews; her own ſon Itylus was brought up with the children of Amphion, and lay in the ſame bed with this Amaleus. Aëdon directs her ſon Itylus to abſent himſelf one night from the bed, but he forgets her orders; at the time determined, ſhe conveys

To vernal airs attunes her varied ſtrains;
And Itylus ſounds warbling o'er the plains;
Young Itylus, his parents darling joy!
Whom chance miſled the mother to deſtroy:
Now doom'd a wakeful bird to wail the beauteous boy.
So in nocturnal ſolitude forlorn,
A ſad variety of woes I mourn!
My mind reflective, in a thorny maze
Devious from care to care inceſſant ſtrays.
Now, wav'ring doubt ſucceeds to long deſpair;
Shall I my virgin-nuptial-vow revere;
And joining to my ſon's my menial train,
Partake his councils, and aſſiſt his reign!
Or, ſince mature in manhood, he deplores
His dome diſhonour'd, and exhauſted ſtores;
Shall I, reluctant! to his will accord;
And from the peers ſelect the nobleſt lord;
So by my choice avow'd, at length decide
Theſe waſteful love-debates, a mourning bride?
A viſionary thought I'll now relate,
Illuſtrate, if you know, the ſhadow'd fate.
  A team of twenty geeſe (a ſnow-white train!)
Fed near the limpid lake with golden grain,
Amuſe my penſive hours. The bird of Jove
Fierce from his mountain-eyrie downward drove;
Each fav'rite fowl he pounc'd with deathful ſway,
And back triumphant wing'd his airy way.
My pitying eyes effus'd a plenteous ſtream,
To view their death thus imag'd in a dream:
With tender ſympathy to ſoothe my ſoul,
A troop of matrons, fancy-form'd, condole.

herſelf into the apartment, and murthers her own ſon Itylus, by miſtake, inſtead of her nephew Amaleus: upon this, almoſt in diſtraction, ſhe begs the gods to remove her from the race of humankind; they grant her prayer, and change her into a nightingale.

But whilst with grief and rage my bosom burn'd,
Sudden the tyrant of the skies return'd:
Perch'd on the battlements he thus began,
(In form an eagle, but in voice a man.)
O queen! no vulgar vision of the sky
I come, prophetic of approaching joy:
View in this plumy form thy victor lord;
The geese (a glutton race) by thee deplor'd,
Portend the suitors fated to my sword.
This said, the pleasing feather'd omen ceas'd.
When from the downy bands of sleep releas'd,
Fast by the limpid lake my swan-like train
I found, insatiate of the golden grain.
The vision self-explain'd (the chief replies)
Sincere reveals the sanction of the skies:
Ulysses speaks his own return decreed;
And by his sword the suitors sure to bleed.
Hard is the task, and rare, the queen rejoin'd,
Impending destinies in dreams to find:
Immur'd within the silent bow'r of sleep,
Two portals firm the various phantoms keep:

v. 656. *Immur'd within the silent bow'r of sleep, &c.*] This seems to be a bold fiction, and commentators have laboured hard to shew the reason of it: some imagine, that by the horn is meant a tunic of the eye, which is called horny; and that the ivory represents the teeth; and that by these allusions the poet intended to express that what we hear spoken may be false, but what we see must infallibly be true: that is, according to this fable, the ivory gate emits falshood, that of horn, truth. Others explain Homer by referring to the nature of horn and ivory, horn being pervious to the sight, and ivory impenetrable. Dacier, from Eustathius, gives us a very different solution; by horn, which is transparent, Homer means the air, or heavens which are translucent; by ivory, he denotes the earth which is gross and opake: thus the dreams which come from the earth, that is, through the gate of ivory, are false; those from heaven, or through the gate of horn, true. But it may be thought that there are no grounds, from the words of Homer, for such an interpretation. I imagine that this fable is built upon a real foundation, and that there were places called the gates of falshood and truth: Diodorus Siculus, in his

Of iv'ry one; whence flit to mock the brain,
Of winged lies a light fantaſtic train:
The gate oppos'd pellucid valves adorn,
And columns fair incas'd with poliſh'd horn:
Where images of truth for paſſage wait,
With viſions manifeſt of future fate.
Not to this troop, I fear, that phantom ſoar'd,
Which ſpoke Ulyſſes to his realm reſtor'd:
Deluſive ſemblance! —— But my remnant life
Heav'n ſhall determine in a gameful ſtrife:
With that fam'd bow Ulyſſes taught to bend,
For me the rival archers ſhall contend.
As on the liſted field he us'd to place
Six beams, oppos'd to ſix in equal ſpace:
Elanc'd afar by his unerring art,
Sure thro' ſix circlets flew the whizzing dart.
So, when the ſun reſtores the purple day,
Their ſtrength and ſkill the ſuitors ſhall aſſay:
To him the ſpouſal honour is decreed,
Who thro' the rings directs the feather'd reed.
Torn from theſe walls where long the kinder pow'rs
With pomp and joy have wing'd my youthful hours!

ſecond book, deſcribing the ceremonies concerning the dead, mentions the gates of oblivion, of hatred and lamentation; and then adds, that there are other gates in the ſame place; namely, in Memphis in Ægypt, that are called the gates of verity, near which there is a ſtatue of juſtice without an head; now Homer in the twenty-fourth Odyſſey places the region of dreams in the way to the infernal ſhades, and it is paſt diſpute that he borrows all theſe fables of Styx, Cocytus, (that is, of the gates of hatred, lamentation,) &c. from Ægypt, and places them in hell, after Orpheus, who adapted all his ceremonies according to the rites of burial obſerved at Memphis, as Diodorus fully proves: if therefore he borrows the fable of the gates of oblivion, &c. from Ægypt, why may he not the ſtory of the gates of falſhood and verity? eſpecially ſince he takes his whole relation concerning hell from the cuſtoms of the Ægyptians, and this region of dreams is placed by him in the paſſage to hell: it may therefore not be impoſſible but this ſtory of the gates of ſleep, may have a real foundation, and be built upon the cuſtoms of the Ægyptians.

On this poor breaſt no dawn of bliſs ſhall beam;
The pleaſure paſt ſupplies a copious theme
For many a dreary thought, and many a doleful dream!
  Propoſe the ſportive lot, the chief replies,
Nor dread to name yourſelf the bowyer's prize:
Ulyſſes will ſurpriſe th' unfiniſh'd game
Avow'd, and falſify the ſuitors claim.
  To whom with grace ſerene the queen rejoin'd:
In all thy ſpeech what pleaſing force I find!
O'er my ſuſpended woe thy words prevail,
I part reluctant from the pleaſing tale.
But heav'n that knows what all terreſtrials need,
Repoſe to night, and toil to day decreed:
Grateful viciſſitude! Yet me withdrawn,
Wakeful to weep and watch the tardy dawn
Eſtabliſh'd uſe enjoins; to reſt and joy
Eſtrang'd, ſince dear Ulyſſes ſail'd to Troy!
Meantime inſtructed is the menial tribe
Your couch to faſhion as yourſelf preſcribe.
  Thus affable, her bow'r the queen aſcends;
The ſov'reign ſtep a beauteous train attends;
There imag'd to her ſoul Ulyſſes roſe;
Down her pale cheek new-ſtreaming ſorrow flows:
'Till ſoft oblivious ſhade Minerva ſpread,
And o'er her eyes ambroſial ſlumber ſhed.

THE

ODYSSEY.

BOOK XX.

THE ARGUMENT.

While Ulyſſes lies in the veſtibule of the palace, he is witneſs to the diſorders of the women. Minerva comforts him and caſts him aſleep. At his awaking he deſires a favourable ſign from Jupiter, which is granted. The feaſt of Apollo is celebrated by the people, and the ſuitors banquet in the palace. Telemachus exerts his authority amongſt them, notwithſtanding which, Ulyſſes is inſulted by Cteſippus, and the reſt continue in their exceſſes. Strange prodigies are ſeen by Theoclymenus the augur, who explains them to the deſtruction of the woers.

AN ample hide divine Ulyſſes ſpread,
And form'd of fleecy ſkins his humble bed:
(The remnants of the ſpoil the ſuitor-crowd
In feſtival devour'd, and victims vow'd.)
Then o'er the chief, Eurynome the chaſte
With duteous care a downy carpet caſt:
With dire revenge his thoughtful boſom glows,
And ruminating wrath, he ſcorns repoſe.
As thus pavilion'd in the porch he lay,
Scenes of lewd loves his wakeful eyes ſurvey,
Whilſt to nocturnal joys impure, repair
With wanton glee, the proſtituted fair.

v. 12. *With wanton glee, the proſtituted fair.*] Euſtathius expatiates upon the conduct of theſe female ſervants of Penelope. Silence and a decent reſerve (remarks that author) is the ornament of the fair ſex; levity and laughter betray them into an unguarded

His heart with rage this new dishonour stung,
Wav'ring his thoughts in dubious balance hung.

behaviour, and make them susceptible of wanton impressions. The Athenians, as Pausanias informs us, had a temple sacred to love and Venus the whisperer: Venus was called the whisperer (ψιθυρος) because they who there offered up their prayers applied their mouths to the ear of the statue of that goddess, and whispered their petitions; an intimation, that women ought to govern their tongue, and not let it transgress either by loudness or loquacity. But this no ways affects the ladies of Great-Britain; they speak so well, they should never be silent.

Ulysses, Homer tells us, is almost provoked to kill these females with his own hands: this has been imagined a thought unworthy an hero. The like objection has been made against Æneas in Virgil (Æneid, lib. ii. v. 567.)

> Thus, wand'ring in my way, without a guide,
> The graceless Helen in the porch I 'spy'd
> Of Vesta's temple: there she lurk'd alone,
> Muffl'd she sat, and what she could, unknown;
> Trembling with rage, the strumpet I regard,
> Resolv'd to give her guilt the due reward.

This whole passage is said to have been expunged from Virgil by Tucca and Varius; for as Virgil there expresses it,

> 'Tis true a soldier can small honour gain,
> And boast no conquest from a woman slain. Dryden.

But the objection is probably made with too great severity, both against Homer and Virgil: it is no disgrace to the best or bravest man, to be subject to such passions as betray him into no unworthy actions: a hero is not supposed to be insensible; he distinguishes himself as such, if he restrains them within the bounds of reason. Both Æneas and Ulysses are fired with a just indignation; and this is agreeable to human nature; but both of them proceed to no outrageous action, and this shews that their passions are governed by superiour reason. However this resentment of Ulysses is less liable to objection than that of Æneas: Ulysses subdues his indignation by the reflection of his own reason; but Virgil introduces a machine to compose the spirit of Æneas:

> ——— all shining heav'nly bright,
> My mother stood reveal'd before my sight,
> She held my hand, the destin'd blow to break, &c.

It may be further added that the case is very different between Æneas and Ulysses. The persons whom Ulysses intends to punish are his subjects and servants, and such a punishment would be no

Or, inſtant ſhould he quench the guilty flame
With their own blood, and intercept the ſhame;
Or to their luſt indulge a laſt embrace,
And let the peers conſummate the diſgrace;
Round his ſwoll'n heart the murm'rous fury rolls;
As o'er her young the mother-maſtiff growls,
And bays the ſtranger-groom: ſo wrath compreſt
Recoiling, mutter'd thunder in his breaſt.
Poor ſuff'ring heart! he cry'd, ſupport the pain
Of wounded honour, and thy rage reſtrain.

more than an act of juſtice, as he is their maſter and king; and we find in the ſequel of the Odyſſey that he actually inflicts it. It would therefore be thought an inſtance of Homer's judgment, in painting the diſorders of theſe ſervants in ſuch ſtrong colours, that we may acknowledge the juſtice, when he afterwards brings them to puniſhment.

v. 20. *As o'er her young the mother-maſtiff growls, &c.*] This in the original is a very bold expreſſion, but Homer, to ſoften it, inſtances a compariſon which reconciles us to it. Ennius has literally tranſlated it, as Spondanus obſerves:

" ——— animuſque in pectore latrat."

That is, word for word,

——— Κραδίη δέ οἱ ἔνδον ὑλάκτει.

The ſimilitude itſelf is very expreſſive; as the maſtiff barks to guard her young, ſo labours the ſoul of Ulyſſes in defence of his ſon and wife, Penelope and Telemachus. Dacier was afraid that the compariſon could not be rendered with any beauty in the French tongue, and therefore has ſubſtituted another in the room of it, " Son cœur rugiſſoit au dedans de luy, comme un lion rugit " autour d'une bergerie, où il ne ſçauroit entrer." But however more noble the lion may be than the maſtiff, it is evident that ſhe utterly deviates from the alluſion: the maſtiff rages in defence of her young, Ulyſſes of his ſon Telemachus; but how is this repreſented by a lion roaring round a fold, which he is not to defend, but deſtroy? We have therefore choſen to follow Homer in the more humble but more expreſſive ſimilitude; and what will entirely reconcile us to it, is the great honour which was paid to dogs by the antients: they were kept as a piece of ſtate by princes or heroes, and therefore a compariſon drawn from them was held to be as noble as if it had been drawn from a lion.

v. 23. *Poor ſuff'ring heart! he cry'd, ſupport the pain*
Of wounded honour, and thy rage reſtrain.]

Not fiercer woes thy fortitude cou'd foil,
When the brave partners of thy ten years toil*
Dire Polypheme devour'd: I then was freed
By patient prudence, from the death decreed.
Thus anchor'd safe on reason's peaceful coast,
Tempests of wrath his soul no longer tost;
Restless his body rolls, to rage resign'd:
As one who long with pale-ey'd famine pin'd,

These two verses are quoted by Plato in his Phædo, where he treats of the soul's immortality: he makes use of them to prove that Homer understood the soul to be uncompounded and distinct from the body. "If the soul, argues that author, were a compounded "substance, if it were harmony, (as some philosophically assert) "she would never act discordantly from the parts which compose "it; but we see the contrary, we see the soul guide and govern "the parts of which she herself is pretended to be composed; she "resists, threatens and restrains our passions, our fears, avarice "and anger: in short, the soul speaks to the body as to a sub- "stance of a nature entirely different from its own. Homer "therefore evidently understood that the soul ought to govern and "direct the passions, and that it is of a nature more divine than "harmony."

This is undoubtedly very just reasoning; and there is an expression, observes Dacier, that bears the same import in the holy scriptures: "The heart of David smote him when he numbered "the people." There is this difference; in Homer by "heart" is understood the corporeal substance, in the scriptures the spiritual; but both make a manifest distinction between the soul and the body.

v. 32. *As one who long, &c.*] No passage in the whole Odyssey has fallen under more ridicule than this comparison; Monsieur Perrault is particularly severe upon it: Homer (says that critic) compares Ulysses turning in his bed to a black-pudding broiling on a gridiron; whereas the truth is, he compares that hero turning and tossing in his bed, burning with impatience to satisfy himself with the blood of the suitors, to a man in sharp hunger preparing the entrails of a victim over a great fire; and the agitation represents the agitation of Ulysses. Homer compares not the thing, but the persons.

Boileau, in his notes upon Longinus, answers this objection. It is notorious that the belly of some animals was one of the most delicious dishes amongst the antients: that the "sumen" or sow's belly was boasted of for its excellence by the Romans, and forbidden by a sumptuary law as too voluptuous. Besides the Greek word used to express a black-pudding was not invented in the days of Homer. Ogilby indeed thus renders it;

The ſav'ry cates on glowing embers caſt
Inceſſant turns, impatient for repaſt;
Ulyſſes ſo, from ſide to ſide devolv'd,
In ſelf-debate the ſuitors' doom reſolv'd.
When in the form of mortal nymph array'd,
From heav'n deſcends the Jove-born martial maid;
And hov'ring o'er his head in view confeſs'd,
The goddeſs thus her fav'rite care addreſs'd.
'Oh thou, of mortals moſt inur'd to woes!
Why roll thoſe eyes unfriended of repoſe?
Beneath thy palace roof forget thy care;
Bleſt in thy queen! bleſt in thy blooming heir!
Whom, to the gods when ſuppliant fathers bow,
They name the ſtandard of their deareſt vow.

As one a pudding broiling on the coals.

But you will aſk, Is not the alluſion mean at beſt, and does it not convey a low image? Monſieur Dacier anſwers in the negative, in his notes upon Ariſtotle's Poetics. The compariſon is borrowed from ſacrifices which yielded blood and fat, and was therefore ſo far from being deſpicable, that it was looked upon with veneration by antiquity. Lib. i. of the Iliad.

On theſe, in double cawls involv'd with art,
The choiceſt morſels lay from every part.

The "cawls" and the "choiceſt morſels" were the fat of the victim, ſelected as the beſt part of it, to be offered to the gods. We may find that the thought was noble in the oriental language, for the author of Eccleſiaſticus makes uſe of it, xlvii. 2. "As is "the fat taken from the peace-offering, ſo was David choſen out "of the children of Iſrael." And the ſame alluſion which was uſed to repreſent the worth and excellence of David, could be no degradation to Ulyſſes.

But what is underſtood by the "belly of the beaſt, full of fat "and blood?" Boileau is of opinion that thoſe words denote the fat and the blood which are in thoſe parts of an animal naturally: but he is in an errour, as appears evidently from theſe lines, lib. xviii. of the Odyſſey.

Γαςέρες αἵδ' αἰγῶν κέατ' ἐν πυρί· τὰς ἐπὶ δόρπῳ
Καθθέμεθα, κνίσσης τε καὶ αἵματος ἐμπλήσαντες.

"Implentes ſanguine & pinguedine, in cœnâ deponamus;" a demonſtration that Homer intends not the natural fat and blood of the animal,

Juſt is thy kind reproach, (the chief rejoin'd)
Deeds full of fate diſtract my various mind,
In contemplation wrapp'd. This hoſtile crew
What ſingle arm hath prowess to ſubdue?
Or if by Jove's, and thy auxiliar aid,
They're doom'd to bleed; O ſay, celeſtial maid:
Where ſhall Ulyſſes ſhun, or how ſuſtain,
Nations embattled to revenge the ſlain?
Oh impotence of faith! Minerva cries,
If man on frail unknowing man relies,
Doubt you the gods? Lo Pallas' ſelf deſcends,
Inſpires thy counſels, and thy toils attends.
In me affianc'd, fortify thy breaſt,
Tho' myriads leagu'd thy rightful claim conteſt:
My ſure divinity ſhall bear the ſhield,
And edge thy ſword to reap the glorious field.

v. 56. *If man on frail unknowing man relies,*
Doubt you the gods? ——]

There is excellent reaſoning in this, if a friend whom we know to be wiſe and powerful, adviſes us, we are ready to follow his inſtructions; the Divine Being gives us his counſel, and we refuſe it. Monſieur Dacier obſerves that Epictetus had this paſſage in his view, and beautified his morality with it. "The protection of a prince or potentate (ſays that author) gives us full "tranquillity, and baniſhes from us all uneaſy apprehenſion. We "have an all-powerful Being for our protector, and for our father; and yet the knowledge of it is not ſufficient to drive "away our fears, inquietudes, and diſcontents."

What Homer further puts into the mouth of the goddeſs of wiſdom is conſonant to ſacred verity, and agrees with the language of the ſcripture; Pſalm xxvii. 3. "Though an hoſt of men were "laid againſt me, yet ſhall not my heart be afraid."

The poet almoſt in every book mentions the deſtruction of the ſuitors by the ſingle hand of Ulyſſes, to reconcile us to it by degrees, that we may not be ſhocked at the great cataſtrophe of the poem as incredible: it is particularly judicious to inſiſt upon it in this place in a manner ſo ſolemn, to prepare us for the approaching event. If the deſtruction of the ſuitors ſhould appear humanly improbable by being aſcribed ſolely to Ulyſſes, it is at leaſt reconcileable to divine probability, and becomes credible through the intervention of a goddeſs.

Now, pay the debt to craving nature due,
Her faded pow'rs with balmy reſt renew.
She ceas'd: ambroſial ſlumbers ſeal his eyes;
His care diſſolves in viſionary joys:
The goddeſs pleas'd, regains her natal ſkies.
  Not ſo the queen; the downy bands of ſleep
By grief relax'd, ſhe wak'd again to weep:
A gloomy pauſe enſu'd of dumb deſpair;
Then thus her fate invok'd, with fervent pray'r.
  Diana! ſpeed thy deathful ebon-dart,
And cure the pangs of this convulſive heart.
Snatch me, ye whirlwinds! far from human race,
Toſt thro' the void illimitable ſpace:
Or if diſmounted from the rapid cloud,
Me with his whelming wave let ocean ſhroud!
So, Pandarus, thy hopes, three orphan-fair
Were doom'd to wander thro' the devious air;
Thyſelf untimely and thy conſort dy'd,
But four celeſtials both your cares ſupply'd.

v. 72. *Diana! ſpeed thy deathful ebon-dart, &c.*] I doubt not but the reader will be pleaſed with the beauty of this ſoliloquy. There is an aſſemblage of tender images and moving complaints, and yet they are ſuch as betray no meanneſs of ſpirit: the lamentation of Penelope is the lamentation of a queen and heroine; ſhe mourns, but it is with dignity. The poet makes a good uſe of her ſorrows, and they excellently ſuſtain her character of perſevering to elude the addreſſes of the ſuitors, when ſhe wiſhes even to die rather than to yield to them.

But I confeſs the inſerting ſo many particularities of the daughters of Pandarus, &c. greatly leſſens the pathetic of this ſpeech.

v. 74. *Snatch me, ye whirlwinds! &c.*] The antients (ſays Dacier) were perſuaded that ſome perſons were carried away by ſtorms and whirlwinds. I would rather imagine ſuch expreſſions to be entirely figurative and poetical; it is probable that what gave occaſion to theſe fictions might be no more than the ſudden deaths of ſome perſons, and their diſappearance was aſcribed, in the language of poetry, to ſtorms and whirlwinds. The orientals delighted in ſuch bold figures. Job xxvii. 21. "The eaſt wind "carrieth him away, and as a ſtorm hurleth him out of his "place." And Iſaiah xli. 16. "The wind ſhall carry them "away, and the whirlwind ſhall ſcatter them."

Venus in tender delicacy rears
With honey, milk, and wine, their infant years:
Imperial Juno to their youth aſſign'd
A form majeſtic, and ſagacious mind:
With ſhapely growth Diana grac'd the bloom;
And Pallas taught the texture of the loom.
But whilſt to learn their lots in nuptial love,
Bright Cytherea ſought the bow'r of Jove;
(The god ſupreme, to whoſe eternal eye
The regiſters of fate expanded lie)
Wing'd harpies ſnatch'd th' unguarded charge away,
And to the Furies bore a grateful prey.

v. 82. *Venus in tender delicacy rears*
With honey, milk, and wine, their infant years.]

Monſieur Dacier obſerves upon this paſſage; Venus is ſaid to feed theſe infants with wine, milk, and honey; that is, ſhe nurſed them in their infancy, with plenty and abundance. For this is the import of the expreſſion: a land flowing with milk and honey means a land of the greateſt fertility, as is evident from the writings of Moſes. So the prophet, "Butter and honey ſhall he "eat, till he knows how to refuſe the evil and chuſe the good;" that is, till the age of diſcretion.

v. 84. *Imperial Juno to their youth aſſign'd*
A form majeſtic, and ſagacious mind.]

It may ſeem that Homer aſcribes improper gifts to this goddeſs; wiſdom is the portion of Minerva, beauty of Venus, why then are they here aſcribed to Juno? Spondanus calls this an inſolvable difficulty. Dacier explains it by ſaying, that the beauty of princeſſes is different from that of perſons of an inferiour ſtation, their beauty conſiſts in a majeſty that is every way great and noble, and ſtrikes with awe, very different from the little affectations and formal ſoftneſſes of inferiour beauty; the former kind is the gift of Venus to the lower part of the fair ſex, the latter is beſtowed on princeſſes and queens, by Juno the regent of the ſkies.

v. 92. *Wing'd harpies ſnatch'd th' unguarded charge away.*] It is not evident what is meant by theſe princeſſes being carried away by the harpies: Euſtathius thinks that they wandered from their own country, and fell into the power of cruel governeſſes, whoſe ſeverities the poet aſcribes to the ἐρίννυς, or Furies. Dacier imagines, that theſe two princeſſes having ſeen the unhappy fate of their ſiſter Aëdon (who was married to Zethus, and ſlew her own ſon) feared a like calamity, and dreading marriage, retired to

Be such my lot! Or thou Diana speed
Thy shaft, and send me joyful to the dead:
To seek my lord among the warriour-train,
Ere second vows my bridal faith profane.
When woes the waking sense alone assail;
Whilst night extends her soft oblivious veil,
Of other wretches care the torture ends:
No truce the warfare of my heart suspends!
The night renews the day-distracting theme,
And airy terrours sable ev'ry dream.
The last alone a kind illusion wrought,
And to my bed my lov'd Ulysses brought,
In manly bloom, and each majestic grace,
As when for Troy he left my fond embrace;
Such raptures in my beating bosom rise,
I deem it sure a vision of the skies.
  Thus, whilst Aurora mounts her purple throne,
In audible laments she breathes her moan;

some distant solitude, where never being heard of, it gave room for the fiction. It must be allowed that the thought excellently agrees with the wishes of Penelope: these princesses were taken away at the point of their marriage; Penelope believes herself to be in the same condition, and wishes to be lost rather than submit to second nuptials. This speech has a further effect; we find Penelope reduced to the utmost exigency, she has no further subterfuge; the poet therefore judiciously paints this exigency in the strongest colours, to shew the necessity of unravelling the intrigue of the poem in the conclusion of the Odyssey.

v. 107. *As when for Troy he left my fond embrace.*] This little circumstance is not without a good effect: it shews that the whole soul of Penelope was possessed with the image of Ulysses. Homer adds, "such as he was when he sailed to Troy;" which is inserted to take off our wonder that she should not discover him; this Ulysses in disguise is not like the Ulysses she formerly knew, and now delineates in her imagination. Eustathius.

v. 110. *Thus, whilst Aurora mounts her purple throne.*] This is the morning of the fortieth day; for part of the eighteenth book, and the whole nineteenth, and so far of the twentieth book, contain no more time than the evening of the thirty-ninth day.

The ſounds aſſault Ulyſſes' wakeful ear;
Miſ-judging of the cauſe, a ſudden fear
Of his arrival known, the chief alarms;
He thinks the queen is ruſhing to his arms.
Up-ſpringing from his couch, with active haſte
The fleece and carpet in the dome he plac'd;
(The hide, without, imbib'd the morning air)
And thus the gods invok'd, with ardent pray'r.
  Jove, and ethereal thrones! with heav'n to friend
If the long ſeries of my woes ſhall end;
Of human race now riſing from repoſe,
Let one a bliſsful omen here diſcloſe;

v. 113. ——————— *a ſudden fear*
Of his arrival known, the chief alarms.]

I was at a loſs for an explication of this line, till I found it in Euſtathius; for why ſhould Ulyſſes imagine that Penelope knew him to be Ulyſſes, after a ſpeech that expreſſed ſo much concern for his abſence? Ulyſſes having only heard the voice, not diſtinguiſhed the words of her lamentation, miſtakes the tears of Penelope for tears of joy; he ſuſpects that the diſcovery is made by Euryclea or Telemachus; that they have told her the truth to give her comfort; and fears leſt in the tranſport of her joy ſhe ſhould act ſomething that would betray him to the ſuitors, and prevent his deſigns: he therefore immediately withdraws, and makes a prayer to heaven for a ſign to re-aſſure his hopes, that he may proceed with confidence to their deſtruction.

v. 120. *Jove, and ethereal thrones* ———
123. ——— *a bliſsful omen* ———]

The conſtruction in the Greek is ungrammatical, for after Ζεῦ πάτερ in the ſingular, the poet immediately adds αἴ μ' ἐθέλοντες in the plural number; τὰ λοιπὰ δαιμόνια are implied, ſays Euſtathius, ſo that θεοὶ is underſtoood, which rectifies the conſtruction.

The reader will fully underſtand the import of this prayer, from the nature of omens, and the notions of them amongſt the antients: "If, ſays Ulyſſes, my prayer is heard, let there be a "voice from within the palace to certify me of it;" and immediately a voice is heard, "O Jupiter, may this day be the laſt to "the ſuitors!" Such ſpeeches as fell accidentally from any perſon were held ominous, and one of the antient ways of divination; Ulyſſes underſtands it as ſuch, and accepts the omen. It was in

And to confirm my faith, propitious Jove!
Vouchſafe the ſanction of a ſign above.
 Whilſt lowly thus the chief adoring bows,
The pitying god his guardian aid avows.
Loud from a ſapphire ſky his thunder ſounds:
With ſpringing hope the hero's heart rebounds.
Soon, with conſummate joy to crown his pray'r,
An omen'd voice invades his ravish'd ear.

uſe among the Romans, as appears from Tully of divination, when P. Æmilius was going to war with Perſeus king of the Macedonians, he found his little daughter in tears: "O father, "ſays ſhe, Perſeus is dead!" meaning her little dog named Perſeus; Æmilius immediately replied, "O daughter, I embrace "the omen," applying it to Perſeus king of the Macedonians; who was afterwards conquered by him, and died a captive in Rome. The ſame practice was uſed by the Hebrews, it was called Bath Kol; this is an inſtance of it: two rabbies deſiring to ſee Samuel a Babyloniſh doctor, "let us follow, ſaid they, the "hearing of Bath Kol;" travelling therefore near a ſchool, they heard a boy reading theſe words out of 1 Sam. xxv. 1. "And Sa-"muel died." They obſerved it, and found that their friend was dead. The Sortes Virgilianæ afterwards were much of this kind.

v. 128. *Loud from a ſapphire ſky* ——] It was this circumſtance, of thunder burſting from a "ſerene ſky," that made it ominous: it was noted as ſuch amongſt the Romans in the books of the augurs; and Horace brings it as a proof againſt the opinions of Epicurus,

" ———— Dieſpiter
" Igni corruſco nubila dividens,
" Pleruмque per purum tonantes
" Egit equos, volucremque currum."

Virgil likewiſe ſpeaks of thunder as ominous: when Anchiſes ſaw the lambent flame round the head of Iülus, he prays to Jupiter, and immediately it thunders.

" Vix ea fatus erat ſenior, ſubitoque fragore
" Intonuit."

The Stoics drew an argument from thunder from a ſerene air, againſt the doctrines of Epicurus, who taught that the gods had no regard of human affairs; for they concluded ſuch thunder to be præter-natural, and an argument of a divine providence.

Beneath a pile that clofe the dome adjoin'd,
Twelve female flaves the gift of Ceres grind;
Tafk'd for the royal board to bolt the bran
From the pure flour (the growth and ftrength of man)
Difcharging to the day the labour due,
Now early to repofe the reft withdrew;
One maid, unequal to the tafk affign'd,
Still turn'd the toilfome mill with anxious mind;
And thus in bitternefs of foul divin'd.

Father of gods and men; whofe thunders roll
O'er the cerulean vault, and fhake the pole;
Whoe'er from heav'n has gain'd this rare oftent,
(Of granted vows a certain fignal fent)
In this bleft moment of accepted pray'r
Piteous, regard a wretch confum'd with care!
Inftant, O Jove! confound the fuitor-train,
For whom o'er-toil'd I grind the golden grain:
Far from this dome the lewd devourers caft,
And be this feftival decreed their laft!

Big with their doom denounc'd in earth and fky,
Ulyffes' heart dilates with fecret joy.
Meantime the menial train with unctuous wood
Heap'd high the genial hearth, Vulcanian food:
When, early drefs'd, advanc'd the royal heir;
With manly grafp he wav'd a martial fpear,
A radiant fabre grac'd his purple zone,
And on his foot the golden fandal fhone.

v. 133. *Twelve female flaves the gift of Ceres grind.*] This little particularity fhews us the great profufion of the fuitors, who employed twelve mills to find them bread. There is a particular energy in the word ἐπερρώοντο, it denotes the great labour and affiduity of thefe people in preparing the bread, and confequently the great wafte of the fuitors. It likewife preferves a piece of antiquity, that kings formerly had mills in their palaces to provide for their families, and that thefe mills were attended by women; I fuppofe becaufe preparing bread was an houfhold care, and therefore fell to the lot of female fervants.

His ſteps impetuous to the portal preſs'd;
And Euryclea thus he there addreſs'd.
  Say thou, to whom my youth its nurture owes,
Was care for due refection, and repoſe,
Beſtow'd the ſtranger gueſt? Or waits he griev'd,
His age not honour'd, nor his wants reliev'd?
Promiſcuous grace on all the queen confers;
(In woes bewilder'd, oft' the wiſeſt errs.)
The wordy vagrant to the dole aſpires,
And modeſt worth with noble ſcorn retires.
  She thus: O ceaſe that ever honour'd name
To blemiſh now; it ill deſerves your blame:
A bowl of gen'rous wine ſuffic'd the gueſt;
In vain the queen the night-refection preſt;
Nor would he court repoſe in downy ſtate,
Unbleſs'd, abandon'd to the rage of fate!
A hide beneath the portico was ſpread,
And fleecy ſkins compos'd an humble bed:
A downy carpet caſt with duteous care,
Secur'd him from the keen nocturnal air.
  His cornel jav'lin pois'd, with regal port,
To the ſage Greeks conven'd in Themis' court,

v. 165. *Promiſcuous grace on all the queen confers.*] This ſpeech of Telemachus may ſeem to be wanting in filial reſpect, as it appears to condemn the conduct of his mother: but (remarks Euſtathius) the contrary is to be gathered from it. His blame is really a commendation; it ſhews that her affection was ſo great for Ulyſſes, that ſhe received every vagrant honourably, who deceived her with falſe news about him; and that other perſons who brought no tidings of him, though men of great worth, were leſs acceptable.

v. 180. *To the ſage Greeks conven'd in Themis' court,*
Forth-iſſuing from the dome the prince repair'd.]

It was cuſtomary for kings and magiſtrates to go early every morning into the public aſſemblies, to diſtribute juſtice, and take care of public affairs: but this aſſembly contributing nothing to the action of the Odyſſey, the poet paſſes it over in a curſory manner, without any enlargement. Euſtathius.

Forth-iſſuing from the dome the prince repair'd:
Two dogs of chace, a lion-hearted guard,
Behind him ſourly ſtalk'd. Without delay
The dame divides the labour of the day;
Thus urging to the toil the menial train.
What marks of luxury the marble ſtain!
Its wonted luſtre let the floor regain;
The ſeats with purple clothe in order due;
And let th' abſterſive ſponge the board renew:
Let ſome refreſh the vaſe's ſullied mold;
Some bid the goblets boaſt their native gold:
Some to the ſpring, with each a jar, repair,
And copious waters pure for bathing bear:
Diſpatch! for ſoon the ſuitors will aſſay
The lunar feaſt-rites to the god of day.

v. 189. *And let th' abſterſive ſponge the board renew.*] The table was not antiently covered with linnen, but carefully cleanſed with wet ſponges. Thus Arrian, *ἆρον τὰς τραπέζας, ζπόγγισον*: And Martial:

> "Hæc tibi ſorte datur tergendis ſpongia menſis."

They made uſe of no napkins to wipe their hands, but the ſoft and fine part of the bread, which they called *ἀπομαγδαλίαι*, which afterwards they threw to the dogs; this cuſtom is mentioned in the Odyſſey, lib. x.

> Ὡς δ' ὅταν ἀμφὶ ἄνακτα κύνες δαίτηθεν ἰόντα
> Σαίνωσ', αἰεὶ γάρ τε φέρει μειλίγματα θυμοῦ.

> As from ſome feaſt a man returning late,
> His faithful dogs all meet him at the gate,
> Rejoicing round, ſome morſel to receive,
> Such as the good man ever wont to give.

The morſel in the tranſlation, and the *μειλίγματα* in the Greek, mean theſe pieces of bread, or ἀπομαγδαλίαι, with which the antients wiped their hands after eating, and then threw to the dogs.

v. 195. *The lunar feaſt-rites to the god of day.*] This was the laſt day of one month, and the firſt of the following: the Greek months were lunar, the firſt day of every month was a day of great ſolemnity, and it was conſecrated to Apollo, the author and fountain of light. Ulyſſes had ſaid, lib. xiv. v. 186.

She ſaid; with duteous haſte a bevy fair
Of twenty virgins to the ſpring repair:
With varied toils the reſt adorn the dome.
Magnificent, and blithe, the ſuitors come.
Some weild the ſounding ax; the dodder'd oaks
Divide, obedient to the forceful ſtrokes.
Soon from the fount, with each a brimming urn,
(Eumæus in their train) the maids return.
Three porkers for the feaſt, all brawny-chin'd,
He brought; the choiceſt of the tuſky kind:
In lodgements firſt ſecure his care he view'd,
Then to the king this friendly ſpeech renew'd:
Now ſay ſincere, my gueſt! the ſuitor-train
Still treat they worth with lordly dull diſdain;
Or ſpeaks their deed a bounteous mind humane?
Some pitying god (Ulyſſes ſad reply'd)
With vollied vengeance blaſt their tow'ring pride!
No conſcious bluſh, no ſenſe of right reſtrains
The tides of luſt that ſwell their boiling veins:
From vice to vice their appetites are toſt,
All cheaply ſated at another's coſt!
While thus the chief his woes indignant told,
Melanthius, maſter of the bearded fold,
The goodlieſt goats of all the royal herd
Spontaneous to the ſuitors feaſt preferr'd:
Two grooms aſſiſtant bore the victims bound;
With quav'ring cries the vaulted roofs reſound:

Ere the next moon increaſe, or this decay,
His antient realms Ulyſſes ſhall ſurvey;
In blood and duſt each proud oppreſſor mourn.

Τοῦ μὲν φθίνοντος μηνὸς, τοῦ δ' ἱσταμένοιο.

This, ſays Solon in Plutarch, means that Ulyſſes ſhall return on the laſt day of the month preciſely; and here we find it verified. Ulyſſes diſcovers himſelf upon this day, and kills the ſuitors: by his return, in the foregoing period, is meant his diſcovery; for he was returned when he made that aſſertion to Eumæus. It is therefore probable that the above recited verſe was rightly interpreted by Solon.

And to the chief auſtere, aloud began
The wretch unfriendly to the race of man.
 Here, vagrant, ſtill? offenſive to my lords!
Blows have more energy than airy words;
Theſe arguments I'll uſe: nor conſcious ſhame,
Nor threats, thy bold intruſion will reclaim.
On this high feaſt the meaneſt vulgar boaſt
A plenteous board! Hence! ſeek another hoſt!
 Rejoinder to the churl the king diſdain'd,
But ſhook his head, and riſing wrath reſtrain'd.
 From Cephalenia croſs the ſurgy main
Philætius late arriv'd, a faithful ſwain.
A ſteer ungrateful to the bull's embrace,
And goats he brought, the pride of all their race;
Imported in a ſhallop not his own:
The dome re-echo'd to their mingled moan.
Straight to the guardian of the briſtly kind
He thus began, benevolent of mind.
 What gueſt is he, of ſuch majeſtic air?
His lineage and paternal clime declare:
Dim thro' th' eclipſe of fate, the rays divine
Of ſov'reign ſtate with faded ſplendour ſhine.
If monarchs by the gods are plung'd in woe,
To what abyſs are we foredoom'd to go!
Then affable he thus the chief addreſs'd,
Whilſt with pathetic warmth his hand he preſs'd.

v. 237. *Imported in a ſhallop* ——] To underſtand this paſſage, it is neceſſary to remember that Melanthius and Philætius fed their flocks and herds in Cephalenia, an adjacent iſland, under the dominion of Ulyſſes; but living in different parts of it, they are brought over in ſeparate veſſels, by different ferrymen, πορθμῆες, as Homer expreſſes it.

v. 245. *If monarchs by the gods,* &c.] This is the reaſoning of Philætius: kings are in a peculiar manner the care of the gods; and if the gods exempt not kings from calamities, how can inferiour perſons (ſays Dacier) expect to be exempted, or complain in the day of adverſity? But I perſuade myſelf the words have a deeper ſenſe, and mean Ulyſſes; "Well may vagrants ſuffer, "when kings, ſuch as Ulyſſes, are not free from afflictions."

Stranger! may fate a milder aſpect ſhew,
And ſpin thy future with a whiter clue!
O Jove! for ever deaf to human cries;
The tyrant, not the father of the ſkies!
Unpiteous of the race thy will began!
The fool of fate, thy manufacture, man,
With penury, contempt, repulſe, and care,
The galling load of life is doom'd to bear.
Ulyſſes from his ſtate a wand'rer ſtill,
Upbraids thy pow'r, thy wiſdom, or thy will:
O monarch ever dear!—O man of woe!—
Freſh flow my tears, and ſhall for ever flow!

v. 251. *O Jove! for ever deaf to human cries;*
The tyrant, not the father of the ſkies!]

Theſe words are to be aſcribed to the exceſs of ſorrow which Philætius feels for the ſufferings of Ulyſſes; for they certainly tranſgreſs the bounds of reaſon. But if we conſider the ſtate of theology in Homer's time, the ſentence will appear leſs offenſive; "How can Jupiter (ſays Philætius) who is our father, throw "his children into ſuch an abyſs of miſery? Thou, oh Jove, haſt "made us, yet haſt no compaſſion when we ſuffer." It is no eaſy matter to anſwer this argument from the heathen theology, and no wonder therefore if it confounds the reaſon of Philætius; but we who have certain hopes of a future ſtate, can readily ſolve the difficulty: that ſtate will be a time of retribution; it will amply recompenſe the good man for all his calamities, or as Milton expreſſes,

Will juſtify the ways of God to men.

It may be obſerved in general, that this introduction of Philætius and his ſpeech, ſo warm in the cauſe of Ulyſſes, is inſerted here with admirable judgment: the poet intends to make uſe of his aſſiſtance in the deſtruction of the ſuitors; he therefore brings him in giving Ulyſſes full aſſurance of his fidelity; ſo that when that hero reveals himſelf to him, he does not depart from his cautious character, being before certified of his honeſty.

I will only add, that Philætius is not to be looked upon as a common ſervant, but as an officer of ſtate and dignity; and whatever has been ſaid in theſe annotations concerning Eumæus may be applied to Philætius, who is here called ὄρχαμος ἀνδρῶν, a title of honour, and Ulyſſes promiſes to marry him into his own family in the ſequel of the Odyſſey; conſequently he is a perſonage worthy to be an actor in epic poetry.

v. 260. *Freſh flow my tears, and ſhall for ever flow!*] The words

Like thee, poor stranger guest, deny'd his home!
Like thee, in rags obscene decreed to roam!
Or haply perish'd on some distant coast,
In Stygian gloom he glides a pensive ghost!
O, grateful for the good his bounty gave,
I'll grieve, 'till sorrow sink me to the grave!
His kind protecting hand my youth preferr'd,
The regent of his Cephalenian herd:
With vast increase beneath my care it spreads;
A stately breed! and blackens far the meads.
Constrain'd, the choicest beeves I thence import,
To cram these cormorants that crowd his court:
Who in partition seek his realm to share;
Nor human right, nor wrath divine revere.
Since here resolv'd oppressive these reside,
Contending doubts my anxious heart divide:
Now to some foreign clime inclin'd to fly,
And with the royal herd protection buy:
Then happier thoughts return the nodding scale,
Light mounts despair, alternate hopes prevail:

in the original are ἴδιον ὡς ἐνόησα, and they are very differently explained by Dacier and Eustathius. "Ιδιον, τῦτ' ἐςὶν ἵδρωσα, ἠγωνίασα, "I have sweated and been in an agony at the thought of the severe dispensations of Jupiter;" this is the interpretation of Eustathius. Dacier takes ἴδιον to be an adjective, and then it must be connected with the preceding period.

Οὐκ ἐλεαίρεις ἄνδρας, ἐπὴν δὴ γείνεαι αὐτὸς,
Μισγέμεναι κακότηλι, καὶ ἄλγεσι λευγαλέοισι,
"Ιδιον ὡς ἐνόησα.

"Ut privatim, vel domestico admonitus sum exemplo," for so we may render ἴδιον, meaning Ulysses; then the sense will be this: "Jupiter, though thou hast made us, thou hast no compassion "upon mankind, thou castest us into evils and misery; and I have "learned by a private or domestic instance, namely in the person "of Ulysses." If my judgment were of any weight, I should recommend this interpretation rather than that of Eustathius, which seems to be a forced one, and I remember no instance of this nature in Homer; but the preference is submitted to the reader's decision.

In op'ning prospects of ideal joy,
My king returns; the proud usurpers die.
To whom the chief: in thy capacious mind
Since daring zeal with cool debate is join'd;
Attend a deed already ripe in fate:
Attest, oh Jove! the truth I now relate!
This sacred truth attest each genial pow'r,
Who bless the board, and guard this friendly bow'r!
Before thou quit the dome (nor long delay)
Thy wish produc'd in act, with pleas'd survey,
Thy wond'ring eyes shall view: his rightful reign
By arms avow'd Ulysses shall regain,
And to the shades devote the suitor-train.
O Jove supreme, the raptur'd swain replies,
With deeds consummate soon the promis'd joys!
These aged nerves, with new-born vigour strung,
In that blest cause shou'd emulate the young—
Assents Eumæus to the pray'r addrest;
And equal ardours fire his loyal breast.
Meantime the suitors urge the prince's fate,
And deathful arts employ the dire debate:
When in his airy tour, the bird of Jove
Truss'd with his sinewy pounce a trembling dove;
Sinister to their hope! This omen ey'd
Amphinomus, who thus presaging cry'd.
The gods from force and fraud the prince defend;
O peers! the sanguinary scheme suspend:
Your future thought let sable fate employ;
And give the present hour to genial joy.

v. 305. *Amphinomus, who thus presaging cry'd.*] It may be asked why Amphinomus gives this interpretation to the prodigy? and why might not the eagle denote the suitors, and the pigeon Telemachus? No doubt but such an interpretation would have been specious, but contrary to the rules of augury. The eagle is the king of birds, and must therefore of necessity denote the chief personage, and could only be applied to Ulysses, or Telemachus. Amphinomus thus interprets it, and the suitors acquiesce in this interpretation.

From council ſtraight th' aſſenting peerage ceas'd,
And in the dome prepar'd the genial feaſt.
Diſ-rob'd, their veſts apart in order lay,
Then all with ſpeed ſuccinct the victims ſlay:
With ſheep and ſhaggy goats the porkers bled,
And the proud ſteer was on the marble ſpread.
With fire prepar'd they deal the morſels round,
Wine roſy-bright the brimming goblets crown'd,
By ſage Eumæus borne: the purple tide
Melanthius from an ample jar ſupply'd:
High caniſters of bread Philætius plac'd;
And eager all devour the rich repaſt.
Diſpos'd apart, Ulyſſes ſhares the treat!
A trivet-table, and ignobler ſeat,

V. 311. *And in the dome prepar'd the genial feaſt.*] The antients, ſays Euſtathius, obſerve that this is the only place where the ſuitors offer any ſacrifice throughout the whole Odyſſey, and that there is no inſtance at all, that they make any prayer to the gods. But is it evident from this place, that this is a ſacrifice? It is true the ſacrificial term of ἱέρευον is mentioned; but perhaps that word may not denote a ſacrifice; for ἱερεῖα, though it primarily ſignifies the fleſh of animals offered to the gods, yet in a leſs proper acceptation implies the fleſh of all animals indifferently. Thus Athenæus, τροφὴν, τὴν τῶν νεοθυτῶν ἱερείων, which muſt be rendered, "the fleſh of young animals." Thus lib. vii. εὐσηπτότερα τὰ νύκτωρ θυόμενα ἱερεῖα, "the fleſh of animals that are killed by "night ſooneſt putrifies;" and Galen uſes ζῶον, and ἱερεῖον, for an animal indiſcriminately. The reaſon is, becauſe originally no animal was ever ſlain but ſome part of it was offered to the gods, and in this ſenſe every ζῶον was ἱερεῖον. If we conſult the context in Homer, it muſt be allowed that there is no other word but ἱέρευον that diſtinguiſhes this from a common repaſt, through the whole deſcription; and if that word will bear a remote ſignification, as ἱερεῖον does, I ſhould conclude, that this is no ſacrifice. Nay, if it ſhould be found that ἱέρευον implies of neceſſity a religious act, yet it will not prove that this is more than a cuſtomary meal, ſince the antients at all entertainments made libations to the gods. What may ſeem to ſtrengthen this conjecture is that the poet immediately adds, that the Greeks, Ἀχαιοί, ſacrificed in the grove of Apollo; without mentioning that the ſuitors partook in the ſacrifice: nay they ſeem to be feaſting in the palace, while the Greeks are offering in the grove.

V. 323. *A trivet table, and ignobler ſeat.*] This circumſtance is not inſerted unneceſſarily; the table is ſuitable to the diſguiſe of

The prince appoints; but to his fire affigns
The tafteful inwards, and nectareous wines.
Partake my gueft, he cry'd, without controll
The focial feaft, and drain the cheering bowl:
Dread not the railer's laugh, nor ruffian's rage;
No vulgar roof protects thy honour'd age;
This dome a refuge to thy wrongs fhall be,
From my great fire too foon devolv'd to me!
Your violence and fcorn, ye fuitors ceafe,
Left arms avenge the violated peace.
  Aw'd by the prince, fo haughty, brave, and young,
Rage gnaw'd the lip, amazement chain'd the tongue,
Be patient, peers! at length Antinous cries;
The threats of vain imperious youth defpife:
Wou'd Jove permit the meditated blow,
That ftream of eloquence fhou'd ceafe to flow.
  Without reply vouchfaf'd, Antinous ceas'd:
Meanwhile the pomp of feftival increas'd:
By heralds rank'd, in marfhall'd order move
The city-tribes, to pleas'd Apollo's grove:
Beneath the verdure of which awful fhade,
The lunar hecatomb they grateful laid;
Partook the facred feaft, and ritual honours paid.
But the rich banquet in the dome prepar'd,
(An humble fide-board fet) Ulyffes fhar'd.
Obfervant of the prince's high beheft,
His menial train attend the ftranger-gueft:
Whom Pallas with unpard'ning fury fir'd,
By lordly pride and keen reproach infpir'd.
A Samian peer, more ftudious than the reft
Of vice, who teem'd with many a dead-born jeft;
And urg'd, for title to a confort queen,
Unnumber'd acres arable and green;

Ulyffes, and it might have created a jealoufy in the fuitors if Telemachus had ufed him with greater diftinction.

(Ctefippus nam'd) this lord Ulyffes ey'd,
And thus burft out th' impofthumate with pride.
  The fentence I propofe, ye peers, attend:
Since due regard muft wait the prince's friend,
Let each a token of efteem beftow:
This gift acquits the dear refpect I owe;
With which he nobly may difcharge his feat,
And pay the menials for the mafter's treat.
  He faid; and of the fteer before him plac'd,
That finewy fragment at Ulyffes caft,
Where to the paftern-bone, by nerves combin'd,
The well-horn'd foot indiffolubly join'd;
Which whizzing high, the wall unfeemly fign'd.
The chief indignant grins a ghaftly fmile;
Revenge and fcorn within his bofom boil:

v. 370. ——————— *grins a ghaftly fmile.*] The expreffion in Greek is remarkable:

——————— μείδησε δὲ θυμῷ
Σαρδάνιον (or Σαρδόνιον.)

Some tell us that there is [illegible] frequent in the ifland of Sardinia, which by tafting diftorts the mufcles, that a man feems to laugh while he is under a painful agony; and from thence the "Sardinian laugh" became a proverb, to fignify a laugh which concealed an inward pain. Others refer the expreffion to an antient cuftom of the Sardinians (a colony of the Lacedemonians;) it is pretended that upon a certain feftival every year, they not only flew all their prifoners of war, but alfo all the old men that were above feventy, and obliged thefe miferable wretches to laugh while they underwent the feverity of torment. Either of thefe reafons fully explains the meaning of the Σαρδόνιος γέλως, and fhews it to denote an exterior laugh, and an inward pain. I am inclined to prefer the former interpretation, not only as it appears moft natural, but becaufe Virgil feems to underftand it in that fenfe, for he alludes to the above-mentioned quality of the Sardinian herbs, elogue vii. v. 41.

"Immo ego Sardois videor tibi amarior herbis."

———— deform'd like [illegible]
Sardinian herbage to contract his jaws.

The reader may obferve that Ctefippus breaks out into buffoonry, and the fuitors frequently are guilty of it in other parts of the

When thus the prince with pious rage inflam'd:
Had not th' inglorious wound thy malice aim'd
Fall'n guiltless of the mark, my certain spear
Had made thee buy the brutal triumph dear:
Nor shou'd thy sire, a queen his daughter boast;
The suitor, now, had vanish'd in a ghost:
No more, ye lew'd compeers, with lawless pow'r
Invade my dome, my herds and flocks devour:
For genuine worth, of age mature to know,
My grape shall redden, and my harvest grow.
Or if each other's wrongs ye still support,
With rapes and riot to profane my court;
What single arm with numbers can contend?
On me let all your lifted swords descend,
And with my life such vile dishonours end.
  A long cessation of discourse ensu'd,
By gentler Agelaus thus renew'd.
  A just reproof, ye peers! your rage restrain
From the protected guest, and menial train:
And prince! to stop the source of future ill,
Assent yourself, and gain the royal will.
Whilst hope prevail'd to see your sire restor'd,
Of right the queen refus'd a second lord.
But who so vain of faith, so blind to fate,
To think he still survives to claim the state?
Now press the sovereign dame with warm desire
To wed, as wealth or worth her choice inspire:
The lord selected to the nuptial joys,
Far hence will lead the long contended prize:

Odyssey: these levities have been proscribed by the critics as too low, and unworthy of epic poetry: but Homer adapts himself to his characters, he paints ridiculous men in ridiculous colours; though I will not say but such characters are more proper for comedy than epic poetry. If ever they are pardonable, they are in Homer, who puts these low pleasantries into the mouths of drunkards and debauchees; such persons being generally men of no worth or serious deportment.

Whilst in paternal pomp, with plenty blest,
You reign, of this imperial dome possest.
Sage and serene Telemachus replies;
By him at whose behest the thunder flies!
And by the name on earth I most revere,
By great Ulysses, and his woes I swear!
(Who never must review his dear domain;
Inroll'd, perhaps, in Pluto's dreary train,)
Whene'er her choice the royal dame avows,
My bridal gifts shall load the future spouse:
But from this dome my parent queen to chase!—
From me, ye gods! avert such dire disgrace.
But Pallas clouds with intellectual gloom
The suitors souls, insensate of their doom!
A mirthful phrenzy seiz'd the fated crowd;
The roofs resound with causeless laughter loud:

v. 403. *Sage and serene Telemachus replies,* &c.] It is observable that Telemachus swears by the sorrows of his father; an expression, in my judgment, very noble, and at the same time, full of a filial tenderness. This was an antient custom amongst the orientals, as appears from an oath not unlike it in Genesis xxxi. 53. "And Jacob sware by the fear of his father Isaac."

But how is this speech to be understood? for how can Telemachus persuade his mother to marry, when he knows that Ulysses is returned? There is a concealed and an apparent meaning in the expression. Telemachus, observes Eustathius, swears that he will not hinder his mother from taking an husband, but he means Ulysses: the words therefore are ambiguous, and the ambiguity deceives the suitors, who believe that by this oath Telemachus obliges himself not only not to hinder, but promote the intended nuptials.

v. 415. *A mirthful phrenzy seiz'd,* &c.] It is in the Greek, "They laughed with other men's cheeks." There are many explications of this passage: Eustathius imagines it to denote a feigned and pretended laughter. Erasmus explains it, "non libenter, "neque ex animo ridere, sed ita ridere quasi non tuis, sed alienis "maxillis rideas." But if we consult the conduct of the suitors, a contrary interpretation will seem to be necessary; for this laughter of the suitors appears to be very real, and from the heart. Homer calls it, ἄσβεστον, "excessive, inextinguished," and again, ἡδὺ γέλασσαν, or they laughed "with joy, suaviter riserunt," which expressions denote a real and unfeigned laughter. But how will the words be brought to bear this construction? Very naturally

Floating in gore, portentous to survey!
In each discolour'd vase the viands lay:

they laughed as if they had borrowed their cheeks, as if their cheeks were not their own, and consequently they were not afraid to use them with licence and excess; such persons as the suitors having no regard for any thing that belongs to another.

Horace makes use of the same expression,

"Cum rapies in jus, malis ridentem alienis."

And likewise Valerius;

"Errantesque genæ, atque alieno gaudia vultu."

This is the opinion of Dacier: but there are some lines in the Greek that make it doubtful; for immediately after the expression of laughing with other mens cheeks, Homer adds, that their eyes flowed with tears, and sorrow seized their souls. It is true Homer describes the suitors under an alienation of mind, and a sudden distraction occasioned by Minerva; and from hence we may gather the reasons why they are tost by so sudden a transition to contrary passions, from laughter to tears: this moment they laugh extravagantly, and the next they weep with equal excess; persons in such a condition being liable to such vicissitudes.

v. 417. *Floating in gore, portentous to survey!*
In each discolour'd vase the viands lay.]

This is to be looked upon as a prodigy, the belief of which was established in the old world, and consequently, whether true or false, may be allowed to have a place in poetry. See book xii. note on v. 464.

In the following speech of Theoclymenus there is a beautiful enthusiasm of poetry; but how are we to understand that Theoclymenus sees these wonders, when they are invisible to all the suitors? Theoclymenus was a prophet, and speaks of things future as present; it is the eye of the prophet that sees these events, and the language of prophecy that speaks of them as present. Thus when he says he sees the palace red with blood, and thronged with ghosts; he anticipates the event, which is verified in the approaching death of the suitors.

Eustathius is of opinion, that by the last words of this speech Theoclymenus intends to express an eclipse of the sun; this being the day of the new moon, when eclipses happen. Others understand by it the death of the suitors, as when we say the sun is for ever gone down upon the dead: Theocritus uses that expression, Θνήσκοντι πάντ᾽ δεδυκεῖν ἥλιον. Homer means by it, that the suitors shall never more behold the light of the sun,

—— ἠέλιος δὲ
Οὐρανοῦ ἐξαπόλωλε ——

Then down each cheek the tears spontaneous flow,
And ſudden ſighs precede approaching woe.
In viſion wrapt; the * Hyperеſian ſeer
Uproſe, and thus divin'd the vengeance near.
O race to death devote! with Stygian ſhade
Each deſtin'd peer impending fates invade:
With tears your wan diſtorted cheeks are drown'd;
With ſanguine drops the walls are rubied round:
Thick ſwarms the ſpacious hall with howling ghoſts,
To people Orcus, and the burning coaſts!
Nor gives the ſun his golden orb to roll,
But univerſal night uſurps the pole!
Yet warn'd in vain, with laughter loud elate
The peers reproach the ſure divine of fate;
And thus Eurymachus: the dotard's mind
To ev'ry ſenſe is loſt, to reaſon blind:
Swift from the dome conduct the ſlave away;
Let him in open air behold the day.
Tax not, (the heav'n-illumin'd ſeer rejoin'd)
Of rage, or folly, my prophetic mind.

So far Euſtathius. It may be added that the Roman poets uſed the ſame expreſſion in this latter ſignification. Thus Catullus,

"Nobis, quùm ſemel occidit brevis lux,
"Nox eſt perpetua una dormienda."

Either of theſe expoſitions makes the paſſage intelligible.

* Theoclymenus.

v. 436. *Let him in open air behold the day.*] The ſuitors taking the prediction of Theoclymenus literally, viz. "I ſee you all in-"volved in darkneſs," think him diſtracted, not conceiving his words to be a prophecy; and therefope by way of deriſion command him to be carried into a place of public reſort, that he may convince himſelf it is full day. Euſtathius imagines, they intended to reproach him with drunkenneſs, becauſe it makes all objects appear indiſtinct and different from the reality: he quotes a pleaſant expreſſion of Anacharſis to this purpoſe: a certain perſon telling him at an entertainment that he had married a very ugly woman; "I think ſo too, replies Anacharſis, but fill me a bumper, that "I may make her a beauty."

v. 437. *Tax not, (the heav'n-illumin'd ſeer rejoin'd)* &c.] Euſtathius explains the anſwer of Theoclymenus to be both pleaſant and

No clouds of errour dim th' ethereal rays,
Her equal pow'r each faithful ſenſe obeys.
Unguided hence my trembling ſteps I bend,
Far hence, before yon' hov'ring deaths deſcend;
Leſt the ripe harveſt of revenge begun,
I ſhare the doom ye ſuitors cannot ſhun.
 This ſaid, to ſage Piræus ſped the ſeer,
His honour'd hoſt, a welcome inmate there.
O'er the protracted feaſt the ſuitors ſit,
And aim to wound the prince with pointleſs wit:
Cries one, with ſcornful leer and mimic voice,
Thy charity we praiſe, but not thy choice;
Why ſuch profuſion of indulgence ſhown
To this poor, tim'rous, toil-deteſting drone?
That other feeds on planetary ſchemes,
And pays his hoſt with hideous noon-day dreams.
But, prince! for once at leaſt believe a friend,
To ſome Sicilian mart theſe courtiers ſend,

ſerious: "I have eyes, and therefore have no occaſion for a guide "to lead me from the palace; I have ears, and therefore hear that "my abſence is deſired; I have both my feet, and therefore am "able to go away without giving others the trouble to aſſiſt me; "and I have an underſtanding well informed, by which I ſee the "evil that threatens the ſuitors, and haſte away to avoid it."

v. 456. *To ſome Sicilian mart theſe courtiers ſend.*] It is evident from this paſſage that the name of Sicily is very antient, and Euſtathius makes the following remark upon it: that the reaſon why the poet never mentions this word in deſcribing the wanderings of Ulyſſes which happen chiefly near Sicily, is to make his poetry more ſurpriſing and marvellous; and that the more to countenance thoſe fabulous relations and miracles which he has told to the Phæacians, he chuſes to ſpeak of it by names leſs known, and leſs familiar to his readers. Dacier obſerves from Bochart, that this iſland received the name of Sicily from the Phœnicians long before the birth of Homer, or the war of Troy: Siclul in their language ſignifies "perfection;" they called it the "iſle of perfection," becauſe it held the chief rank amongſt all the iſlands in the Mediterranean: "it is the largeſt and beſt iſland in all our ſeas," ſays Strabo. It has likewiſe been thought to have taken its name from the Syrian language, namely from Segol, or Segul, a raiſin. For long before the vine was known in Afric, Sicily was famous for its vineyards, and from thence the Carthaginians imported their

Where, if they yield their freight across the main,
Dear sell the slaves! demand no greater gain.
  Thus jovial they; but nought the prince replies;
Full on his sire he roll'd his ardent eyes;
Impatient straight to flesh his virgin-sword;
From the wise chief he waits the deathful word.
Nigh in her bright alcove, the pensive queen
To see the circle sat, of all unseen.
Sated at length they rise, and bid prepare
An eve-repast, with equal cost and care:
But vengeful Pallas, with preventing speed
A feast proportion'd to their crimes decreed;
A feast of death! the feasters doom'd to bleed!

raisins and wines. Homer celebrates this island for its wines in the ninth Odyssey,

> Spontaneous wines from weighty clusters pour,
> And Jove descends in each prolific show'r.

It is likewise probable from this passage, that the Sicilians traded in slaves; for their lands were fertile, and they merchandized for them to manure the ground. I should rather think that they were remarkable for their barbarity to their slaves; the suitors speaking by way of terrour to intimidate Theoclymenus; and the expression seems to bear the same import with that concerning Echetus, we will "send him to Echetus, or the Sicilians, who will use "him with the utmost cruelty.

v. 463. *Nigh in her bright alcove, the pensive queen.*] The word in the original is δίφρος, and signifies a large seat that would hold two persons, from δὶς φέρειν.

This circumstance (observes Eustathius) is not inserted in vain: the poet describes Penelope thus seated, that she might see and hear the actions and designs of the suitors, in order to form her conduct according to the occasion: now for instance, she perceives their insolence risen to such an height, that she dares make no further delay, but immediately proclaims herself the prize of the best archer: and this naturally connects the story with the next book.

THE
ODYSSEY.

* BOOK XXI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The bending of Ulyſſes's bow.

Penelope, to put an end to the ſolicitation of the ſuitors, propoſes to marry the perſon who ſhall firſt bend the bow of Ulyſſes, and ſhoot through the ringlets. After their attempts have proved ineffectual, Ulyſſes taking Eumæus and Philætius apart, diſcovers himſelf to them; then returning, deſires leave to try his ſtrength at the bow, which, though refuſed with indignation by the ſuitors, Penelope and Telemachus cauſe it to be delivered to his hands. He bends it immediately, and ſhoots through all the rings. Jupiter in the ſame inſtant thunders from heaven; Ulyſſes accepts the omen, and gives a ſign to Telemachus, who ſtands ready armed at his ſide.

AND Pallas now, to raiſe the rivals fires,
With her own art Penelope inſpires:
Who now can bend Ulyſſes' bow, and wing
The well-aim'd arrow thro' the diſtant ring,

* This book is intitled Τόξου θέσις, or the "propoſition of the "bow:" this action of Penelope has given occaſion of raillery both to modern and antient critics; they inſinuate that ſhe propoſed this exerciſe of the bow to try the ſtrength of her gallants, determining to have regard to that ſingle qualification in the choice of her huſband.

" Penelope vires juvenum tentabat in arcu,
" Qui latus argueret, corneus arcus erat."

They interpret νευρὴν ἐντανύσαι into a ſenſe very contrary to the character of Penelope. It is true, other authors have directly charged

Shall end the ſtrife, and win th' imperial dame;
But diſcord and black death await the game!
 The prudent queen the lofty ſtair aſcends,
At diſtance due a virgin train attends;
A brazen key ſhe held, the handle turn'd,
With ſteel and poliſh'd elephant adorn'd:

her with inchaſtity, and affirm that ſhe had a ſon named Pan, becauſe all the ſuitors had a ſhare in him. Lycophron calls her

Βασσάραν σεμνῶς κασσωρεύουσαν.

It is the exerciſe of the bow that has occaſioned theſe imputations; for none of Homer's commentators have given the reaſon why ſhe propoſes that exerciſe in particular; and therefore ſeeing no reaſon for it, they have invented a falſe one, and give the ſtory a ridiculous air: I flatter myſelf that a better ſolution may be found out, and a reaſon given why Penelope propoſes this exerciſe in particular, and preferable to any other.

We are to remember that this day was ſacred to Apollo; this is evident from the preceding book, where the Ithacans offer an hecatomb in a grove conſecrated to that deity: the diverſion ſuits the day, the exerciſe of the bow being proper to be practiſed on the feſtival of that deity, who is the patron of it. Several of the titles of Apollo are derived from it; Ἑκάεργος, Ἑκατηβόλος, Ἀργυρότοξος. It is ſtrange that this neceſſary obſervation ſhould eſcape the notice of all commentators.

If any thing further were wanting to reconcile us to the conduct of Penelope in propoſing the bow, an inſtance almoſt parallel to it might be produced from hiſtory. When Cambyſes was preparing to make war againſt Æthiopia, the king of that country bent his great bow with two fingers in the preſence of the Perſian ambaſſadors, and unbending it again, delivered it to them with theſe words, That when the Perſians could do the like, they might hope to conquer the Æthiopians. There is nothing more abſurd in the delivery of the bow to the ſuitors by Penelope, than in the ſame act of the Æthiopian king to the Perſian ambaſſadors.

v. 9. *A brazen key ſhe held, &c.*] The numerous particularities and digreſſive hiſtories crowded together in the beginning of this book have not eſcaped cenſure. The poet very circumſtantially deſcribes the key, and the make of it, as likewiſe the bow and quiver, then tells us who gave it to Ulyſſes; at the mention of the donor's name he ſtarts into a little hiſtory of him, and returns not in many lines to his ſubject; he then no leſs circumſtantially deſcribes the chamber, and the frame of the door, he deſcends to every particular of Penelope's opening it, and every ſtep and motion ſhe takes till ſhe produces the bow before the ſuitors. This conduct has been liable to objection, as made up of particulars of ſmall importance

Swift to the inmoſt room ſhe bent her way,
Where ſafe repos'd the royal treaſures lay;
There ſhone high heap'd the labour'd braſs and ore,
And there the bow which great Ulyſſes bore,
And there the quiver, where now guiltleſs ſlept
Thoſe winged deaths that many a matron wept.
This gift, long ſince when Sparta's ſhores he trod,
On young Ulyſſes Iphitus beſtow'd:
Beneath Orſilochus's roof they met;
One loſs was private, one a public debt;
Meſſena's ſtate from Ithaca detains
Three hundred ſheep, and all the ſhepherd-ſwains;

to no propoſed end. But notwithſtanding, every circumſtance is not without its effect and beauty, and nothing better ſhews the [illegible] of the poet's diction. So great a critic as Vida admired this very paſſage. Poetic, lib. ii.

> " Ipſa procos etiam ut juſſit certare ſagittis
> " Penelope, optatas promittens callida tædas
> " Victori, per quanta moræ diſpendia mentes
> " Suſpenſas trahit, ante viri quam proferat arcum?"

The poet adapts his verſe to the nature of his ſubject; the deſcription loiters, to expreſs the ſtudied delay of Penelope, and her unwillingneſs to bring affairs to a deciſion. However I will not promiſe that theſe digreſſions and antient hiſtories will pleaſe every reader; the paſſage is ſo far from being faulty, that it is really an inſtance of Homer's judgment; yet every thing that is not a fault, is not a beauty. The caſe is, Penelope propoſes the trial of the bow, merely to protract time from the nuptials; ſhe is ſlow in producing it for the ſame reaſon; and Homer to paint this ſlowneſs in a lively manner, lets the ſubject of the poem ſtand ſtill, and wanders out of the way, that he may not come too ſoon to the end of his journey.

℣ 21. *Meſſena's ſtate,* &c.] It has been diſputed whether Meſſene here was a city or a country; Strabo affirms it to be a country, lib. viii. It was a port of Laconia, under the dominion of Menelaus in the time of the war with Troy; and then (continues that author) the city named Meſſene was not built. Pauſanias is of the ſame opinion, lib. iv. c. 1. " Before the battle of Leuctra " between the Thebans and Lacedæmonians, it is my judgment " that there was no city called Meſſene;" this is evident from the words of Homer,

> Τὼ δὲ ἐν Μεσσήνῃ ξυμβλήτην ἀλλήλοιϊν
> Οἴκῳ ἐν Ὀρσιλόχοιο.

And to the youthful prince to urge the laws,
The king and elders truſt their common cauſe.
But Iphitus employ'd on other cares,
Search'd the wide country for his wand'ring mares,
And mules, the ſtrongeſt of the lab'ring kind;
Hapleſs to ſearch! more hapleſs ſtill to find!
For journeying on to Hercules, at length
That lawleſs wretch, that man of brutal ſtrength,
Deaf to heav'n's voice, the ſocial rite tranſgreſt;
And for the beauteous mares deſtroy'd his gueſt:

Now Orſilochus lived in Pheræ, a city of Meſſenia, and conſequently Ulyſſes and Iphitus meeting at his palace in Meſſenia, Homer muſt mean the country, not the city. That Orſilochus lived in Pheræ, appears from the third Odyſſey.

Ἐς Φηρὰς δ' ἵκοντο Διοκλῆος ποτὶ δῶμα,
Υἱέος Ὀρσιλόχοιο.

This Iphitus was the ſon of Eurytus mentioned in the eighth book, famous for his ſkill in archery.

Vain Eurytus! whoſe art became his crime,
Swept from the earth, he periſh'd in his prime,
Sudden th' irremeable way he trod,
Who boldly durſt defy the bowyer-god.

So that even this digreſſion is not foreign to the purpoſe: the poet largely deſcribes the bow, being to make great uſe of it in the ſequel of the Odyſſey: he ſhews it was originally in the poſſeſſion of Eurytus, the moſt famous archer in the world: nay, this very digreſſion may appear to be abſolutely neceſſary; it being requiſite to deſcribe that bow, as of no common excellence and ſtrength, which was not to be drawn by any of the ſuitors; and at the ſame time it ſets off the ſtrength of the hero of the poem, who alone is able to bend it.

v. 22. *Three hundred ſheep, &c.*] It has been obſerved in a former annotation, that ſuch ravages or piracies were not only lawful but honourable amongſt the antients; why then is Ulyſſes here ſent to redemand the ſpoils made by the Meſſenians? Dacier anſwers, that ſuch inroads were not allowable except in open war; the means between Greeks and Greeks; for they themſelves exerciſed ſuch piracies with impunity againſt other nations.

v. 31. *Deaf to heav'n's voice, the ſocial rite tranſgreſt.*] Homer very ſolemnly condemns this action of Hercules in ſlaying Iphitus; and ſome authors (remarks Euſtathius) defend him by ſaying, he was ſeized with madneſs, and threw Iphitus down from the top of his

He gave the bow; and on Ulyſſes' part
Receiv'd a pointed ſword and miſſile dart:
Of luckleſs friendſhip on a foreign ſhore
Their firſt, laſt pledges! for they met no more.
The bow, bequeath'd by this unhappy hand,
Ulyſſes bore not from his native land;
Nor in the front of battle taught to bend,
But kept, in dear memorial of his friend.
  Now gently winding up the fair aſcent,
By many an eaſy ſtep, the matron went;
Then o'er the pavements glides with grace divine,
(With poliſh'd oak the level pavements ſhine)
The folding gates a dazzling light diſplay'd,
With pomp of various architrave o'erlay'd.
The bolt, obedient to the ſilken ſtring,
Forſakes the ſtaple as ſhe pulls the ring;

palace; but this is contrary to Homer, and to the ſentiment of thoſe who write that Hercules was delivered as a ſlave to Omphale, for the expiation of the murder of Iphitus.

But what chiefly wants explication is the expreſſion,

——— οὐδὲ τράπεζαν
Ἠδέσατ.———

That is, "he paid no reverence to his table." The table was held ſacred by the antients, by means of which, honour was paid to the god of friendſhip and hoſpitality: it was therefore a crime to diſhonour it by any indecent behaviour. To this purpoſe Juvenal:

"Hic verbis nullus pudor, aut reverentia menſæ."

The ſtatues of the gods were raiſed upon the tables, they were conſecrated by placing on them ſalt, which was always eſteemed holy, and by offering libations to the gods from them: the table therefore is called in Plutarch φιλίων Θεῶν βωμὸν, καὶ ξενίων, "the altar "of the gods of friendſhip and hoſpitality;" and therefore to have eaten at the ſame table, was eſteemed an inviolable obligation of friendſhip: and τράπεζαν παραβαίνειν, to tranſgreſs againſt the table, a breach of the laws of hoſpitality, and the blackeſt of crimes. I will only add, that it was cuſtomary upon making an alliance of hoſpitality to give mutual tokens; thus Ulyſſes here preſents Iphitus with a ſword and ſpear; Iphitus Ulyſſes with a bow. And the producing theſe tokens was a recognition of the covenant of hoſpitality between the perſons themſelves, and their deſcendants in following generations.

The wards reſpondent to the key turn round;
The bars fall back; the flying valves reſound;
Loud as a bull makes hill and valley ring,
So roar'd the lock when it releas'd the ſpring.
She moves majeſtic thro' the wealthy room,
Where treaſur'd garments caſt a rich perfume;
There from the column where aloft it hung,
Reach'd, in its ſplendid caſe, the bow unſtrung:
Acroſs her knees ſhe lay'd the well-known bow,
And penſive ſat, and tears began to flow.
To full ſatiety of grief ſhe mourns,
Then ſilent, to the joyous hall returns,
To the proud ſuitors bears in penſive ſtate
Th' unbended bow, and arrows wing'd with fate.
  Behind, her train the poliſh'd coffer brings,
Which held th' alternate braſs and ſilver rings,
Full in the portal the chaſte queen appears,
And with her veil conceals the coming tears:
On either ſide awaits a virgin fair;
While thus the matron, with majeſtic air.

v. 51. *Loud as a bull makes hill and valley ring.*] This deſcription preſents us with a noble image: Homer introduces it to ſhew the largeneſs and ſtrength of the door, which reſounds as it opens. This exalts a trifling circumſtance into ſublimity and dignity, and renders a common action poetical; not unlike that in the xxivth of the Iliad.

> Wide as appears ſome palace-gate diſplay'd,
> So broad his pinions ſtretch'd their ample ſhade.

v. 57. *Acroſs her knees ſhe laid the well-known bow,*
And penſive ſat, and tears began to flow.]

The bow recalls to her mind the thought of her huſband, and this raiſes her ſorrows. The leaſt trifle that once belonged to a beloved perſon, is ſufficient to caſt a cloud over the ſoul, which naturally falls in a ſhower of tears: and no doubt the exerciſe which the ſuitors are to practiſe with the bow, upon which her future fate depends, aggravates her ſorrows; ſhe weeps not only for the loſs of Ulyſſes, but at the thought that ſhe is ready to enter upon ſecond nuptials, contrary to her inclinations.

Say you, whom theſe forbidden walls incloſe,
For whom my victims bleed, my vintage flows;
If theſe neglected, faded charms can move?
Or is it but a vain pretence, you love?
If I the prize, if me you ſeek to wife,
Hear the conditions, and commence the ſtrife.
Who firſt Ulyſſes' wond'rous bow ſhall bend,
And thro' twelve ringlets the fleet arrow ſend,
Him will I follow, and forſake my home,
For him forſake this lov'd, this wealthy dome,
Long, long the ſcene of all my paſt delight,
And ſtill to laſt, the viſion of my night!
Graceful ſhe ſaid, and bade Eumæus ſhow
The rival peers the ringlets and the bow.
From his full eyes the tears unbidden ſpring
Touch'd at the dear memorials of his king.
Philætius too relents, but ſecret ſhed
The tender drops. Antinous ſaw, and ſaid.
Hence to your fields, ye ruſtics! hence away,
Nor ſtain with grief the pleaſures of the day;
Nor to the royal heart recall in vain
The ſad remembrance of a periſh'd man.
Enough her precious tears already flow——
Or ſhare the feaſt with due reſpect, or go
To weep abroad, and leave to us the bow:
No vulgar taſk! Ill ſuits this courtly crew
That ſtubborn horn which brave Ulyſſes drew.
I well remember (for I gaz'd him o'er
While yet a child) what majeſty he bore!
And ſtill (all infant as I was) retain
The port, the ſtrength, the grandeur of the man.
He ſaid, but in his ſoul fond joys ariſe,
And his proud hopes already win the prize.
To ſpeed the flying ſhaft thro' every ring,
Wretch! is not thine! the arrows of the king
Shall end theſe hopes, and fate is on the wing!

Then thus Telemachus. Some god I find
With pleaſing phrenzy has poſſeſs'd my mind;
When a lov'd mother threatens to depart,
Why with this ill-tim'd gladneſs leaps my heart?
Come then ye ſuitors! and diſpute a prize
Richer than all th' Achaian ſtate ſupplies,
Than all proud Argos, or Mycæna knows,
Than all our iſles or continents encloſe:
A woman matchleſs, and almoſt divine,
Fit for the praiſe of ev'ry tongue but mine.
No more excuſes then, no more delay;
Haſte to the trial—Lo! I lead the way.
I too may try, and if this arm can wing
The feather'd arrow thro' the deſtin'd ring,
Then if no happier knight the conqueſt boaſt,
I ſhall not ſorrow for a mother loſt;
But bleſt in her, poſſeſs theſe arms alone,
Heir of my father's ſtrength, as well as throne.

v. 105. *Then thus Telemachus, Some god I find,* &c.] This ſpeech is not without greater obſcurity than is uſual in ſo clear a writer as Homer. M. Dacier has done it juſtice, and clearly opened the ſenſe of it in her paraphraſe. "Surely, ſays Telemachus, Jupiter has diſordered my underſtanding: I ſee my mother, wiſe as ſhe is, preparing to leave the palace, and enter upon a ſecond marriage; and yet in theſe melancholy circumſtances, I think of nothing but diverting myſelf, and being an idle ſpectator of this exerciſe of the bow: no, no, this is not to be ſuffered: you (the ſuitors) uſe your utmoſt efforts to rob me of Penelope, I will therefore uſe mine to retain her: a woman the moſt excellent in any nation. But why do I praiſe her? you know her worth; uſe therefore no pretext to defer the trial of the bow, that we may come to an iſſue; I will try the bow with you; and if I ſucceed, then I will retain her as the prize of the conqueſt; then ſhe ſhall not be obliged to ſecond nuptials: nor will Penelope abandon a ſon, who emulating his father, is (like him) able to bear the prize from ſo many antagoniſts."

This is the true meaning of the words of Telemachus; the diction indeed is ſomewhat embarraſſed, and the connexion a little obſcure; but this is done by the poet, to expreſs the diſorder and hurry of mind in Telemachus, who fears for the fate of Penelope: therefore the connexion of the periods is interrupted, to repreſent Telemachus ſtarting through eagerneſs of ſpirit from thought to thought, without order or regularity.

He ſpoke; then riſing, his broad ſword unbound,
And caſt his purple garment on the ground.
A trench he open'd; in a line he plac'd
The level axes, and the points made faſt.
(His perfect ſkill the wond'ring gazers ey'd,
The game as yet unſeen, as yet untry'd.)
Then, with a manly pace, he took his ſtand;
And graſp'd the bow, and twang'd it in his hand.
Three times, with beating heart, he made eſſay;
Three times, unequal to the taſk gave way:
A modeſt boldneſs on his cheek appear'd:
And thrice he hop'd, and thrice again he fear'd,
The fourth had drawn it. The great ſire with joy
Beheld, but with a ſign forbade the boy.
His father ſtraight th' obedient prince ſuppreſt,
And artful, thus the ſuitor-train addreſt.

v. 135. *The fourth had drawn it. The great ſire with joy Beheld, but with a ſign forbade*—]

It is not apparent at the firſt view why Ulyſſes prohibits Telemachus from drawing the bow; but Euſtathius gives ſufficient reaſon for this conduct: it would have defeated his whole deſign, and rendered the death of the ſuitors impracticable; for Telemachus has declared that he would retain Penelope, if he ſucceeded in the exerciſe of the bow; and this of neceſſity would create an immediate conteſt between that hero and the ſuitors, and bring matters unſeaſonably to extremity. The ſame author aſſigns a ſecond reaſon: Ulyſſes fears leſt Telemachus, by bending the bow, ſhould make it more ſupple and flexible, and therefore commands him to deſiſt, leſt it ſhould be drawn by the ſuitors; beſides, if he had drawn it, it would have raiſed an emulation amongſt them, and they would have applied the utmoſt of their abilities not to be outdone by ſo young a perſon as Telemachus; but his deſpair to effect it, makes them leſs ſolicitous, the trial being equally unſucceſsful to them all.

It may alſo be obſerved, that there is a very happy addreſs made to Telemachus by Homer; he ſhews us that he could have drawn it, but deſiſts in obedience to Ulyſſes: thus the poet has found out a way to give Telemachus the honour of the victory without obtaining it; and at the ſame time ſhews the ſuperiour wiſdom of Ulyſſes, who reſtrains his ſon in the heat of his attempt; and makes him, by a happy preſence of mind, at once foreſee the danger, and prevent it.

Oh lay the cause on youth yet immature!
(For heav'n forbid, such weakness should endure)
How shall this arm, unequal to the bow,
Retort an insult, or repel a foe?
But you! whom heav'n with better nerves has blest,
Accept the trial, and the prize contest.
He cast the bow before him, and apart
Against the polish'd quiver propt the dart.
Resuming then his seat, Epitheus' son
The bold Antinous to the rest begun.
" From where the goblet first begins to flow,
" From right to left, in order take the bow;
" And prove your several strengths"—The princes heard,
And first Leiodes, blameless priest, appear'd.

v. 149. *From where the goblet first begins to flow,*
From right to left, &c.]

Antinous makes this proposition, that every person may try his skill without confusion. Perhaps it is proposed by Antinous by way of omen, the right hand being reckoned fortunate: but however that be, it is very evident that in the entertainments of the antients the cup was delivered towards the right hand: hence δεξίωσις came to signify to drink towards the right hand; and Athenæus thus interprets this passage in the first of the Iliad.

——— χρυσείοις δεπάεσσι
Δειδέχατ' ἀλλήλους. ———

Which, remarks that author, signifies ἐδεξιοῦντο προπίνοντες ἑαυτοῖς ταῖς δεξιαῖς. And there is express mention made of this practice, lib. i. v. 597. of the Iliad.

——— θεοῖς ἐνδέξια πᾶσιν
Οἰνοχόει ———

That is, " beginning from the right hand," as the scholiast rightly interprets it, " Vulcan delivered the bowl to all the gods.

This observation explains various passages in many antient authors, as well as in the Iliad and Odyssey: the custom indeed is not of any great importance, but is at least a curiosity, and valuable because antient. I doubt not but the bowl out of which these persons drank, would by antiquaries be thought inestimable; and the possession of an antient bowl is not quite so valuable as the knowledge of an antient custom.

v. 152. ——— *Leiodes, blameless priest.*] The word in the original is Θυοσκόος, a person who makes predictions from victims or

The eldest born of Oenops' noble race,
Who next the goblet held his holy place:
He, only he, of all the suitor-throng,
Their deeds detested, and abjur'd the wrong.
With tender hands the stubborn horn he strains,
The stubborn horn resisted all his pains!
Already in despair he gives it o'er:
Take it who will, he cries, I strive no more.
What num'rous deaths attend this fatal bow?
What souls and spirits shall it send below?

from the smoke of the sacrifice. This Leiodes, the poet tells us, sat next to the bowl; the reason of it, saith Eustathius, was because the suitors feared lest poison should be mixed in it, and they thought themselves safe through his care and inspection: but it may perhaps be a better reason to say, that he sat there in discharge of his office as a prophet, to make libations to the gods; as was customary at the beginning and end of all entertainments.

The poet adds, that this prophet was placed at the extremity of the apartment; the reason may be because he was an enemy to the insolence of the suitors; and therefore withdrew from their conversation; or perhaps the word is inserted only to shew that his place was the first, (for Eustathius explains *μυχοίτατος* by πρῶτος and ἐνδότατος) and therefore he was the most proper person to begin the experiment, that the rest might make trial according as they were seated, successively; and what makes this the more probable is, that the propination always began from the most honourable person.

V. 161. *What num'rous deaths attend this fatal bow?*
What souls and spirits, &c.]

There is in these words a full and clear prediction of the destruction of the suitors by the bow of Ulysses: but what follows, when the prophet comes to explain himself, renders it ambiguous. "Better indeed to die," &c. The next line is very remarkable for the distinction it makes between θυμὸς and ψυχὴ, soul and spirit: the reader may turn to the note on lib. xxiii. v. 92, 124. of the Iliad; and that on lib. xi. v. 743. of the Odyssey, where an account is given of the notion of the antients concerning this division. I shall only here add a passage in St. Paul to the Hebrews, which did not then occur to me, that remarkably falls in with it. "The word of God is quick and powerful, and sharper than a two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit." Heb. iv. 12.

This Leiodes falls by the sword of Ulysses in the next book: is it not injustice to take away the life of a person who is here described as a man of virtue, detesting the actions of the suitors, and

Better indeed to die, and fairly give
Nature her debt, than disappointed live,
With each new sun to some new hope a prey,
Yet still to-morrow falser than to-day.
How long in vain Penelope we sought?
This bow shall ease us of that idle thought,
And send us with some humbler wife to live,
Whom gold shall gain, or destiny shall give.
  Thus speaking on the floor the bow he plac'd,
(With rich inlay the various floor was grac'd)
At distance far the feather'd shaft he throws,
And to the seat returns from whence he rose.
  To him Antinous thus with fury said.
What words ill-omen'd from thy lips have fled?
Thy coward-function ever is in fear;
Those arms are dreadful which thou can'st not bear.
Why should this bow be fatal to the brave?
Because the priest is born a peaceful slave.
Mark then what others can—He ended there,
And bade Melanthius a vast pile prepare;
He gives it instant flame: then fast beside
Spreads o'er an ample board a bullock's hide.
With melted lard they soak the weapon o'er,
Chafe ev'ry knot, and supple ev'ry pore.

dignified with prophecy? It is easy to answer this objection; he is one of the suitors to Penelope, as appears from his trying the bow among the rest of them, in order to obtain her in marriage, and consequently he is involved in the general crime: this distinguishes his case from that of Medon and Phemius, whom Ulysses spares; it appearing that they made no pretensions to the bed of Penelope; whereas Leiodes endeavours to marry the queen, which single act would exclude Ulysses from his own bed and dominions. Besides, if we would escape the punishment of wicked men, we must not only detest their crimes, but conversation.

v. 186. *Chafe ev'ry knot, and supple ev'ry pore.*] This passage has been egregiously misunderstood, and it has been imagined that this unguent is to anoint the limbs of the suitors to make them more supple, after the manner of the wrestlers who observed that custom; but it is very evident that τόξον is to be understood in the

Vain all their art, and all their ſtrength as vain;
The bow inflexible reſiſts their pain.
The force of great Eurymachus alone
And bold Antinous, yet untry'd, unknown:
Thoſe only now remain'd; but thoſe confeſt
Of all the train the mightieſt and the beſt.
Then from the hall, and from the noiſy crew,
The maſters of the herd and flock withdrew.

Greek, and that it is the bow, not the limbs of the ſuitors, that is to be anointed. Euſtathius thus fully explains it: the lard is brought to make the bow pliant, they chafe it before the fire that the particles of it may enter the pores of the bow, and render it flexible. But Euſtathius falls into an errour about the ſeat that is brought by Melanthius: he imagines the ſuitors ſat while they drew the bow, that they might be upon a level with the ringlets which were fixed upon the ground; whereas in reality the ſeat is brought, that they may ſit while they chafe the bow. Homer himſelf ſays, when Leiodes endeavours to draw it, that he ſtood up, ἀνίςατο, and again,

> He ſtood, and ſtepping forward try'd the bow.
>
> Στῆ δ' ἄρ' ἐπ' οὐδὸν ἰὼν, καὶ τόξου πειρήτιζεν.

But how is this to be reconciled with the conduct of Ulyſſes, who is directly affirmed to ſit while he draws it.

> ——— εἷλκεν νευρὴν γλυφίδας τε
> Αὐτόθεν ἐκ δίφροιο καθήμενος ———

That circumſtance is inſerted to ſhew the great ſtrength and dexterity of Ulyſſes, who is able to draw it in that diſadvantageous poſture: the poet in every incident maintains his ſuperiority.

v. 193. *Then from the hall, and from the noiſy crew,*
The maſters of the herd and flock withdrew.]

It is wonderful how exactly the poet obſerves the diſtribution of time; he diſtinctly marks the action of every day, and allots a proper ſpace to every action. In this place the poem goes forward while Ulyſſes withdraws to engage the aſſiſtance of Philætius and Eumæus. The ſuitors are amuſed and employed about the bow, while Ulyſſes ſteals away from their obſervation, and returns without raiſing their jealouſy. The poet likewiſe manages the time of the diſcovery of Ulyſſes very judiciouſly; though he knew the fidelity of Eumæus and Philætius, yet he truſts them not with the knowledge of his perſon, till the very hour of execution; agreeable to the general character of his cautious nature and profound ſecrecy. But then is not this an imputation to Penelope, that

The king obſerves them: he the hall forſakes,
And, paſt the limits of the court, o'ertakes,
Then thus with accent mild Ulyſſes ſpoke:
Ye faithful guardians of the herd and flock!
Shall I the ſecret of my breaſt conceal,
Or (as my ſoul now dictates) ſhall I tell?
Say, ſhou'd ſome fav'ring god reſtore again
The loſt Ulyſſes to his native reign?
How beat your hearts? what aid wou'd you afford?
To the proud ſuitors, or your antient lord?
  Philætius thus. Oh were thy word not vain!
Wou'd mighty Jove reſtore that man again!
Theſe aged ſinews with new vigour ſtrung
In his bleſt cauſe ſhould emulate the young.
With equal vows Eumæus too implor'd
Each pow'r above, with wiſhes for his lord.
  He ſaw their ſecret ſouls, and thus began.
Thoſe vows the gods accord: behold the man!
Your own Ulyſſes! twice ten years detain'd
By woes and wand'rings from this hapleſs land:
At length he comes; but comes deſpis'd, unknown,
And finding faithful, you, and you alone.
All elſe have caſt him from their very thought,
Ev'n in their wiſhes, and their pray'rs forgot!
Hear then, my friends! If Jove this arm ſucceed,
And give yon' impious revellers to bleed,

ſhould chuſe to diſcover himſelf to theſe two perſons, rather than to his queen? The anſwer is, There was a neceſſity for his diſcovery to the former, but none to the latter; he wants their aſſiſtance in the future engagement, and makes good uſe of it; whereas a diſcovery made to the queen could have been of no advantage, and might poſſibly have proved detrimental; beſides, this is a ſeaſon that requires expedition; and we find Ulyſſes complies with it, and is very conciſe in the diſcovery and interview with Philætius and Eumæus. The poet therefore reſerves the diſcovery of Ulyſſes to Penelope to a time of more leiſure, that he may dwell upon it more largely, and beautify his poem with ſo eſſential an ornament with greater ſolemnity.

My care shall be, to bless your future lives
With large possessions, and with faithful wives;
Fast by my palace shall your domes ascend,
And each on young Telemachus attend,
And each be call'd his brother, and my friend.
To give you firmer faith, now trust your eye;
Lo! the broad scar indented on my thigh,
When with Autolychus's sons, of yore,
On Parnass' top I chas'd the tusky boar.
His ragged vest then drawn aside disclos'd
The sign conspicuous, and the scar expos'd:

v. 231. ——— *and the scar expos'd.*] Aristotle treating of the different sorts of remembrances, chap. xvii. of his Poetics, divides them into two kinds, "natural or adventitious;" the former sort is simple and without art, which poets use for want of invention; as for instance, when they bring about the discovery of a person by some natural mark or token upon the body: the latter are either marks upon the body, or scars occasioned by some accident, or token distinct from the body, such as the casket, &c. which Plautus and Terence use in the discovery of several persons in their comedies: of this latter kind is this scar of Ulysses; it is an adventitious remembrance, and these remembrances (continues Aristotle) may be used with more or less art: thus in the case of this wound of Ulysses, it is used by Homer in a different way: Euryclea, lib. xix. descries it accidentally; Ulysses here shews it to Eumæus and Philætius voluntarily; and it is certain that all those marks which a poet designedly and deliberately uses to establish any verity, have less ingenuity than those which produce their effects undesignedly and casually, and consequently the remembrance in the nineteenth Odyssey is more ingenious than the second discovery. The reason is, it shews no ingenuity to have recourse to such marks, when we have an intention to make the discovery: it causes no surprise nor variety, neither is it produced by any art or invention: on the contrary, the other in the nineteenth book arises from the subject, and not from the fancy of the poet only. But, says Dacier, when Aristotle affirms that this present remembrance wants ingenuity, we are not yet to imagine that he condemns it; for it is a remembrance made by necessity. Ulysses has not opportunity to wait till the discovery is made accidentally, as in the nineteenth book; he is absolutely compelled to make it designedly, to engage Eumæus and Philætius in his cause, by plainly proving to them that he was the real Ulysses. If therefore that hero shews less art in the manner of the remembrance, he shews more wisdom in accommodating his conduct to the opportunity, and using the present conjuncture ad-

Eager they view'd; with joy they ſtood amaz'd;
With tear-full eyes o'er all their maſter gaz'd:
Around his neck their longing arms they caſt,
His head, his ſhoulders, and his knnes embrac'd:
Tears follow'd tears; no word was in their pow'r:
In ſolemn ſilence fell the kindly ſhow'r.
The king too weeps, the king too graſps their hands,
And moveleſs, as a marble fountain, ſtands.
Thus had their joy wept down the ſetting ſun,
But firſt the wiſe man ceas'd, and thus begun.
Enough——on other cares your thought employ,
For danger waits on all untimely joy,
Full many foes, and fierce, obſerve us near:
Some may betray, and yonder walls may hear.
Re-enter then, not all at once, but ſtay
Some moments you, and let me lead the way.
To me, neglected as I am, I know
The haughty ſuitors will deny the bow;
But thou, Eumæus, as 'tis borne away,
Thy maſter's weapon to his hand convey.
At ev'ry portal let ſome matron wait,
And each lock faſt the well-compacted gate:
Cloſe let them keep, whate'er invades their ear;
Tho' arms, or ſhouts, or dying groans they hear.
To thy ſtrict charge, Philætius! we conſign
The court's main gate: to guard that paſs be thine.

vantageouſly, to bring about his own re-eſtabliſhment. I will only further obſerve the judgment of Homer in making this diſcovery with the utmoſt brevity, concluding it in the compaſs of two verſes: he had before enlarged upon the wound, and the reader already fully inſtructed in the ſtory: there is likewiſe another reaſon that requires conciſeneſs; the urgency of the time demands it, for Ulyſſes and Eumæus could not be long in conference without obſervation, and raiſing the jealouſy of the ſuitors.

v. 252. *At ev'ry portal*, &c.] This is a very neceſſary injunction; Ulyſſes fears not only leſt any of the ſuitors ſhould make his eſcape, but alſo leſt any of the women who were friends to the ſuitors ſhould give information to their partiſans abroad, and introduce them to their aſſiſtance. Euſtathius.

This ſaid, he firſt return'd: the faithful ſwains
At diſtance follow, as their king ordains.
Before the flame Eurymachus now ſtands,
And turns the bow, and chafes it with his hands:
Still the tough bow unmov'd. The lofty man
Sigh'd from his mighty ſoul and thus began:
I mourn the common cauſe: for, oh my friends!
On me, on all, what grief, what ſhame attends?
Not the loſt nuptials can affect me more,
(For Greece has beauteous dames on ev'ry ſhore)
But baffled thus! confeſs'd ſo far below
Ulyſſes' ſtrength, as not to bend his bow!
How ſhall all ages our attempt deride?
Our weakneſs ſcorn! Antinous thus reply'd.
Not ſo, Eurymachus: that no man draws
The wond'rous bow, attend another cauſe.
Sacred to Phœbus is the ſolemn day,
Which thoughtleſs we in games would waſte away:

v. 266. *Not the loſt nuptials* ——] No doubt but Eurymachus miſrepreſents his real ſentiments, when he makes the loſs of Penelope of little importance; but his conduct is an exact picture of human nature: when we have uſed our utmoſt endeavours to obtain our deſires, and have failed in the attempt, the object immediately loſes its value, and we would be thought to deſpiſe it. To be eaſy under any diſappointment is the reſult of reaſon; but to ſeem to deſpiſe what we have been very ſolicitous to obtain, ariſes from the pride of our natures, which perſuades us to endeavour to cheat the world into an opinion that we have not been diſappointed: the remedy for this diſeaſe of our minds, is a regular conduct, and to hold the ballance even in all our affairs, that the ſcale be not raiſed too high or depreſſed too low.

v. 274. *Sacred to Phœbus is the ſolemn day.*] Antinous in this reply, ſpeaks, as well as Eurymachus, with diſſimulation; he is unwilling to give a true reaſon, and therefore invents a falſe one: the true reaſon why he defers the trial of the bow is, becauſe he fears his inability to draw it: the feigned reaſon is a pretended piety paid to the day: it was a day to be obſerved religiouſly, and he inſinuates that all ſports upon it are a profanation of it; and conſequently Apollo being provoked, diſables them from drawing the bow, of which he is the patron. This is the reaſon why he propoſes to offer a libation, to attone for the abuſe of the day by their diverſions. But perhaps the reaſon why Antinous defers the

'Till the next dawn this ill-tim'd ſtriſe forego,
And here leave fixt the ringlets in a row.
Now bid the ſew'r approach, and let us join
In due libations, and in rites divine,
So end our night: before the day ſhall ſpring,
The choiceſt off'rings let Melanthius bring:
Let then to Phœbus' name the fatted thighs
Feed the rich ſmokes, high-curling to the ſkies.
So ſhall the patron of theſe arts beſtow
(For his the gift) the ſkill to bend the bow.
  They heard well-pleas'd: the ready heralds bring
The cleanſing waters from the limpid ſpring:
The goblet high with roſy wine they crown'd,
In order circling to the peers around.
That rite compleat, up-roſe the thoughtful man,
And thus his meditated ſcheme began.
  If what I aſk your noble minds approve,
Ye peers and rivals in the royal love!
Chief, if it hurt not great Antinous' ear,
(Whoſe ſage deciſion I with wonder hear)
And if Eurymachus the motion pleaſe;
Give heav'n this day, and reſt the bow in peace.
To-morrow let your arms diſpute the prize,
And take it he, the favour'd of the ſkies!

exerciſe of the bow to the following day, is not becauſe he thought it unlawful to proceed in it, on the feſtival of Apollo; for why ſhould an exerciſe which was inſtituted in honour of that deity, be thought a profanation of the day? I ſhould therefore rather conclude, that the impiety intended by Antinous, was their omiſſion in not offering a ſacrifice to that god before they begun the trial, that he might proſper their endeavours: the concluſion of his ſpeech makes this opinion probable: "Let us now defer the experiment, and offer ſacrifice in the morning to Apollo, that he "may give us ſucceſs in drawing the bow;" which implies that they were unſucceſsful becauſe they had forgot to ſacrifice. I will only add, that Antinous mentions a goat as an offering to Apollo; we have before ſeen bulls, ſheep and bullocks offered to that deity; the reaſon why a goat is a proper victim, I ſuppoſe is becauſe he is a rural god, and patron of ſhepherds, and therefore all kinds of beaſts were offered to him promiſcuouſly.

But since 'till then, this trial you delay,
Trust it one moment to my hands to-day:
Fain would I prove, before your judging eyes,
What once I was, whom wretched you despise;
If yet this arm its antient force retain;
Or if my woes (a long-continued train)
And wants and insults, make me less than man?
  Rage flash'd in light'ning from the suitors eyes,
Yet mix'd with terrour at the bold emprize.
Antinous then: O miserable guest!
Is common sense quite banish'd from thy breast?
Suffic'd it not within the palace plac'd
To sit distinguish'd, with our presence grac'd,
Admitted here with princes to confer,
A man unknown, a needy wanderer? —
To copious wine this insolence we owe,
And much thy betters wine can overthrow:
The great Eurytion when this frenzy stung,
Pirithous' roofs with frantic riot rung;

v. 318. *Pirithous' roofs, &c.*] The story of the Centaur is this: Pirithous, a Lapithite, marrying Hippodamia the daughter of Adrastus, invited the Centaurs and Lapithæ to his nuptials; the Centaurs drinking to great excess, and offering violence to the bride, engaged them in a quarrel; Eurytion was the person who began the disorder, and the war that ensued became fatal to the whole nation of the Centaurs. Horace alludes to this history.

" At nequis modici transiliat munera liberi,
" Centaurea monet cum Lapithis rixa super mero
" Debellata" ———

The Lapithites were a people of Thessaly inhabiting the mountains Pindus and Othrys, the Centaurs were their neighbours, and dwelt in mount Pelion. This war between the Lapithites and the Centaurs probably lasted about a year: for it began on the day of the nuptials of Pirithous, and on the day that his son Polypætes was born, he obtained a decisive victory over the Centaurs, and drove them from mount Pelion. Thus lib. ii. v. 896. of the Iliad.

Thy troops Argissa, Polypætes leads
And Elcon, shelter'd by Olympus' shades;
Sprung from Pirithous of immortal race,
The fruit of fair Hippodamè's embrace,
That day when hurl'd from Pelion's cloudy head
To distant dens the shaggy Centaurs fled.

Boundless the Centaur rag'd; 'till one and all
The heroes rose, and dragg'd him from the hall;
His nose they shorten'd, and his ears they slit,
And sent him sober'd home, with better wit.
Hence with long war the double race was curst,
Fatal to all, but to th' aggressor first.
Such fate I prophesy our guest attends,
If here this interdicted bow he bends:
Nor shall these walls such insolence contain;
The first fair wind transports him o'er the main;
Where Echetus to death the guilty brings,
(The worst of mortals, ev'n the worst of kings.)
Better than that, if thou approve our chear;
Cease the mad strife, and share our bounty here.

To this the queen her just dislike exprest:
'Tis impious, prince! to harm the stranger guest,
Base to insult who bears a suppliant's name,
And some respect Telemachus may claim.
What if th' immortals on the man bestow
Sufficient strength to draw the mighty bow?
Shall I, a queen, by rival chiefs ador'd,
Accept a wand'ring stranger for my lord?
A hope so idle never touch'd his brain:
Then ease your bosoms of a fear so vain.
Far he be banish'd from this stately scene
Who wrongs his princess with a thought so mean.

This history is at large related by Ovid, Metam. xii. He calls Eurytion by the name of Eurytus, and describes the nuptial feast in a cave, and not in the palace of Pirithous. Thus Mr. Dryden,

In a cool cave's recess the treat was made,
Whose ent'rance trees with spreading boughs o'ershade:
There one more brutal of the brutal brood,
Or whether wine or beauty fir'd his blood,
Or both at once; beheld with lustful eyes
The bride, at once, resolv'd to make his prize:
Down went the board; and fast'ning on her hair
He seiz'd with sudden force the frighted fair:
'Twas Eurytus began, ———

O fair! and wisest of so fair a kind:
(Respectful thus Eurymachus rejoin'd)
Mov'd by no weak surmise, but sense of shame,
We dread the all-arraigning voice of fame;
We dread the censure of the meanest slave,
The weakest woman: all can wrong the brave.
" Behold what wretches to the bed pretend
" Of that brave chief whose bow they cou'd not bend!
" In came a beggar of the strolling crew,
" And did what all those princes could not do."
Thus will the common voice our deed defame,
And thus posterity upbraid our name.
To whom the queen. If fame engage your views,
Forbear those acts which infamy pursues;

v. 357. —— —— *If fame engage your views,*
Forbear those acts which infamy pursues.]

This answer of Penelope is very severe and very just: Eurymachus (observes Dacier) had said, If this beggar draws the bow, we shall lose our reputation: Penelope answers, It is in vain to be solicitous about your reputation, when your lives are a series of infamous actions: fame is the reward of good, and shame the portion of base and unworthy deeds: it is no dishonour to a prince to be surpassed by a beggar in strength, but a prince is more infamous than a beggar, if his actions betray him to be a worse man; a base action sinks him into contempt, and taints his nobility. The words in Homer are, τὶ ἐλέγχεα ταῦτα τίθεσθε; which Eustathius thus explains; Why do you overlook the greater dishonour, and are thus afraid of trifles? and, adds Dacier, the sentiment is just and happy: these princes place disgrace where it is not; they think it a shame to yield in strength to this stranger, which is really no shame; mere strength is the praise of a beast, not of a prince: on the contrary, what is really a shame, they think to be none; they prey upon a king, who was a friend to all mankind; they act a thousand insolent and base deeds, and yet apprehend no discredit. This is an unhappy, and I wish it were an unjust, picture of human nature; we deceive ourselves with false notions both of shame and glory, and we may apply the words of Terence to this purpose:

—— ——— " Hic, ubi opus est,
" Non verentur: illic ubi non opus est, ibi verentur."

Praise is only to be obtained by virtue, and fame is the certain reward of it: ill-nature or envy may eclipse it, but it will prevail and break out into glory.

Wrong and oppreſſion no renown can raiſe :
Know, friend ! that virtue is the path to praiſe.
The ſtature of our gueſt, his port, his face,
Speak him deſcended from no vulgar race.
To him the bow, as he deſires, convey ;
And to his hand if Phœbus give the day,
Hence, to reward his merit, he ſhall bear
A two-edg'd falchion and a ſhining ſpear,
Embroider'd ſandals, a rich cloak and veſt,
And ſafe conveyance to his port of reſt.
O royal mother ! ever-honour'd name !
Permit me (cries Telemachus) to claim
A ſon's juſt right. No Grecian prince but I
Has pow'r this bow to grant, or to deny.
Of all that Ithaca's rough hills contain,
And all wide Elis' courſer-breeding plain,
To me alone my father's arms deſcend ;
And mine alone they are, to give or lend.
Retire, oh queen ! thy houſhold taſk reſume,
Tend, with thy maids, the labours of the loom ;

v. 377. *Retire, oh queen ! &c.*] This ſpeech has been accuſed of too great a liberty, and as wanting in reſpect from a ſon to a mother : Telemachus ſpeaks with authority, when he ought to have ſhewed obedience and filial duty. But theſe critics miſtake the deſign and intention of Telemachus ; he ſpeaks directly to Penelope, but obliquely and intentionally to the ſuitors : it is for this reaſon that he ſays he is ſupreme in the palace, viz. to let them know that he will not give up the ſway into their power. He tells Penelope that the bow ſhall be uſed as he directs ; this is done to intimidate the ſuitors, and prepare the way for the delivery of it to Ulyſſes, contrary to their injunctions to Eumæus.

The verſes are the ſame with thoſe in the vith of the Iliad. There Hector ſpeaks to Andromache, a tender huſband to a fond wife, and the ſpeech was never taxed with any want of love and kindneſs. In that place Hector remembers that he is an huſband, yet forgets not that he is an hero. In this Telemachus deviates not from the duty of a ſon, yet ſpeaks in the character and ſtyle of a prince.

Euſtathius excellently enlarges upon the words of Telemachus : there is an abſolute neceſſity that Penelope ſhould withdraw, that ſhe might not be preſent at the ſcene of blood and ſlaughter. It is

The bow, the darts, and arms of chivalry,
Theſe cares to man belong, and moſt to me.
  Mature beyond his years, the queen admir'd
His ſage reply, and with her train retir'd:
There in her chamber as ſhe ſat apart,
Revolv'd his words, and plac'd them in her heart.
On her Ulyſſes then ſhe fix'd her ſoul,
Down her fair cheek the tears abundant roll,
'Till gentle Pallas, piteous of her cries,
In ſlumber clos'd her ſilver-ſtreaming eyes.
  Now thro' the preſs the bow Eumæus bore,
And all was riot, noiſe, and wild uproar.
Hold, lawleſs ruſtic! whither wilt thou go?
To whom, inſenſate, doſt thou bear the bow?
Exil'd for this to ſome ſequeſter'd den,
Far from the ſweet ſociety of men,

for the ſame reaſon that the poet introduces Minerva caſting her into a profound ſleep, that ſhe might be entirely ignorant of the death of the ſuitors: this is abſolutely neceſſary; for if ſhe had been acquainted that Ulyſſes was returned, and the ſuitors ſlain by his hand, there could have been no room for the interview between Ulyſſes and Penelope in the ſucceeding parts of the Odyſſey.

But is not Minerva introduced upon too ſmall an occaſion, only to caſt Penelope into a ſlumber? would not nature have worked the ſame effect without the aſſiſtance of the goddeſs? I have already remarked, that machines are not always uſed out of neceſſity, but frequently for ornament, to dignify the poetry and create ſurpriſe by the appearance of a deity. But here the poet brings down Minerva, to give credibility to the ſtory; for though it be true that nature is ſufficient to produce this effect, yet that it ſhould operate in the critical and exact moment, when the poet has occaſion for it, is in ſome degree incredible: the poet therefore to reconcile the relation to probability, introduces a præternatural ſleep, occaſioned by the immediate operation of a goddeſs.

v. 381. ——— *the queen admir'd*
His ſage reply ———]

Penelope is amazed at the free remonſtrance of Telemachus; ſhe is ignorant of the reaſon of it, yet immediately retires, not doubting but his words flowed from a juſt cauſe, and not from a want of filial duty: ſhe is therefore ſaid by the poet to lodge his words in her memory, waiting till time ſhould unfold the myſtery. Dacier.

To thy own dogs a prey thou ſhalt be made;
If heav'n and Phœbus lend the ſuitors aid.
  Thus they. Aghaſt he laid the weapon down,
But bold Telemachus thus urg'd him on.
Proceed, falſe ſlave, and ſlight their empty words;
What? hopes the fool to pleaſe ſo many lords?
Young as I am, thy prince's vengeful hand
Stretch'd forth in wrath, ſhall drive thee from the land.
Oh! could the vigour of this arm as well
Th' oppreſſive ſuitors from my walls expel!
Then what a ſhoal of lawleſs men ſhould go
To fill with tumult the dark courts below?
  The ſuitors with a ſcornful ſmile ſurvey
The youth, indulging in the genial day.
Eumæus, thus encourag'd, haſtes to bring
The ſtrife-full bow, and gives it to the king.
Old Euryclea calling then aſide,
Hear what Telemachus enjoins (he cry'd).
At ev'ry portal let ſome matron wait,
And each lock faſt the well-compacted gate;

v. 407. *The ſuitors with a ſcornful ſmile,* &c.] Spondanus believes they laugh out of contempt of Telemachus; Dacier, becauſe they believe the time come which is to end all their doubts by the marriage of Penelope; they hope to draw the bow, and this hope mollifies their anger. But all theſe reaſons (as well as thoſe of Euſtathius) ſeem to be rather invented than natural: we may find a ſufficient reaſon of their laughter, from the ſharpneſs of Telemachus towards Eumæus; they rejoice to ſee an enemy (for ſuch they eſteem Eumæus) miſ-uſed, and this will likewiſe give a reaſon why the poet adds, that they ceaſed their anger againſt Telemachus, namely, becauſe he gratifies their ill-will by threatning Eumæus.

v. 412. *Hear what Telemachus enjoins,* &c.] It is very evident that this command proceeds not from Telemachus but Ulyſſes: it was Ulyſſes who gave directions to ſhut the door of the womens apartment; but Eumæus is ignorant that Euryclea was acquainted with the return of Ulyſſes, and therefore ſpeaks as from Telemachus. He knew very well that ſhe would obey the orders of Telemachus, but if ſhe had not been acquainted with the return of Ulyſſes, ſhe would have made ſome heſitation, believing the beggar to be really a ſtranger and not Ulyſſes. Euſtathius.

And if unusual sounds invade their ear,
If arms, or shouts, or dying groans they hear,
Let none to call or issue forth presume,
But close attend the labours of the loom.
  Her prompt obedience on his order waits;
Clos'd in an instant were the palace gates.
In the same moment forth Philætius flies,
Secures the court, and with a cable ties
The utmost gate; (the cable strongly wrought
Of Byblos' reed, a ship from Ægypt brought)
Then unperceiv'd and silent at the board
His seat he takes, his eyes upon his lord.
And now his well-known bow the master bore,
Turn'd on all sides, and view'd it o'er and o'er:
Lest time or worms had done the weapon wrong,
Its owner absent, and untry'd so long.

v. 423. ———— *(the cable strongly wrought*
Of Byblos' reed ————]

The word in the Greek is *βύβλινον*, which we are not to understand of the Ægyptian papyrus, but it is derived from *βίβλος* or *βύβλος*, a plant growing in the marshes of Ægypt, *βοτάνης ἐμφεροῦς παπύρῳ*, that bears the resemblance of the papyrus, as Eustathius explains it. Of this plant the antients made their cordage; on the top of it there grew fibrous threads resembling hair, and thus Strabo describes it, *ψιλὴ ῥάβδος ἐπ' ἄκρῳ ἔχουσα χαίτην*, "a slender "twig, bearing, as it were, hair on the top of it."

v. 428. *Turn'd on all sides, and view'd it o'er and o'er.*] This little particularity is not inserted in vain: Ulysses is ready to engage in a terrible combat; it is therefore very necessary to be curious in the examination of the bow, to be certain that he might depend upon it: if he had observed that it had been decayed through time, his prudence would have furnished him with some other instrument. Eustathius is of opinion that this whole bow was made of horn, because *ἶπες* denotes worms that breed in horn: the bow, says that author, was made of horn, and not of wood, like the Scythian bows. This it must be confessed, is not entirely satisfactory, because the bows were antiently tipt or pointed at the extremities with horn; and to this horn Ulysses may refer. But the other opinion is most probable, and Ovid thus understood it:

"Penelope vires juvenum tentabat in arcu,
"Qui latus argueret corneus arcus erat."

While ſome deriding—How he turns the bow!
Some other like it ſure the man muſt know,
Or elſe wou'd copy; or in bows he deals;
Perhaps he makes them, or perhaps he ſteals.—
Heav'n to this wretch (another cry'd) be kind!
And bleſs, in all to which he ſtands inclin'd,
With ſuch good fortune as he now ſhall find.
  Heedleſs he heard them; but diſdain'd reply;
The bow peruſing with exacteſt eye.
Then, as ſome heav'nly minſtrel, taught to ſing
High notes reſponſive to the trembling ſtring,
To ſome new ſtrain when he adapts the lyre,
Or the dumb lute refits with vocal wire,
Relaxes, ſtrains, and draws them to and fro;
So the great maſter drew the mighty bow:
And drew with eaſe. One hand aloft diſplay'd
The bending horns, and one the ſtring eſſay'd.
From his eſſaying hand the ſtring let fly
Twang'd ſhort and ſharp, like the ſhrill ſwallow's cry.

v. 440. *Then, as ſome heav'nly minſtrel, &c.*] Euſtathius confeſſes himſelf to be greatly pleaſed with this compariſon; it is very juſt, and well ſuited to the purpoſe; the ſtrings of the lyre repreſent the bow-ſtring, and the eaſe with which the lyriſt ſtretches them, admirably paints the facility with which Ulyſſes draws the bow. When ſimilitudes are borrowed from an object entirely different from the ſubject which they are brought to illuſtrate, they give us a double ſatisfaction, as they ſurpriſe us by ſhewing an agreement between ſuch things in which there ſeems to be the greateſt diſagreement.

v. 448. ——— *the ſtring let fly,*
Twang'd ſhort and ſharp, like the ſhrill ſwallow's cry.]

The compariſon is not intended to repreſent the ſweetneſs of the ſound, but only the quality and nature of it; and means a harſh or jarring ſound, or ſomewhat rough, ὑπότραχυ, as Euſtathius interprets it; ſuch a ſound as the ſwallow makes when ſhe ſings by ſtarts, and not in one even tenour. The ſwallow is inharmonious, and Ariſtophanes uſes χελιδόνων μουσεῖα in his frogs, to ſignify thoſe who are enemies to the muſes; and here the poet uſes it to denote a ſhrill, harſh, or jarring ſound.

A gen'ral horrour ran thro' all the race,
Sunk was each heart, and pale was ev'ry face.
Signs from above enſu'd: the unfolding ſky
In light'ning burſt; Jove thunder'd from on high.
Fir'd at the call of heav'n's almighty lord,
He ſnatch'd the ſhaft that glitter'd on the board:
(Faſt by, the reſt lay ſleeping in the ſheath,
But ſoon to fly the meſſengers of death.)
Now ſitting as he was, the cord he drew,
Thro' ev'ry ringlet levelling his view;
Then notch'd the ſhaft, releas'd, and gave it wing;
The whizzing arrow vaniſh'd from the ſtring,
Sung on direct, and threaded ev'ry ring.
The ſolid gate its fury ſcarcely bounds;
Pierc'd thro' and thro', the ſolid gate reſounds.
Then to the prince. Nor have I wrought thee ſhame;
Nor err'd this hand unfaithful to its aim;
Nor prov'd the toil too hard; nor have I loſt
That antient vigour, once my pride and boaſt.

v. 452. *Signs from above enſu'd* ——] The ſignal of battle is here given in thunder by Jupiter, as in the eleventh book of the Iliad,

Ev'n Jove, whoſe thunder ſpoke his wrath, diſtill'd
Red drops of blood o'er all the fatal field,

And again,

That inſtant Juno and the martial maid
In happy thunders promis'd Greece their aid.

This prepares us for the greatneſs of the following action, which is uſhered in with thunder from heaven: and we are not ſurpriſed to ſee Ulyſſes defeat his enemies, when Jupiter declares himſelf in his favour. Homer calls this thunder a ſign and a prodigy: it is a ſign, becauſe it predicts the event; and a prodigy, becauſe the thunder proceeds from a ſerene ſky. Euſtathius.

v. 467. ———— *nor have I loſt*
That antient vigour ——]

Ulyſſes ſpeaks not thus out of vanity, but ſolely to confirm the courage of Telemachus, and his two friends, Eumæus and Philætius. He ſets his vigour before their eyes, that they may have confidence in it in the ſucceeding engagement.

Ill I deferv'd thefe haughty peers difdain;
Now let them comfort their dejected train,
In fweet repaft the prefent hour employ,
Nor wait 'till ev'ning for the genial joy:
Then to the lute's foft voice prolong the night;
Mufic, the banquet's moft refin'd delight.
He faid, then gave a nod; and at the word
Telemachus girds on his fhining fword.
Faft by his father's fide he takes his ftand;
The beamy jav'lin lightens in his hand.

v. 471. *In fweet repaft the prefent hour employ,*
Nor wait 'till ev'ning ——]

This circumftance is very neceffary; Ulyffes excites the fuitors t fupper by day-light, becaufe it would be more eafy for him to affault them while they fat at table; the pofture would give him fome advantage; and he adds "before evening," becaufe if they had fupped by the light of the torch, upon extinguifhing it, they had greatly embarraffed him, and perhaps rendered his defigns ineffectual through the benefit of the darknefs. Neither is it without reafon that he propofes finging and mufic; he does it to draw away their thoughts from any jealoufy of intended violence; and by this method he gives the affault unexpectedly, and begins the flaughter before they are prepared to make any oppofition.

THE ODYSSEY.

* BOOK XXII.

*THE ARGUMENT.

The death of the suitors.

Ulysses begins the slaughter of the suitors by the death of Antinous. He declares himself, and lets fly his arrows at the rest. Telemachus assists, and brings arms for his father, himself, Eumaeus and Philaetius. Melanthius does the same for the woers. Minerva encourages Ulysses in the shape of Mentor. The suitors are all slain, only Medon and Phemius are spared. Melanthius and the unfaithful servants are executed. The rest acknowledge their master with all demonstrations of joy.

THEN fierce the hero o'er the threshold strode;
Stript of his rags, he blaz'd out like a god.
Full in their face the lifted bow he bore,
And quiver'd deaths, a formidable store;

* We are now come to the great event or catastrophe of the Odyssey, which is the destruction of the suitors. The manner by which the poet conducts it, has been praised and censured, by some as noble and heroic, by others as romantic and incredible: it is therefore highly necessary to vindicate Homer, in the chief action of the whole poem, that he may not be found culpable, in the place where he ought to be the most exact, and draw his hero to the best advantage. The objection made against this decisive action is, that the poet makes Ulysses perform impossibilities; no one person, with such small assistance, being able to destroy above an hundred enemies. It is no answer to say that Pallas descends to aid Ulysses, for it has been already proved, that all incidents which require a divine probability, should be so disengaged from the action, that they may be substracted from it without destroying

Before his feet the rattling ſhow'r he threw,
And thus terrific, to the ſuitor crew.

it; whereas this action is eſſential to it. No leſs a critic than Longinus, chap. vii. condemns Homer; for, enumerating the faults of the Odyſſey, he thus proceeds: "To theſe may be added "the abſurdities he commits, in the account of the deſtruction "of Penelope's ſuitors." And Scaliger, lib. v. of his Poetics, is of the ſame opinion: "Ulyſſes interfecit arcu procos, inter "quos & ipſum tantillum eſſet intervalli: quare omnes ſimul in "eum impetum non fecerunt?" The ſtrength of this objection lies in the omiſſion of the ſuitors in not ruſhing at once upon Ulyſſes in an united body: now this was impoſſible, he ſtood upon the threſhold in a narrow paſs, and by this advantage he was able to make it good againſt a great inequality of numbers. It is not difficult to bring inſtances of a like nature from undoubted hiſtory: Cocles alone defended the bridge over the Tyber againſt the whole army of Porſena, and ſtood unmoveable till the Romans broke it down behind him. And Leonidas the Spartan general defended the paſs of Thermopylæ with a ſmall number, againſt three millions of Perſians led by Xerxes; and if he had not been betrayed, he would have probably defeated his whole army. In both theſe inſtances there was a greater inequality of numbers, than between Ulyſſes and the ſuitors. The reader will be reconciled to the probability of theſe relations, if he conſiders that the whole buſineſs of war was anciently decided by mere ſtrength of body: fire-arms now ſet all men upon a nearer level; but in theſe early ages, the ſtrongeſt perſon was the greateſt hero; a man of ſuperiour and uncommon ſtrength drove his enemies before him like an army of boys, and with as much facility. From this obſervation it is evident, that Homer ſcarce tranſgreſſes the bounds of hiſtoric truth, when he deſcribes Achilles chaſing whole ſquadrons of Trojans: he wrote according to the manners of his times, and drew after the life, though ſometimes he improved a feature to give grace to the picture of his hero: thus in the ſcripture, from the mere advantage of ſtrength, we ſee a ſingle Goliah defy the whole armies of Iſrael.

Rapin commends the conduct of Homer in bringing about the deſtruction of the ſuitors. The unravelling the whole Odyſſey (ſays that author) by their deaths, is very great, and very becoming an hero; that whole ſtory is dreſſed up in colours ſo decent, and at the ſame time ſo noble, that antiquity can hardly match any part of the narration; here Homer has diſplayed himſelf to the beſt advantage. I wiſh Rapin had given his reaſons, and not run into a general commendation: but we ſhould be ſufficiently convinced of the judgment of Homer in deſcribing the ſuitors falling chiefly by Ulyſſes, if we conſider the nature of epic poetry. The chief action is to be performed by the hero of the poem: thus Hector falls by Achilles, Turnus by Æneas: the death

One vent'rous game this hand has won to-day,
Another, princes! yet remains to play;

of the ſuitors is the chief action of the Odyſſey, and therefore it is neceſſary to be executed by Ulyſſes; for if any other perſon had performed it, that perſon would have done an action more noble than the hero of the poem, and eclipſed his glory. It is for the ſame reaſon that the poet refuſes all eaſy methods to re-eſtabliſh Ulyſſes: he throws him into difficulties which he is to ſurmount by his own proweſs and magnanimity. Homer might eaſily have raiſed an army, and placed Ulyſſes at the head of it; but the more difficult way being moſt conducive to his honour, he rejects all eaſy methods, ſhews him ſtruggling with infinite hazards, out of which he extricates himſelf perſonally by his wiſdom and courage. By this means he compleats the character of his hero, leaves a noble image of his worth upon the minds of the ſpectators, and makes him go off the ſtage with the utmoſt applauſe.

v. 1. *Then fierce the hero o'er the threſhold ſtrode, &c.*] Plato was particularly ſtruck with the beauty of theſe lines: in his dialogue intitled Ion, p. 145. Socrates thus ſpeaks: "When you repeat "the verſes of Homer emphatically, and raviſh the whole audi-"ence, whether it be the paſſage where he ſings how Ulyſſes "leaps upon the threſhold, diſcovers himſelf to the ſuitors, and "pours his arrows before his feet; or where Achilles ruſhes upon "Hector; or where he paints the lamentations of Hecuba, Priam, "or Andromache; tell me, are you any longer maſter of your "own paſſions? Are you not tranſported and raviſhed with divine "fury; think yourſelf preſent at the very actions, either in Ithaca "or Troy?" It muſt indeed be allowed, that Hom[illegible]e paints to the life; we ſee Ulyſſes, his motion, his attitude, [illegible]d the noble fury with which he begins the onſet. The poet intere[illegible] us in the cauſe of his hero, and we fight on his ſide againſt his enemies.

Euſtathius obſerves, that inſtead of ῥάκος the Æolians wrote βράκος; an obſervation of too little importance to have been regarded, if he had not given us a fragment of Sappho as a proof of it.

> Τίς δ' ἀγροιῶτις θέλγει νόον
> Οὐκ ἐπισταμένη τὰ βράκεα ἕλκειν
> Ἐπὶ τῶν σφυρῶν;

which he thus explains:

> What ruſtic beauty dreſs in aukward charms
> Detains my lover from his Sappho's arms?

The circumſtance of throwing the arrows before his feet is not inſerted without a reaſon; Ulyſſes could reach them from thence

Another mark our arrow must attain.
Phœbus assist! nor be the labour vain.
 Swift as the word the parting arrow sings,
And bears thy fate, Antinous, on its wings:
Wretch that he was, of unprophetic soul!
High in his hands he rear'd the golden bowl!
Ev'n then to drain it lengthen'd out his breath;
Chang'd to the deep, the bitter draught of death:
For fate who fear'd amidst a feastful band?
And fate to numbers, by a single hand?
Full thro' his throat Ulysses' weapon past,
And pierc'd the neck. He falls, and breathes his last.

with more facility and expedition, than if they had hung at his shoulder in the quiver.

v. 10. *Phœbus assist!*——] Ulysses addresses a prayer to Apollo to give success to his present enterprise; he directs it to him, because he is the god of archery; and he concludes in four words, in compliance with the exigence of the time, which will not permit him to speak at large. This prayer to Apollo confirms my observation, that Penelope proposed the trial of the bow in honour of that deity, and we find that it was customary from a remarkable passage in the Iliad, lib. iv.

> But first to speed thy shaft, address thy vow
> To Lycian Phœbus with the silver bow:
> And swear the firstlings of the flock to pay
> On Zelia's altars, to the god of day.

It is from the urgency of the time that the speech of Ulysses, as well as the prayer, is concise: it would have been very injudicious, when he was ready to assault his enemies unexpectedly, to have prefaced the onset with a long oration; this would have given them an alarm, and time to make an opposition.

v. 18. *And fate to numbers, by a single hand?*] This particular is very artful: the poet while he writes, seems to be surprised at the difficulty of the enterprise he is about to relate. He is in doubt of the great event, and stands still in admiration of it. This has a double effect; it sets the courage of Ulysses in a strong point of light, who executes what might be almost thought an impossibility; and at the same time it excellently contributes to make the story credible; for Homer appears to be held in suspense by the greatness of the action; an intimation that nothing but the real truth and deference to veracity could extort from him a belief of it: thus by seeming to make the relation improbable, the poet establishes the probability of it. Eustathius.

The tumbling goblet the wide floor o'erflows,
A ftream of gore burft fpouting from his nofe;
Grim in convulfive agonies he fprawls:
Before him fpurn'd, the loaded table falls,
And fpreads the pavement with a mingled flood
Of floating meats, and wine, and human blood.
Amaz'd, confounded, as they faw him fall,
Uprofe the throngs tumultuous round the hall;
O'er all the dome they caft a haggard eye,
Each look'd for arms: in vain; no arms were nigh:
Aim'ft thou at princes? (all amaz'd they faid)
Thy laft of games unhappy haft thou play'd;
Thy erring fhaft haft made our braveft bleed,
And death, unlucky gueft, attends thy deed.
Vultures fhall tear thee—Thus incens'd they fpoke.
While each to chance afcrib'd the wond'rous ftroke,

v. 22. *A ftream of gore burft fpouting* ———] The word in the original is αὐλὸς, which commonly fignifies a pipe or mufical inftrument: the antients (obferves Euftathius) ufed it to denote a fountain; here therefore it implies a flux or fountain of blood; κρουνὸς ἐξακόντισμα αἵματος, the word therefore very happily paints the blood fpouting from the noftrils, as from a fountain: and in this fenfe, it gives us a full image of the nature of the wound; the blood fprung as from a pipe, through the mouth of the wound, or from the veins, through the noftrils.

v. 35. ——— *Thus incens'd they fpoke,*
While each to chance afcrib'd the wond'rous ftroke.]

This paffage was looked upon as fpurious by the antients; for they thought it impoffible that all the fuitors fhould fpeak the fame fentiment, as by compact, like a chorus in a tragedy: they appealed to the cuftom of Homer himfelf, who continually wrote

Ὧδε τις εἴπεσκεν.

Euftathius anfwers, that the poet fpeaks thus confufedly, to reprefent the confufion of the fuitors at the death of Antinous. Dacier defends him by faying, that all the fuitors imagined that Antinous was flain by accident, and therefore the whole affembly having the fame fentiment, the poet might afcribe to every member of it the fame expreffion. Either of thefe folutions explains the difficulty.

Blind as they were; for death ev'n now invades
His deſtin'd prey, and wraps them all in ſhades.
Then grimly frowning with a dreadful look,
That wither'd all their hearts, Ulyſſes ſpoke.
  Dogs, ye have had your day; ye fear'd no more
Ulyſſes vengeful from the Trojan ſhore;
While to your luſt and ſpoil a guardleſs prey,
Our houſe, our wealth, our helpleſs handmaids lay:
Not ſo content, with bolder frenzy fir'd,
Ev'n to our bed preſumptuous you aſpir'd:
Laws or divine or human fail'd to move,
Or ſhame of men, or dread of gods above:
Heedleſs alike of infamy or praiſe,
Or fame's eternal voice in future days:
The hour of vengeance, wretches, now is come,
Impending fate is yours, and inſtant doom.
  Thus dreadful he. Confus'd the ſuitors ſtood,
From their pale cheeks recedes the flying blood;
Trembling they ſought their guilty heads to hide,
Alone the bold Eurymachus reply'd.
  If, as thy words impart, (he thus began)
Ulyſſes lives, and thou the mighty man,
Great are thy wrongs, and much haſt thou ſuſtain'd
In thy ſpoil'd palace, and exhauſted land;
The cauſe and author of thoſe guilty deeds,
Lo! at thy feet unjuſt Antinous bleeds.
Not love, but wild ambition was his guide;
To ſlay thy ſon, thy kingdoms to divide,
Theſe were his aims; but juſter Jove deny'd.

v. 42. *Ulyſſes vengeful from the Trojan ſhore.*] The mention of the return of Ulyſſes from Troy is not inſerted caſually: he ſpeaks thus to intimidate his enemies, by recalling to their minds all the brave actions that he performed before it. Were not this his intention, he would have varied his expreſſion, for in reality he has been abſent from Troy near ten years, and returns from the Phæacian, not the Trojan ſhores. Euſtathius.

v. 64. *To ſlay thy ſon, thy kingdoms to divide.*] This expreſſion is judiciouſly inſerted, and with good reaſon put into the mouth of

Since cold in death th' offender lies; oh fpare
Thy fuppliant people, and receive their pray'r!
Brafs, gold, and treafures fhall the fpoil defray,
Two hundred oxen ev'ry prince fhall pay:
The wafte of years refunded in a day.
'Till then thy wrath is juft—Ulyffes burn'd
With high difdain, and fternly thus return'd.
  All, all the treafures that enrich'd our throne
Before your rapines, join'd with all your own,
If offer'd, vainly fhould for mercy call;
'Tis you that offer, and I fcorn them all;
Your blood is my demand, your lives the prize,
'Till pale as yonder wretch each fuitor lies.
Hence with thofe coward terms; or fight, or fly;
This choice is left ye, to refift or die;

one of the fuitors, namely Eurymachus. The poet is now punifhing them for their crimes; it is therefore very neceffary that the reader fhould be fatisfied that they deferve punifhment; for if it be not an act of juftice, it is murder. The poet therefore brings them all confeffing themfelves guilty by the mouth of Eurymachus; their crime is the intended murder of Telemachus, and the ufurpation of the throne of Ulyffes. If this had not been fet in a clear light, there might have been room for a fupicion that Ulyffes inflicted a punifhment too great for the guilt of the fuitors. For was it a crime that deferved death, to aim at the marriage of Penelope? This is not to be fuppofed; for they took her to be a widow, and might therefore without a crime afk her in marriage. Was death due for the wafte and profufion of the riches of Ulyffes? This might have been redreffed, by a full repayment, and a juft equivalent. Homer therefore, to fhew that there is a caufe for the feverity of the punifhment, fets their crimes in open view, which are an intentional murder, and an actual treafon. The place likewife where he inferts this circumftance is well chofen, viz. in the place where the punifhment is related; and by this method we acknowledge the equity of it. It is true; Eurymachus throws the guilt upon Antinous as the chief offender; but all the fuitors have been his affociates, and approved of all his violent and bloody defigns through the Odyffey, and therefore are juftly involved in the fame punifhment; fo that Ulyffes punifhes rebellious fubjects by the authority of a king. Homer likewife obferves juftice in the death of Antinous; he is the firft in guilt, and the firft that falls by his hero's hands.

And die I truſt ye ſhall.—He ſternly ſpoke:
With guilty fears the pale aſſembly ſhook.
Alone Eurymachus exhorts the train:
Yon' archer, comrades, will not ſhoot in vain;
But from the threſhold ſhall his darts be ſped,
(Who-e'er he be) 'till ev'ry prince lie dead.
Be mindful of yourſelves, draw forth your ſwords,
And to his ſhafts obtend theſe ample boards,
(So need compels.) Then, all united ſtrive
The bold invader from his poſt to drive;
The city rous'd ſhall to our reſcue haſte,
And this mad archer ſoon have ſhot his laſt.
  Swift as he ſpoke, he drew his traitor ſword,
And like a lion ruſh'd againſt his lord:
The wary chief the ruſhing foe repreſt,
Who met the point, and forc'd it in his breaſt:
His failing hand deſerts the lifted ſword,
And prone he falls extended o'er the board!
Before him wide, in mix'd effuſion roll
Th' untaſted viands, and the jovial bowl.
Full thro' his liver paſs'd the mortal wound,
With dying rage his forehead beats the ground,
He ſpurn'd the ſeat with fury as he fell,
And the fierce ſoul to darkneſs div'd, and hell.

v. 88. *And to his ſhafts obtend theſe ample boards.*] Eurymachus exhorts the ſuitors to make uſe of the tables to oppoſe Ulyſſes in the manner of ſhields; from whence obſerves Euſtathius, it may be gathered that every ſuitor had a peculiar table. This may be confirmed from this book; for when Antinous falls, he overturns a table; which, if there had been but one, would have been too large to be thus overthrown; beſides he ſpeaks in the plural number, τραπέζας.

v. 91. *The city rous'd ſhall to our reſcue haſte.*] It is impoſſible but that the ſuitors muſt have many friends amongſt the Ithacans. Intereſt or ill-humour engages men in faction; but this is not the full import of the ſenſe of Homer: the Ithacans were ignorant that Ulyſſes was returned, and no wonder therefore if they engaged in defence of the princes of their land, againſt a ſtranger and a beggar; for ſuch in appearance was Ulyſſes.

Next bold Amphinomus his arms extends
To force the pass: the god-like man defends.
Thy spear, Telemachus! prevents th' attack,
The brazen weapon driving thro' his back,
Thence thro' his breast its bloody passage tore;
Flat falls he thund'ring on the marble floor,
And his crush'd forehead marks the stone with gore.
He left his jav'lin in the dead, for fear
The long incumbrance of the weighty spear
To the fierce foe advantage might afford,
To rush between and use the shorten'd sword.
With speedy ardour to his sire he flies,
And, Arm, great father! arm (in haste he cries)

v. 108. *The brazen weapon driving thro' his back.*] Eustathius, and Spondanus from him, interpret this passage very much to the disadvantage of the courage of Telemachus: they observe that he is yet new to the horrours of war, and therefore wanting the heart to meet his enemy in the front, gives him this wound between the shoulders: that as soon as he has given the blow, out of fear he leaves the spear in the wound; an action as disreputable, as to throw away the shield in battle; and lastly, that it is fear that suggests to his mind the expedient to fetch the arms, a pretext to be distant from danger. But it is not difficult to defend Telemachus. Amphinomus was assaulting Ulysses, and consequently his back was turned towards Telemachus, and this occasions the wound in that part. This combat is not a combat of honour, where points of ceremony are observed; Telemachus was therefore at liberty to destroy his enemy by any methods, without any imputation of cowardice; especially considering the inequality of the parties. Neither is it out of fear that he quits his spear; but from a dictate of wisdom: he is afraid lest some of the suitors should attack him while he is disengaging it, and take him at an advantage, while he has no weapon to use in his own defence; besides, he has no farther occasion for it; he hastes away to provide other arms, not only for himself, but for Ulysses and his friends; and this is so far from being the suggestion of fear, that it is the result of wisdom.

There is some difficulty in the expression προπρηνεῖ τύψας, the meaning of it is, lest he should receive a descending blow: the word is an adjective, and Eustathius tells us, that χειρὶ is to be understood; I should rather chuse φασγάνῳ, which immediately precedes, it being as good sense to say, a wound is given by a descending sword, as a descending hand.

v. 117. ——— *arm (in haste he cries).*] Homer almost con-

Lo hence I run for other arms to wield,
For miſſile jav'lins, and for helm and ſhield;
Faſt by our ſide let either faithful ſwain
In arms attend us, and their part ſuſtain.
  Haſte and return (Ulyſſes made reply)
While yet th' auxiliar ſhafts this hand ſupply;
Leſt thus alone, encounter'd by an hoſt,
Driv'n from the gate, th' important paſs be loſt.
  With ſpeed Telemachus obeys, and flies
Where pil'd on heaps the royal armour lies;
Four brazen helmets, eight refulgent ſpears,
And four broad bucklers, to his ſire he bears:
At once in brazen panoply they ſhone,
At once each ſervant brac'd his armour on;
Around their king a faithful guard they ſtand,
While yet each ſhaft flew deathful from his hand:
Chief after chief expir'd at ev'ry wound,
And ſwell'd the bleeding mountain on the ground.
Soon as his ſtore of flying fates was ſpent,
Againſt the wall he ſet the bow unbent:

ſtantly gives the epithet πτερόεντα to ἔπεα; "winged words." Plutarch in his treatiſe upon Garrulity gives us the meaning of it. A word (ſays that author) while it remains unſpoken is a ſecret, but being communicated, it changes its name into common rumour; it is then "flown" from us; and this is the reaſon why Homer calls words "winged:" he that lets a bird fly from his hand, does not eaſily catch it again; and he that lets a word ſlip from his tongue cannot recall it; it flies abroad, and flutters from place to place every moment. It has indeed in ſome paſſages a ſtill cloſer meaning; when a perſon ſpeaks with precipitation, the epithet expreſſes the ſwiftneſs of the ſpeech, the words are winged: it is here applied with particular propriety; Telemachus aſks a queſtion in the compaſs of four lines, and receives an anſwer in two from Ulyſſes; the time not allowing any delay.

V. 137. *Againſt the wall he ſet the bow unbent.*] The poet may be thought too circumſtantial in the diſpoſal of the bow; but there is a reaſon for it; he ſhews Ulyſſes placed it out of the reach of the ſuitors, who, if they had ſeized the bow, might have furniſhed themſelves with arrows from the dead bodies of their friends, and employed them againſt Ulyſſes; this caution was therefore neceſſary. Euſtathius.

And now his shoulders bear the massy shield,
And now his hands two beamy jav'lins wield:
He frowns beneath his nodding plume, that play'd
O'er the high crest, and cast a dreadful shade.

There stood a window near, whence looking down
From o'er the porch, appear'd the subject town.

142. *There stood a window near, whence looking down
From o'er the porch, appear'd the subject town.*]

The word in the Greek is ὀρσοθύρη, "janua superior," and it is likewise used a little lower. It has given great trouble to the commentators to explain the situation of these two passages. Dacier imagines that by the former there was a descent into the court-yard, and so to the street; but this cannot be true: for Agelaus exhorting his associates to seize this passage, makes use of the word ἀναβαίνω, which signifies to "ascend," and not to "descend" into the court-yard; besides, he bids them raise the people by "shouting to them," which seems to imply, that this place overlooked the streets, from whence a shout might be heard by the people. Ὀρσοθύρη (observes Eustathius) is θύρα εἰς ἣν ὄρνυταί τις θέλων ἰδεῖν ἐκεῖθεν, that is, "a door by which a person ascends to "obtain a prospect." This probably led to the roof of the porch of the palace fronting the street, from whence a person standing in the open air, and shouting, might raise the city; or as for greater clearness it is here translated a window, which answers all these purposes.

But there is still a difficulty arising from the word λαύρην, which is thus solved by Eustathius, λαύρη ἐστὶν ὁ πρὸς τὴν ὀρσοθύρην ἄγων στενωπὸς, that is, a narrow passage leading to this private window or door, and he afterwards interprets it by στενὴ ὁδὸς.

From what has been observed, it appears evidently that there was another passage to the upper apartments of the palace; for this was guarded by Eumæus, and was inaccessible, and consequently Melanthius conveys the arms to the suitors by some other stair-case. This Homer expresses by ἀνὰ ῥῶγας μεγάροιο; the former word is very well explained by Hesychius, it signifies the passages of the palace leading from chamber to chamber, or the διόδοι of the apartments. Ῥωγὴ properly denotes a rupture, and here represents the openings of the passages from room to room. The antients thought this whole passage so obscure, that they drew a plan of these inward passages of the palace, as Eustathius informs us; in this they figured the porch, the higher aperture, the other stair-case, and the room where the arms were laid. But Dacier starts another difficulty: if Melanthius could go up to the room where the arms lay, why could he not go from thence into the courts of the palace, and raise the city? The answer is, because he arms were placed in an inward apartment, and there was no

A double ſtrength of valves ſecur'd the place,
A high and narrow, but the only paſs:
The cautious king, with all preventing care,
To guard that outlet, plac'd Eumæus there:
When Agelaüs thus: Has none the ſenſe
To mount yon' window, and alarm from thence
The neighbour town? the town ſhall force the door,
And this bold archer ſoon ſhall ſhoot no more.
Melanthius then: That outlet to the gate
So near adjoins, that one may guard the ſtraight.
But other methods of defence remain,
Myſelf with arms can furniſh all the train;
Stores from the royal magazine I bring,
And their own darts ſhall pierce the prince and king.
He ſaid; and mounting up the lofty ſtairs,
Twelve ſhields, twelve lances, and twelve helmets bears:
All arm, and ſudden round the hall appears
A blaze of bucklers, and a wood of ſpears.
The hero ſtands oppreſt with mighty woe,
On ev'ry ſide he ſees the labour grow:
Oh curſt event! and oh unlook'd-for aid!
Melanthius or the women have betray'd——

paſſage from thence into the palace-yards. Her miſtake aroſe from her opinion that there was an entry into the palace by the ὀρσοθύρην, which opinion is refuted in the beginning of this annotation. If indeed Telemachus had brought down the arms this way, then there muſt have been a paſſage for Melanthius to the place from whence Agelaüs bids him raiſe the city; for if Telemachus had paſſed to the armoury by it, why might not Melanthius from it? But this is not the caſe; for this door or window is not mentioned till Telemachus has furniſhed Ulyſſes and his friends with armour; and conſequently Homer cannot intend that we ſhould underſtand that Telemachus aſcended to the armoury by it.

V. 159. *Twelve ſhields, twelve lances, and twelve helmets bears.*] Ariſtarchus, remarks Euſtathius, blamed this deſcription as incredible; for how could one perſon be able to carry ſuch a load of armour at one time? But we are not to make this ſuppoſition; the poet ſpeaks indefinitely, and leaves us at liberty to conjecture that Melanthius brought them at ſeveral times; thus a little lower we find him going again for arms to furniſh the reſt of the ſuitors.

Oh my dear ſon!——The father with a ſigh
Then ceas'd; the filial virtue made reply.
Falſhood is folly, and 'tis juſt to own
The fault committed; this was mine alone;
My haſte neglected yonder door to bar,
And hence the villain has ſupply'd their war.
Run good Eumæus then, and (what before
I thoughtleſs err'd in) well ſecure that door:
Learn if by female fraud this deed were done,
Or (as my thought miſgives) by Dolius' ſon.
While yet they ſpoke, in queſt of arms again
To the high chamber ſtole the faithleſs ſwain,
Not unobſerv'd. Eumæus watchful ey'd,
And thus addreſs'd Ulyſſes near his ſide.
The miſcreant we ſuſpected takes that way;
Him, if this arm be pow'rful, ſhall I ſlay?
Or drive him hither, to receive the meed
From thy own hand, of this deteſted deed?

v. 172. *Run good Eumæus, &c.*] This paſſage, where Telemachus bids Eumæus go and ſee who brings the arms, proves that Telemachus did not before abſent himſelf from the battle out of cowardice: here he chuſes to partake the danger with Ulyſſes, and ſends Eumæus and Philætius to execute his orders; a ſign that he does not conſult his ſafety at the expence of his honour. Euſtathius.

But it may ſeem extraordinary, that Ulyſſes and Telemachus ſhould be in doubt to know the perſon who brought the arms to the ſuitors; eſpecially when Agelaus had held a public conference with Melanthius in order to it; but, anſwers Euſtathius, they ſpoke with a low voice, and at a proper diſtance from Ulyſſes. It may alſo be objected, that Melanthius could not poſſibly bring the arms without the obſervation of Ulyſſes and his friends. To ſolve this difficulty we muſt have recourſe to the ſecond private door, or ὀρσοθύρη, mentioned in a former annotation: by this paſſage he aſcends and deſcends without a diſcovery; that paſſage ſtanding in ſuch a ſituation, as not to be viſible to thoſe who were on the oppoſite ſide of the palace. What may ſeem to contradict this obſervation is, what Homer afterwards adds, for he directly tells us, that Eumæus obſerved that the perſon who brought the arms was Melanthius; but that expreſſion may only imply, that he ſaw Melanthius going from the reſt of the company, and haſting towards that aſcent, and therefore juſtly concludes him to be the perſon.

Not ſo (reply'd Ulyſſes) leave him there,
For us ſufficient is another care:
Within the ſtructure of this palace wall
To keep inclos'd his maſters 'till they fall.
Go you and ſeize the felon; backward bind
His arms and legs, and fix a plank behind;
On this, his body by ſtrong cords extend,
And on a column near the roof ſuſpend;
So ſtudy'd tortures his vile days ſhall end.
The ready ſwains obey'd with joyful haſte,
Behind the felon unperceiv'd they paſt,
As round the room in queſt of arms he goes:
(The half-ſhut door conceal'd his lurking foes)
One hand ſuſtain'd a helm, and one the ſhield
Which old Laertes wont in youth to wield,
Cover'd with duſt, with dryneſs chapt and worn,
The braſs corroded, and the leather torn:

v. 187. *To keep inclos'd his maſters* ———] It may be aſked, when Eumæus retires from the guard of the paſſage, what hinders the ſuitors from ſeizing it, and by it giving notice to the cit of their danger? What Ulyſſes here ſays obviates this objection. He tells Eumæus, that he and Telemachus will defend it againſt all the efforts of his enemies: by this expreſſion he gives us to underſtand, that Telemachus ſhall poſt himſelf in the place of Eumæus, and make it good till he has executed juſtice upon Melanthius.

v. 197. *One hand ſuſtain'd a helm, and one the ſhield.*] We ſee Melanthius after a diligent ſearch finds only one helm and one ſhield; and the ſhield is deſcribed as almoſt ſpoiled with age: from hence Euſtathius gathers that there were no more left in the armoury; for it is probable that Melanthius would *not* have returned with ſo few arms if he could have found more; nor would he have brought the decayed ſhield, if he could have ſupplied himſelf with a ſtronger; ſo that all the arms of Ulyſſes were ſeventeen helmets, twelve at firſt delivered to the ſuitors by Melanthius, one more he was now bringing, and Ulyſſes and his friends were in poſſeſſion of four: there were the ſame number of ſhields, and twenty ſpears, twelve given to the ſuitors, and eight to the aſſiſtants of Ulyſſes. This was his private armoury for the defence of his palace; and we are not to conclude, that theſe were the whole arms of the nation; there probably was a public repoſitory for armour for the public uſe of their armies againſt their enemies.

Thus laden, o'er the threſhold as he ſtept,
Fierce on the villain from each ſide they leapt,
Back by the hair the trembling daſtard drew,
And down reluctant on the pavement threw.
Active and pleas'd, the zealous ſwains fulfil
At ev'ry point their maſter's rigid will:
Firſt, faſt behind, his hands and feet they bound,
Then ſtreighten'd cords involv'd his body round:
So drawn aloft, athwart the column ty'd,
The howling felon ſwung from ſide to ſide.
Eumæus ſcoffing then with keen diſdain:
There paſs thy pleaſing night, oh gentle ſwain!
On that ſoft pillow, from that envy'd height
Firſt may'ſt thou ſee the ſpringing dawn of light;
So timely riſe, when morning ſtreaks the eaſt,
To drive thy victims to the ſuitors feaſt.
This ſaid, they left him, tortur'd as he lay,
Secur'd the door, and haſty ſtrode away:
Each, breathing death, reſum'd his dang'rous poſt
Near great Ulyſſes; four againſt an hoſt.
When lo! deſcending to her hero's aid
Jove's daughter Pallas, war's triumphant maid:
In Mentor's friendly form ſhe join'd his ſide;
Ulyſſes ſaw, and thus with tranſport cry'd.
Come, ever welcome, and thy ſuccour lend;
Oh ev'ry ſacred name in one! my friend!
Early we lov'd, and long our loves have grown:
Whate'er thro' life's whole ſeries I have done
Or good, or grateful, now to mind recall,
And aiding this one hour, repay it all.
Thus he; but pleaſing hopes his boſom warm
Of Pallas latent in the friendly form.
The adverſe hoſt the phantom warriour ey'd,
And firſt loud threat'ning, Agelaüs cry'd.
Mentor beware, nor let that tongue perſuade
Thy frantic arm to lend Ulyſſes aid;

Our force ſucceſsful ſhall our threat make good,
And with the ſire's and ſon's commix thy blood.
What hop'ſt thou here? Thee firſt the ſword ſhall ſlay,
Then lop thy whole poſterity away;
Far hence thy baniſh'd conſort ſhall we ſend;
With his, thy forfeit lands and treaſures blend;
Thus, and thus only, ſhalt thou join thy friend.
His barb'rous inſult ev'n the goddeſs fires,
Who thus the warriour to revenge inſpires.
Art thou Ulyſſes? where then ſhall we find
The patient body and the conſtant mind?
That courage, once the Trojans daily dread,
Known nine long years, and felt by heroes dead?
And where that conduct, which reveng'd the luſt
Of Priam's race, and laid proud Troy in duſt?
If this, when Helen was the cauſe, were done;
What for thy country now, thy queen, thy ſon?
Riſe then in combat, at my ſide attend;
Obſerve what vigour gratitude can lend,
And foes how weak, oppos'd againſt a friend!

v. 246. *Art thou Ulyſſes?* &c.] Pallas is here an allegorical deity, and repreſents the courage and wiſdom which was exerted by Ulyſſes in the deſtruction of the ſuitors: the poet puts the words into the mouth of a goddeſs, to give ornament and dignity to his poetry; but they are only the ſuggeſtions of his own heart, which reproaches him for being ſo ſlow in puniſhing the inſolence of his adverſaries. If we take them in this ſenſe they will be in the nature of a ſoliloquy: the poet indeed was obliged to introduce a deity, to give importance to the deciſive action of his whole poem: thus Jupiter aſſiſts Æneas in Virgil; Minerva, Achilles in the Iliad, and the ſame goddeſs Ulyſſes here in the Odyſſey. I very well know that all theſe paſſages have been blamed by ſome critics, as derogatory to the courage of theſe heroes, who cannot conquer their enemies but through the aſſiſtance of a deity. The reader may be pleaſed to look back for a full vindication of Homer and Virgil, to lib. iii. note on v. 481. of the Odyſſey.

We may obſerve that a deity deſcends to aſſiſt Ulyſſes, but that the ſuitors are left to their own conduct: this furniſhes us with a very juſt and pious moral, and teaches us that heaven guards and aſſiſts good men in adverſity, but abandons the wicked, and lets them periſh for their follies.

She ſpoke; but willing longer to ſurvey
The ſire and ſon's great acts, with-held the day;
By farther toils decreed the brave to try,
And level pois'd the wings of victory:
Then with a change of form eludes their ſight,
Perch'd like a ſwallow on a rafter's height,
And unperceiv'd, enjoys the riſing fight.

Damaſtor's ſon, bold Ageläus, leads
The guilty war; Eurynomus ſucceeds;
With theſe, Piſander great Polyctor's ſon,
Sage Polybus, and ſtern Amphimedon,
With Demoptolemus: theſe ſix ſurvive;
The beſt of all, the ſhafts had left alive.
Amidſt the carnage deſp'rate as they ſtand,
Thus Ageläus rous'd the lagging band.

The hour is come, when yon' fierce man no more
With bleeding princes ſhall beſtrow the floor:
Lo! Mentor leaves him with an empty boaſt;
The four remain, but four againſt an hoſt,
Let each at once diſcharge the deadly dart,
One ſure of ſix ſhall reach Ulyſſes' heart:

v. 262. *Perch'd like a ſwallow* ———] We have ſeen the deities, both in the Iliad and Odyſſey, changing themſelves into the ſhape of birds: thus lib. vii. v. 67. of the Iliad,

> Th' Athenian maid, and glorious god of day
> With ſilent joy the ſettling hoſts ſurvey,
> In form like vultures, on the beech's height
> They ſit conceal'd, and wait the future fight.

This perhaps may be the occaſion of all ſuch fictions. The ſuperſtition of the heathen world induced the antients to believe that the appearance of any bird in a critical hour was a ſign of the preſence of a divinity, and by degrees they began to perſuade themſelves, that the gods appeared to them in the form of thoſe birds. Hence aroſe all the honours paid to augurs, and the reliance upon divination drawn from the flight of birds; and almoſt every deity had a bird ſacred to him. The eagle to Jupiter, the peacock to Juno, &c. Pallas here takes the form of a ſwallow, becauſe it is a domeſtic bird, and therefore may be ſaid to appear within the walls of the palace with moſt probability.

Thus ſhall one ſtroke the glory loſt regain:
The reſt muſt periſh, their great leader ſlain.
Then all at once their mingled lances threw,
And thirſty all of one man's blood they flew;
In vain! Minerva turn'd them with her breath,
And ſcatter'd ſhort, or wide, the points of death;
With deaden'd ſound, one on the threſhold falls,
One ſtrikes the gate, one rings againſt the walls;
The ſtorm paſt innocent. The god-like man
Now loftier trod, and dreadful thus began.
'Tis now (brave friends) our turn, at once to throw
(So ſpeed 'em heav'n) our jav'lins at the foe.
That impious race to all their paſt miſdeeds
Would add our blood. Injuſtice ſtill proceeds.
He ſpoke: at once their fiery lances flew:
Great Demoptolemus, Ulyſſes ſlew;
Euryades receiv'd the prince's dart;
The goatherd's quiver'd in Piſander's heart;
Fierce Elatus by thine, Eumæus, falls;
Their fall in thunder echoes round the walls.
The reſt retreat: the victors now advance,
Each from the dead reſumes his bloody lance.
Again the foe diſcharge the ſteely ſhow'r;
Again made fruſtrate by the virgin-pow'r.
Some, turn'd by Pallas, on the threſhold fall,
Some wound the gate, ſome ring againſt the wall;
Some weak, or pond'rous with the brazen head,
Drop harmleſs, on the pavement ſounding dead.

v. 298. ——— *— the victors now advance,*
Each from the dead reſumes his bloody lance.]

The danger beginning to abate by the fall of the chief of the enemy, Ulyſſes advances from his ſtand: there was a neceſſity for this conduct: Ulyſſes and his three aſſiſtants had killed four enemies with their ſpears, and conſequently the poet was obliged to ſupply them with freſh weapons, otherwiſe, if they had diſcharged their ſpears once more, they muſt have been left naked and defenceleſs, having only two a-piece brought by Telemachus. This obſervation ſhews the exactneſs which Homer maintains in his relation.

Then bold Amphimedon his jav'lin caſt;
Thy hand, Telemachus, it lightly raz'd:
And from Cteſippus' arm the ſpear elanc'd
On good Eumæus' ſhield and ſhoulder glanc'd;
Not leſſen'd of their force (ſo ſlight the wound)
Each ſung along, and dropp'd upon the ground.
Fate doom'd thee next, Eurydamus, to bear
Thy death, ennobl'd by Ulyſſes' ſpear.
By the bold ſon Amphimedon was ſlain:
And Polybus renown'd the faithful ſwain.
Pierc'd thro' the breaſt the rude Cteſippus bled,
And thus Philætius gloried o'er the dead.
There end thy pompous vaunts and high diſdain;
Oh ſharp in ſcandal, voluble and vain!
How weak is mortal pride! To heav'n alone
Th' event of actions and our fates are known:
Scoffer, behold what gratitude we bear:
The victim's heel is anſwer'd with this ſpear.
Ulyſſes brandiſh'd high his vengeful ſteel,
And Damaſtorides that inſtant fell;
Faſt-by Leocritus expiring lay,
The prince's jav'lin tore its bloody way
Thro' all his bowels: down he tumbles prone,
His batter'd front and brains beſmear the ſtone.

v. 323. *The victim's heel is anſwer'd with his ſpear.*] This refers to a paſſage in the latter end of the twentieth book of the Odyſſey, where Cteſippus throws the foot of a bullock at Ulyſſes. Philætius here gives him a mortal wound with his ſpear, and tells him it is a return for the foot of the bullock. Euſtathius informs us, that this became a proverb, τοῦτο τὸ ἀντὶ ποδὸς ξεινήιον, to expreſs a return of evil for evil; the like may be obſerved of the death of Antinous, who was killed as he lifted the bowl to drink.

Πολλὰ μεταξὺ πέλει κύλικος καὶ χείλεος ἄκρου.

Which is exactly rendered by our proverb, "Many things happen "between the cup and the lip." Thus likewiſe the kindneſs of Cyclops was uſed proverbially, to denote a ſevere injury diſguiſed under a ſeeming civility; that monſter having promiſed Ulyſſes mercy, but it was only the mercy to devour him laſt. Theſe little inſtances prove the great veneration the antients had for Homer.

Now Pallas shines confess'd; aloft she spreads
The arm of vengeance o'er their guilty heads;
The dreadful ægis blazes in their eye;
Amaz'd they see, they tremble, and they fly:
Confus'd, distracted, thro' the rooms they fling,
Like oxen madden'd by the breese's sting,
When sultry days, and long, succeed the gentle spring.

v. 332. *The dreadful ægis* ——— ——] This shield is at large described, lib. v. of the Iliad.

——— round the margin roll'd,
A fringe of serpents, hissing, guard the gold:
Here all the terrours of grim war appear;
Here rages force, here tremble flight and fear;
Here storm'd contention, and here fury frown'd,
And the dire orb portentous Gorgon crown'd.

We see the terrible effects which the shield causes are created by the poet into a kind of beings, and animated to fight on the side of his hero.

v. 335. *Like oxen, &c.*] The fury of the battle being now over, Homer pauses with the action; and letting his fancy rove in search of foreign ornaments, beautifies and enlivens the horrours of it with two similitudes, drawn from subjects very distant from the terrours they are brought to illustrate. The former of an herd of cattle, represents the confusion and affright of the suitors; the latter of the birds, their weakness and unavailing flight. The gadfly shews the fury and close pursuit of Ulysses and his assistants, the hawks their courage, and superiour power. Eustathius. Virgil at large describes this breese-fly. Georg. iii.

About th' Alburnian groves, with holly green,
Of winged insects mighty swarms are seen:
This flying plague, to mark its quality,
Oestros the Grecians call, *Asilus, we
A fierce loud buzzing breese: their stings draw blood;
And drive the cattle gadding thro' the wood,
Seiz'd with unusual pains they loudly cry, &c. Dryden.

This description shews that it is no ill-chosen similitude; it very well paints the suitors flying in an herd, and Ulysses wounding them as they fly.

The latter simile from the hawks, affords some curiosity in regard to the antient manner of that sport. It is evident, says Dacier, that this passage is an instance, that flying or birds of prey, in the nature of our hawking, was practised by the antients: the nets, called by Homer νέφεα, were fixed in the plain ground; the fowlers with their falcons took their station upon the adjoining

Not half so keen, fierce vultures of the chace
Stoop from the mountains on the feather'd race,
When, the wide field extended snares beset,
With conscious dread they shun the quiv'ring net:
No help, no flight: but wounded ev'ry way,
Headlong they drop: the fowlers seize the prey.

eminences; when the birds, driven from this rising ground, flew to the plain, they met with the nets, and endeavouring to escape them, crowded into flocks: then the hawk or vulture was loosed, and descending upon his prey, slew them in multitudes; for the birds were incapable of resisting, and at the same time were afraid of the nets, and therefore could not escape: this is the reason why the fowlers are said to rejoice at the sport; a plain indication, that the poet intended to describe the sportsman's flying his bird at the prey. That the word νέφεα signifies "nets," is evident from Aristophanes, μὰ νεφέλας, μὰ δίκτυα, that is, "I swear by my nets." Hesychius is of the same opinion, νέφεα, says that author, signifies the "clouds," καὶ λίνα θηρατικά, "hunters nets." Eustathius directly affirms, that in his time this sport was practised in many countries; and the place where the nets were fixed was called νεφελοςασία. That author construes these words νέφεα πτώσσουσαι ἵενται, as if ἐπὶ were to be understood, to express the rushing of the birds against the net; but there is no occasion for this violence to the text, for by joining νέφεα with πτώσσουσαι, the period will be plain, and signify, that through fear of the net they fly with violence to avoid it. Monsieur Dacier has a pretty observation upon this sport; and shews us that the antients were used to take even deer with nets, by flying at them birds of prey, in conformity to this description of Homer: this is manifest from a passage in Arrian, lib. ii. c. 1. where he speaks of men placing their fears where they have nothing to fear: Λοιπὸν, ἡμεῖς τὸ τῶν ἐλάφων πάσχομεν· ὅτε φοβοῦνται φεύγουσαι αἱ ἔλαφοι τὰ πτερὰ, ποῦ τρέπονται; καὶ πρὸς τινὰ (τόπον) ἀναχωροῦσιν ὡς ἀσφαλῆ; πρὸς τὰ δίκτυα, καὶ οὕτως ἀπόλλυνται, ἐναλλάξασαι τὰ φοβερὰ καὶ τὰ θαῤῥαλέα. "For "what remains, we are like deer: for they fearing the birds that "are flown at them, what course do they take? To what place of "refuge do they run to be in security? To the nets, and so pe"rish, mistaking their danger for their greatest safety." Minerva, in this similitude, is the bird of prey descending from the mountain; for she it is who scatters the suitors by displaying her ægis from the roof of the palace: this is the opinion of Eustathius: but in the winding up of the comparison, Homer plainly by the vulture denotes Ulysses and his assistants (though perhaps not exclusively of the goddess) for in the application he writes:

Ὣς ἄρα τοὶ μνηστῆρας ἐπεσσύμενοι κατὰ δῶμα
Τύπτον. —— ——

On all fides thus they double wound on wound,
In proftrate heaps the wretches beat the ground,
Unmanly fhrieks precede each dying groan,
And a red deluge floats the reeking ftone.
  Leiodes firft before the victor falls:
The wretched augur thus for mercy calls.
O gracious hear, nor let thy suppliant bleed:
Still undifhonour'd or by word or deed
Thy houfe, for me, remains; by me reprefs'd
Full oft' was check'd th' injuftice of the reft:
Averfe they heard me when I counfell'd well,
Their hearts were harden'd, and they juftly fell.
Oh fpare an augur's confecrated head,
Nor add the blamelefs to the guilty dead.
  Prieft as thou art! for that detefted band
Thy lying prophecies deceiv'd the land:
Againft Ulyffes have thy vows been made;
For them, thy daily orifons were paid:
Yet more, ev'n to our bed thy pride afpires:
One common crime one common fate requires.
  Thus fpeaking, from the ground the fword he took
Which Agelaüs' dying hand forfook;
Full thro' his neck the weighty falchion fped:
Along the pavement roll'd the mutt'ring head.

v. 347. *Leiodes firft before the victor falls:*
The wretched augur ———]

This Leiodes is the laft perfon who furvives of the fuitors; he was an augur and a prophet, and ought therefore to have followed wifer counfels: he tells Ulyffes that he endeavoured to reftrain the fuitors from their infolence; but he himfelf afpired to the bed of Penelope, and confequently was an affociate in their confpiracies. Leiodes falls without refiftance; and indeed it would have been very improper to have reprefented him encountering Ulyffes in a fingle combat, when above an hundred had not been able to ftand before him: befides, fighting is out of the character of Leiodes; he was not a man of the fword, but an augur: it would therefore have been contrary to his function, to have drawn him engaging Ulyffes; and confequently it is with great propriety that he is defcribed falling not as a warriour, but as a fuppliant.

Phemius alone the hand of vengeance ſpar'd,
Phemius the ſweet, the heav'n inſtructed bard.
Beſide the gate the rev'rend minſtrel ſtands;
The lyre, now ſilent, trembling in his hands;
Dubious to ſupplicate the chief, or fly
To Jove's inviolable altar nigh,

v. 371. *Dubious —— —— if to fly*
To Jove's inviolable altar nigh, &c.]

This altar of Jupiter Hercæus ſtood in the palace-yard; ſo called from ἕρκος, "the out-wall incloſing the court-yard." It ſtood in the open air, where they ſacrificed to Jupiter the guardian, or protector; and within the palace to Ζεὺς ἑρκεῖος.

Jupiter was worſhipped under the ſame name by the Romans. Thus Ovid,

"Cui nihil Hercæi profuit ara Jovis."

The altar mentioned by Virgil, Æneid. ii. was of the ſame nature: to which Priam fled at the taking of Troy.

Uncover'd but by heav'n, there ſtood in view
An altar; near the hearth a laurel grew,
Dodder'd with age; whoſe boughs encompaſs round
The houſhold gods, and ſhade the holy ground.

Theſe altars were places of ſanctuary, and by flying to them the perſon was thought to be under the immediate protection of the deity, and therefore in ſome caſes inviolable. The ſame practice prevailed amongſt the Jews, for we find frequently in the ſcriptures that it was cuſtomary to fly to the altar as to a place of refuge, which is evident from the expreſſion of laying hold on the horns of the altar. This is the reaſon why Phemius entertains an intention to fly to the altar of Jupiter Hercæus. Plutarch, in his treatiſe upon Muſic, informs us, that Demodocus was reported to have wrote a poem, intitled, "The deſtruction of Troy:" and Phemius another, called, "The return of the Grecian captains:" but by theſe poets Homer probably means only himſelf, who was author of two poems, the Iliad, and the Odyſſey. Homer (remarks Euſtathius) plainly ſhews us the notion he had of the great qualifications that were neceſſary to form a good poet. He muſt ſing of men and gods; that is, be thoroughly acquainted with all things both human and divine; he muſt be αὐτοδίδακτος, or "ſelf-taught;" that is, as we expreſs it, he muſt be a genius; he muſt have a natural ability, which is indeed to be improved, but not capable of being learned, by ſtudy: he adds, that beſides this felicity of nature, he muſt have an heavenly inſpiration; this implies that he muſt have a kind of enthuſiaſm, an elevation of ſoul which is not

Where oft' Laertes holy vows had paid,
And oft' Ulysses smoking victims laid.
His honour'd harp with care he first set down,
Between the laver and the silver throne;
Then prostrate stretch'd before the dreadful man,
Persuasive, thus, with accent soft began.
  O king! to mercy be thy soul inclin'd,
And spare the poet's ever-gentle kind.
A deed like this thy future fame would wrong,
For dear to gods and men is sacred song.

to be obtained by labour and industry, and consequently is the gift of heaven. Thus Pindar,

> ——— σοφὸς ὁ πολ-
> λὰ εἰδὼς φυᾷ.
> Μαθόντες δὲ, λάβροι
> Παγγλωσσίᾳ, κόρακες ὥς,
> Ἄκραντα γαρύετον.

> The bards, whom true poetic flame inspires,
> Receive from nature more than human fires;
> In vain from arts alone they tune the voice,
> Like crows they croak, nor is it song, but noise.

This is the Mens Divinior of Horace: by industry men may become great scholars and philosophers; but no man was ever a great poet, without being in the strictest sense a great genius. I will only add, that Aristotle in his Rhet. i. 7. quotes this hemistic αὐτοδίδακτος, &c. as an instance that natural are more excellent than acquired abilities; he gives the reason of it; namely, because they are more uncommon, and not to be obtained by human industry. Maximus Tyrius has a criticism upon it. How (objects that author) can it be said that the poet is self-taught, if the gods teach him to sing? The answer is easy, Homer means that he has no human instructor, and only opposes natural to acquired abilities. It is observable that Maximus Tyrius erroneously quotes the verse, Dissert. xxii. for he writes, Θεοὶ δὲ μοὶ ὤπασαν ὀμφὴν, instead of

> ——— Θεὸς δὲ μοὶ ἐν φρεσὶν οἴμας
> Παντοίας ἐνέφυσεν ———

He likewise puts the words in the mouth of Demodocus, which are here spoken by Phemius; he undoubtedly quoted by memory.

What Homer adds after all this, to raise the character of his poet, is very remarkably moral. That he never turned his talents to flattery, nor was it voluntarily that he served or entertained unworthy men, but was merely compelled to it by their violence.

Self-taught I fing; by heav'n, and heav'n alone,
The genuine feeds of poefy are fown;
And (what the gods beftow) the lofty lay,
To gods alone, and god-like worth, we pay.
Save then the poet, and thyfelf reward;
'Tis thine to merit, mine is to record.
That here I fung, was force and not defire;
This hand reluctant touch'd the warbling wire:
And let thy fon atteft, nor fordid pay,
Nor fervile flatt'ry, ftain'd the moral lay.
The moving words Telemachus attends,
His fire approaches, and the bard defends.
Oh mix not, father, with thofe impious dead
The man divine; forbear that facred head;
Medon the herald too our arms may fpare,
Medon, who made my infancy his care;
If yet he breathes, permit thy fon to give
Thus much to gratitude, and bid him live.
Beneath a table, trembling with difmay,
Couch'd clofe to earth, unhappy Medon lay,
Wrapt in a new flain ox's ample hide:
Swift at the word he caft his fkreen afide,
Sprung to the prince, embrac'd his knee with tears,
And thus with grateful voice addrefs'd his ears!
O prince! O friend! lo here thy Medon ftands;
Ah ftop the hero's unrefifted hands,
Incens'd too juftly by that impious brood,
Whofe guilty glories now are fet in blood.
To whom Ulyffes with a pleafing eye:
Be bold, on friendfhip and my fon rely;
Live, an example for the world to read,
How much more fafe the good than evil deed:

v. 413. *Live, an example for the world to read,*
How much more fafe the good than evil deed.]

The moral intended to be taught by the fable of the Odyffey is, to fhew virtue, though long in diftrefs, at length triumphant; and

Thou, with the heav'n-taught bard, in peace resort
From blood and carnage to yon' open court:
Me other work requires—With tim'rous awe
From the dire scene th' exempted two withdraw,
Scarce sure of life, look round, and trembling move
To the bright altars of protector Jove.

Meanwhile Ulysses search'd the dome, to find
If yet there live of all th' offending kind.
Not one! compleat the bloody tale he found,
All steep'd in blood, all gasping on the ground.
So, when by hollow shores the fisher train
Sweep with their arching nets the hoary main,
And scarce the meshy toils the copious draught contain,

vice, though long successful, unfortunate in the conclusion: it is to this effect that Ulysses here speaks; and to give his words more weight, he throws them into a sentence. It is with excellent judgment that it is here placed by Homer: the punishment is no sooner over but Ulysses declares the equity of it; he speaks to all mankind, and lays it down as an universal truth, that virtue is to be preferred before vice, and invites us to the practice of the former, by shewing the success of it in his own victory; and deters us from the latter, by representing the ill consequences of it in the destruction of the suitors.

v. 425. *So, when by hollow shores the fisher train*
Sweep with their arching nets the hoary main.]

The antients, remarks Eustathius, observe that this is the only place where Homer manifestly speaks of catching fish with nets: for those words, lib. v. v. 595. of the Iliad,

——— —— and sweep away
Sons, sires, and wives, an undistinguish'd prey;

which in the Greek is expressed by ἁψῖσι λίνου ἁλόντε πανάγρου, may be applied to the taking of beasts or birds by nets, and consequently ought not to be appropriated to fishing. Thus it is evident that this art was practised very antiently amongst the Grecians; it was likewise known early to the Hebrews and Ægyptians. Thus Isaiah xix. 8. "The fishers (of Ægypt) shall mourn, all they that cast "the angle into the brook shall lament, and they that spread nets "upon the waters shall languish." And that they fished the seas with nets is evident from Ezekiel xxvi. 5. "It shall be a place "for the spreading of nets in the midst of the sea." The comparison is very just; and the last line of it gives a peculiar honour and distinction to Ulysses: that hero is the sun who kills the suitors, in application of the similitude.

All naked of their element, and bare,
The fishes pant, and gasp in thinner air;
Wide o'er the sands are spread the stiff'ning prey
'Till the warm sun exhales their soul away.
  And now the king commands his son to call
Old Euryclea, to the deathful hall:
The son observant not a moment stays;
The aged governess with speed obeys:
The sounding portals instant they display;
The matron moves, the prince directs the way.
On heaps of death the stern *Ulysses* stood,
All black with dust, and cover'd thick with blood.
So the grim lion from the slaughter comes,
Dreadful he glares, and terribly he foams,
His breast with marks of carnage painted o'er,
His jaws all dropping with the bull's black gore.
  Soon as her eyes the welcome object met,
The guilty fall'n, the mighty deed compleat;
A scream of joy her feeble voice essay'd:
The hero check'd her, and compos'dly said.
  Woman, experienc'd as thou art, controul
Indecent joy, and feast thy secret soul.
T' insult the dead is cruel and unjust;
Fate, and their crime, have sunk them to the dust.

v. 440. *So the grim lion, &c.*] *Eustathius agrees* with an observation which has been made concerning the similitudes of the Odyssey, lib. xvi. He here remarks that comparisons are as rare in the Odyssey as they are frequent in the Iliad; and that the difference arises from the difference of the subjects: the subject of the Iliad is great, and therefore properly illustrated by noble images, and a variety of sublime comparisons: the subject of the Odyssey requires to be related in a less exalted style, and with greater simplicity. This book is an undeniable testimony of the truth of this observation: the story of it approaches nearer to the nature of the Iliad than any other book of the Odyssey, and we find it is more adorned with comparisons than almost all the rest of the poem.

v. 450. *T' insult the dead is cruel and unjust.*] The word in the original is ὀλόλυζε, and here signifies a voice of joy. In other places it is used to denote a sorrowful lamentation. See note on

Nor heeded these the censure of mankind,
The good and bad were equal in their mind.
Justly the price of worthlessness they paid,
And each now wails an unlamented shade.
But thou sincere! Oh Euryclea, say,
What maids dishonour us, and what obey?
  Then she. In these thy kingly walls remain
(My son) full fifty of the handmaid train,
Taught by my care to cull the fleece, or weave,
And servitude with pleasing tasks deceive;

v. 573. of the third Odyssey. I am wonderfully pleased with the noble sentiment of Ulysses contained in these lines. It is full of piety and humanity: good nature feels for the sufferings of any of its fellow-creatures. Even in punishment we are to remember, that those we punish are men, and inflict it as a necessary justice, not as a triumph. Such here is the conduct of Ulysses; he is so far from rejoicing in his success, that he restrains others from it; and seems to be a mourner at the funeral of his enemies. He falls into the same thought with Job xxxi. 29. "If I rejoiced at the destruc-"tion of him that hated me, or lifted up myself when evil found "him: if I suffered my mouth to sin, by wishing a curse to his "soul," &c.

Were a prince, who makes war for glory, to stand upon a field of battle immediately after victory, amidst the horrours of the dead, and the groans of the dying; it would surely mortify his ambition to see such horrible monuments of his glory. If the death of thousands of brave men were weighed in a scale against a name, a popular empty breath of a multitude, and if reason held the ballance, how easily would the disproportion be discovered?

v. 453. *The good and bad were equal in their mind.*] There is some obscurity in these words, "they neither respected the good nor "the bad man;" or as Homer expresses it,

Οὐ κακὸν οὐδὲ μὲν ἐσθλόν.

A reverence is due to a good man, and consequently it is a crime to deny it; but why should it be objected to the suitors as a fault that they despised the bad man, whose actions deserved to be despised? Eustathius answers, κακὸς may signify ταπεινός, or a person of a low condition, the poor man, or the stranger; and this justifies the assertion: but perhaps the poet uses it to shew that they despised and outraged all men universally without distinction, whether persons of probity or dishonesty; they considered not the condition of others, but were insolent to all mankind.

Of these, twice six pursue their wicked way,
Nor me nor chaste Penelope obey;
Nor fits it that Telemachus command
(Young as he is) his mother's female band.
Hence to the upper chambers let me fly,
Where slumbers soft now close the royal eye;
There wake her with the news—The matron cry'd;
Not so (Ulysses more sedate reply'd)

v. 462. *Of these, twice six pursue their wicked way.*] It is remarkable, observes Monsieur Bayle, that of fifty women, so few as twelve only should yield to the desires of the suitors. But it is not indeed affirmed that the rest were ever tempted by any importunities. Plutarch, in his treatise of Education, informs us, that Bion wittily applied this passage to the study of the sciences: when the suitors failed in their attempts upon Penelope, they condescended to address her maids: so men who are not capable of understanding philosophy, busy themselves with studies of no value.

v. 464. *Nor fits it that Telemachus command*
(Young as he is) his mother's female band.]
This, remarks Eustathius, is an instance of the maternal wisdom of Penelope; and at the same time a vindication of Telemachus for not restraining the insolence and immodesty of these female servants; they were out of his jurisdiction, and immediately under the protection of Penelope. But is not this removal of the fault from Telémachus, an imputation upon the queen? and if the son wanted an excuse for not punishing their crimes, is the mother unblameable, who not only permits the disorder of their lives, but forbids Telemachus to redress it? Is it to be supposed that this chaste matron was more indulgent to female frailty than Telemachus? The true reason is, Telemachus could not, and Penelope durst not, shew a just resentment against these criminals: they had too great an interest in the chief of the suitors to stand in awe of the queen, or fear her vengeance. This is evident, for Penelope herself was in a great measure in their power, and the same authority that supported the suitors in their insolence against the queen, would support these females against her revenge for their immodesty.

v. 469. *Not so (Ulysses more sedate reply'd).*] Ulysses gives this injunction, because he is unwilling to wound the eyes of Penelope with a spectacle of such horrour as the dead bodies and blood of the suitors. It was indeed necessary to find some reasonable pretext for not introducing the queen immediately; this might be expected from the fondness and affection of an husband towards a beloved wife, and therefore Ulysses makes even his fondness for her a reason why he delays his discovery, namely, his care not to grieve her

Bring first the crew who wrought these guilty deeds;
In haste the matron parts: the king proceeds.
 Now to dispose the dead, the care remains
To you, my son, and you, my faithful swains;
Th' offending females to that task we doom,
To wash, to scent, and purify the room.
These (ev'ry table cleans'd, and ev'ry throne,
And all the melancholy labour done)
Drive to yon' court, without the palace-wall,
There the revenging sword shall smite them all;

with such a terrible scene of slaughter: besides, the death of the female servants is to succeed, and it would have been indecent to have made her assisting or present at their execution. The poet reaps a further advantage from this conduct; for by it he introduces the discovery to Penelope, in a time of leisure, and finds an opportunity to describe at large that surprising and tender incident.

V. 477. ——— — *the melancholy labour done)*
Drive to yon' court — ———]

It would in these ages, observes Dacier, be thought barbarous in a king to command his son to perform an execution of so much horrour: but antiently it was thought no dishonour: thus in the scriptures, Gideon having taken Zeba and Salmana, two Midian kings, commands his son to kill them with the sword in his presence: but, continues that author, I wish Homer had deviated from this custom, that he had given both Ulysses and Telemachus sentiments of more humanity, and spared his reader a description of such a terrible execution. I am not delighted with any thing that has a tendency to inhumanity more than that lady; but it may be answered, that Homer was obliged to write according to the custom of the age. Virgil has ascribed an act more cruel to the pious Æneas, who sacrifices several unfortunate young men who were his captives. Æn. xi. v. 15.

Then, pinion'd with their hands behind appear
Th' unhappy captives marching in the rear;
Appointed off'rings in the victor's name,
To sprinkle with their blood the funeral flame. Dryden.

This act is to be ascribed to the manner of the age, and the customs of war in the days of Æneas, and not to his inhumanity: but here it may seem essential to the very nature of epic poetry to relate this act of justice: the moral of it is, to see the good rewarded and the wicked punished, in the conclusion of the fable. These criminals had been as guilty in their several capacities as the suitors themselves; it was therefore necessary that their punishment should be set before the reader, as well as that of the suitors.

So with the faitors let them mix in duſt,
Stretch'd in a long oblivion of their luſt.
He ſaid: the lamentable train appear,
Each vents a groan, and drops a tender tear;
Each heav'd her mournful burthen, and beneath
The porch, depos'd the ghaſtly heaps of death.
The chief ſevere, compelling each to move,
Urg'd the dire taſk imperious from above.
With thirſty ſponge they rub the tables o'er,
(The ſwains unite their toil) the walls, the floor
Waſh'd with th' effuſive wave, are purg'd of gore.
Once more the palace ſet in fair array,
To the baſe court the females take their way;
There compaſs'd cloſe between the dome and wall,
(Their life's laſt ſcene) they trembling wait their fall.
Then thus the prince. To theſe ſhall we afford
A fate ſo pure, as by the martial ſword?
To theſe, the nightly proſtitutes to ſhame,
And baſe revilers of our houſe and name?
Thus ſpeaking, on the circling wall he ſtrung
A ſhip's tough cable, from a column hung;
Near the high top he ſtrain'd it ſtrongly round,
Whence no contending foot could reach the ground.
Their heads above connected in a row,
They beat the air with quiv'ring feet below:
Thus on ſome tree hung ſtruggling in the ſnare,
The doves or thruſhes flap their wings in air.

v. 505. *Thus on ſome tree hung ſtruggling in the ſnare.*] Nothing can better repreſent to us the image of theſe ſufferers than this ſimilitude of a bird taken by the neck in a gin or ſnare. Hobbs, in his verſion, has omitted it; and Dacier has abridged the whole deſcription.

Euſtathius is pleaſant upon the death of theſe wantons. What a certain perſon, ſays he, once ſpoke of a fig-tree, on which his clamorous wife had hanged herſelf, viz. "I wiſh all trees bore "ſuch fruit," may be applied to theſe ropes, "It were to be "wiſhed that all nooſes could catch ſuch birds." This remark

Soon fled the ſoul impure, and left behind
The empty corſe to waver with the wind.
  Then forth they led Melanthius, and began
Their bloody work: they lopp'd away the man,
Morſel for dogs! then trimm'd with brazen ſheers
The wretch, and ſhorten'd of his noſe and ears;
His hands and feet laſt felt the cruel ſteel:
He roar'd, and torments gave his ſoul to hell—
  They waſh, and to Ulyſſes take their way,
So ends the bloody buſineſs of the day.
  To Euryclea then addreſt the king:
Bring hither fire, and hither ſulphur bring,
To purge the palace: then the queen attend,
And let her with her matron-train deſcend;
The matron-train with all the virgin band
Aſſemble here, to learn their lord's command.
  Then Euryclea; Joyful I obey,
But caſt thoſe mean diſhoneſt rags away;
Permit me firſt thy royal robes to bring:
Ill ſuits this garb the ſhoulders of a king.
" Bring ſulphur ſtraight and fire" (the monarch cries)
She hears, and at the word obedient flies.

has eſcaped the notice of Madam Dacier; becauſe the race of clamorous women has been long extinct, and therefore there was no occaſion to preſcribe a remedy for a diſeaſe unknown to theſe happy ages.

v. 527. *Bring ſulphur ſtraight and fire* —— ——] The reaſon why Ulyſſes orders ſulphur to be brought, is, becauſe every thing was thought to be polluted by a dead body, and he uſes it by way of purification. The ſame opinion prevailed amongſt the Hebrews as well as Greeks, as the ſcriptures inform us. Thus alſo in Job it is ſaid, " Brimſtone ſhall be ſcattered upon his habitation," xviii. 15. which is thought to allude to this cuſtom. Livy mentions this practice amongſt the Romans, lib. xxx. c. 15. " Habet " & in religionibus locum ad expiandas ſuffitu domus."

Homer deſcribes the female ſervants deſcending with torches: this is done to ſhew the exact time of the action of this book, which is comprehended in the evening of the fortieth day.

Ulyſſes forbids Euryclea to bring a better garment: this little particularity is inſerted with judgment; for the diſguiſe of Ulyſ-

With fire and ſulphur, cure of noxious fumes,
He purg'd the walls and blood-polluted rooms.
Again the matron ſprings with eager pace,
And ſpreads her lord's return from place to place.
They hear, ruſh forth, and inſtant round him ſtand,
A gazing throng, a torch in ev'ry hand.
They ſaw, they knew him, and with fond embrace
Each humbly kiſs'd his knee, or hand, or face;
He knows them all; in all ſuch truth appears,
Ev'n he indulges the ſweet joy of tears.

ſes in the garb of a beggar contributes to increaſe the incredulity of Penelope, and conſequently to all thoſe doubts and fears, and that ſtruggle between the love of a huſband and the dread of an impoſtor, which are the ſubject of the ſucceeding book.

THE ODYSSEY.

* BOOK XXIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Euryclea awakens Penelope with the news of Ulyſſes's return, and the death of the ſuitors. Penelope ſcarcely credits her, but ſuppoſes ſome god has puniſhed them, and deſcends from her apartment in doubt. At the firſt interview of Ulyſſes and Penelope, ſhe is quite unſatisfied. Minerva reſtores him to the beauty of his youth; but the queen continues incredulous, till by ſome circumſtances ſhe is convinced, and falls into all the tranſports of paſſion and tenderneſs. They recount to each other all that has paſt during their long ſeparation. The next morning Ulyſſes, arming himſelf and his friends, goes from the city to viſit his father.

THEN to the queen, as in repoſe ſhe lay,
The nurſe with eager rapture ſpeeds her way;
The tranſports of her faithful heart ſupply
A ſudden youth, and give her wings to fly.

* This book contains the diſcovery of Ulyſſes to Penelope. Monſieur Rapin is very ſevere upon ſome parts of it; whoſe objections I ſhall here recite.

The diſcovery of Ulyſſes to his queen was the moſt favourable occaſion imaginable for the poet to give us ſome of the niceſt touches of his art; but as he has managed it, it has nothing but faint and weak ſurpriſes, cold and languiſhing aſtoniſhments, and very little of that delicacy and exquiſiteneſs which ought to expreſs a conjugal tenderneſs: he leaves his wife too long in doubt and diſtruſt, and ſhe is too cautious and circumſpect; the formalities ſhe obſerves in being fully aſſured, and her care to act with ſecurity, are ſet down in number and meaſure, leſt ſhe ſhould fall into any miſtake; and this particularity makes the ſtory dull, in

And ſleeps my child? the rev'rend matron cries:
Ulyſſes lives! ariſe, my child, ariſe!

place that ſo much requires briſkneſs and liveline*ſ*s. Ought not the ſecret inſtinct of her love to have inſpired her with other ſentiments? and ſhould not her heart have told her, what her eyes could not? Love is penetrating, and whiſpers more to us than the ſenſes can convey; but Homer underſtood not this philoſophy: Virgil, who makes Dido foreſee that Æneas deſigns to leave her, would have made better advantage of this favourable opportunity.

The ſtrength of this objection conſiſts chiefly in the long incredulity of Penelope, and the ſlowneſs ſhe uſes to make an undeniable diſcovery: this Rapin judges to be contrary to the paſſion of love, and conſequently that the poet writes unnaturally.

There is ſomewhat of the Frenchman in this criticiſm: Homer, in his opinion, wants vivacity; and if Rapin had been to have drawn Ulyſſes, we had ſeen him all tranſport and ecſtaſy. But where there is moſt fancy, there is often the leaſt judgment. Penelope thought Ulyſſes to be dead; he had been abſent twenty years; and through abſence and his preſent diſguiſe, he was another perſon from that Ulyſſes whom ſhe knew, when he failed to Troy; ſo that he was become an abſolute ſtranger. From this obſervation we may appeal to the reader's judgment, if Penelope, without full conviction, ought to be perſuaded that this perſon was [illegible] Ulyſſes? And how could ſhe be convinced, but by aſking many queſtions, and deſcending to particularities, which muſt neceſſarily occaſion delay in the diſcovery? If indeed Ulyſſes and Penelope had met after a ſhorter abſence, when one view would have aſſured her that he was her real huſband, then too much tranſport could not have been expreſſed by the poet: but this is not the caſe, ſhe is firſt to know her huſband, before ſhe could or ought to expreſs her fondneſs for his return, otherwiſe ſhe might be in danger of miſplacing it upon an impoſtor: but ſhe is no ſooner convinced that Ulyſſes is actually returned, but ſhe receives him with as much fondneſs as can be expreſſed, or as Rapin could require.

While yet he ſpeaks, her pow'rs of life decay,
She ſickens, trembles, falls, and faints away:
At length recov'ring, to his arms ſhe flew,
And ſtrain'd him cloſe, as to his breaſt ſhe grew.

Till this moment the diſcovery was not evidently made, and her paſſion would have been unſeaſonable; but this is no ſooner done, but ſhe falls into an agony of affection. If ſhe had here appeared cool and indifferent, there had been weight in Rapin's objections. Beſides, Ariſtotle informs us, there was a play, called The falſe Ulyſſes: it was formed upon a ſtory of a perſon who deſigned to ſurpriſe Penelope, and told her, that he was her huſband; and to confirm it, pretended to remember a bow, which he uſed before he

At length appears the long-expected hour!
Ulysses comes! the suitors are no more!

went to the siege of Troy. This shews that Penelope had been in danger from impostors, and it is therefore very prudent in her to be upon the guard, and not to yield without full conviction.

But there is a dispute of a different nature mentioned by Monsieur Bayle; namely, whether if Penelope had yielded to an impostor, believing him to be really Ulysses, she had been guilty of adultery? Monsieur Basnage thus argues: "Let us suppose a wife transported "with love for an husband, running eagerly to the person she "mistakes for him: this woman has no design to be deceived, "one cannot blame her ardour; it is lawful, if he proves her "real husband? in short, her ignorance is involuntary, and oc- "casioned solely by a laudable passion for her husband: yet if this "person prove an adulterer, is the wife entirely inexcusable? "ought her eagerness and precipitation to give her no uneasiness? "Undoubtedly it ought, because she is supposed to act precipi- "tately, without a full examination: her passion is stronger than "her reason, and therefore she is blameable." The author of the General Critique on Maimbourg is more indulgent: he judges that if a woman does not refuse a strict examination out of a blame-able motive, she is excusable, though she happens to oblige an impostor. "If a wife, deceived by the resemblance between her "husband and an impostor, shall allow the latter all the privileges "of the marriage-bed, this action is no stain to her [illegible] "the husband would be the most unreasonable creature breathing, "should he blame it as a breach of conjugal fidelity, provided she "is no way accessary to the imposition." So that according to this author, though the wife is betrayed by her precipitation, yet she is to be accounted innocent; because the precipitation is oc-casioned by a vehemence of love for her husband. But I fear few husbands who should take their wives in such circumstances would excuse them, or believe that they had used due circumspection. In short, Monsieur Bayle rightly decides the question, by saying, that every person who acts precipitately is culpable; and that no person can act rationally, without a full and satisfactory exami-nation. And indeed if this rule were observed, there would scarce be any room for the aforesaid supposition. The resemblance be-tween man and man is never so perfect, but the difference, upon a strict observation, is discernible; we may therefore conclude, that a wife who should suffer such a deceit, was not very unwil-ling to be deceived; especially when there must be between a man and a wife a thousand particularities, which could only be known to the wife and husband, which upon a due scrutiny would discover the imposture.

I fear I shall be tedious to the reader, by mentioning another difficulty of a similar nature started by Seneca. "If any person

No more they view the golden light of day;
Arise, and bless thee with the glad survey!
  Touch'd at her words, the mournful queen rejoin'd,
Ah! whither wanders thy distemper'd mind?
The righteous pow'rs who tread the starry skies,
The weak enlighten, and confound the wise,
And human thought with unresisted sway,
Depress or raise, enlarge or take away:
Truth, by their high decree, thy voice forsakes,
And folly with the tongue of wisdom speaks.
Unkind, the fond illusion to impose!
Was it to flatter or deride my woes?

" should make an assignation with his own wife in disguise, sup-" posing her to be the wife of another person, would he be guilty " of adultery?" He answers in the affirmative; though the wife herself would be innocent; for he is guilty intentionally. This may be illustrated by the example of Jacob, who was blameless when he was deceived by Leah, who personated his wife Rachel; but Leah was culpable, though Jacob was innocent, for she very [illegible] that she was not wife to Jacob. But this is the province of a casuist, not of a commentator.

v. 6. *Ulysses lives! ——— Ulysses comes!*] In the Greek it is literally, Ulysses is come, he is at length come to his palace. This last circumstance is not a tautology; for, observes Eustathius, a person may be returned to his country, and yet never arrive at his family: thus Agamemnon reached his dominions in safety, but was assassinated before he came to his palace. We may observe in general, that Euryclea and Penelope, through their whole conference, speak with brevity; Homer was too good a judge of human nature, to represent them speaking with prolixity. Passion is always in haste, and delivers itself with precipitation; and this is very well painted in this interview: Euryclea is in a transport of joy for the return of Ulysses, and Penelope has all her affections awakened at the news of it.

v. 13. *The righteous pow'rs who tread the starry skies,*
The weak enlighten, and confound the wise.]

This is an admirable sentiment: it is consonant to many expressions in the holy scriptures. God is the lord of spirits, and gives and takes away as seems best to his infinite wisdom. The thoughts of man, as well as his life, are equally in the power of the Almighty.

Never did I a ſleep ſo ſweet enjoy,
Since my dear lord left Ithaca for Troy,
Why muſt I wake to grieve, and curſe thy ſhore,
O Troy?—may never tongue pronounce thee more!
Be gone: another might have felt our rage,
But age is ſacred, and we ſpare thy age.
  To whom with warmth: My ſoul a lie diſdains;
Ulyſſes lives, thy own Ulyſſes reigns:
That ſtranger, patient of the ſuitors wrongs,
And the rude licence of ungovern'd tongues,
He, he is thine! thy ſon, his latent gueſt
Long knew, but lock'd the ſecret in his breaſt;
With well-concerted art to end his woes,
And burſt at once in vengeance on the foes.
  While yet ſhe ſpoke, the queen in tranſport ſprung
Swift from the couch, and round the matron hung;

v. 21. *Never did I a ſleep ſo ſweet enjoy, &c.*] Homer, obſerves Euſtathius, very judiciouſly mentions this profound ſleep of Penelope; for it might have been thought improbable, that ſhe ſhould not wake at the noiſe and confuſion of the battle. It was ſolely to reconcile it to credibility, that in a preceding book Pallas was introduced to throw her into it: beſides, the womens apartment was always in the upper part of the houſe, and was from thence called ὑπερῷον: and conſequently Penelope was at a ſufficient diſtance from the place of the combat, and may be eaſily ſuppoſed not to be waked by it.

The circumſtance of Penelope's not being awaked by the cries of the ſuitors, furniſhes us with a reaſon why they are not heard by the Ithacans that lived near the palace: for if ſhe who is within the palace is not diſturbed by the noiſe, it is credible enough, that the Greeks who lived at ſome diſtance from the palace ſhould not hear it.

v. 35. ——— *the queen in tranſport ſprung*
Swift from the couch ———]

We are not to gather from this tranſport of Penelope, that ſhe is fully convinced of the return of Ulyſſes: ſhe is yet incredulous; but ſhe muſt have been inſenſible if ſhe had continued unmoved at the mention of the arrival of an huſband, whoſe return has been deſcribed through the whole Odyſſey as the chief object of all her deſires. Beſides, ſhe receives the death of the ſuitors with joy; ſhe cannot diſbelieve the teſtimony of Euryclea concerning

Faſt from her eye deſcends the rolling tear,
Say, once more ſay, is my Ulyſſes here?
How could that num'rous and outrageous band
By one be ſlain, tho' by an hero's hand?
I ſaw it not, ſhe cries, but heard alone,
When death was buſy, a loud dying groan,
The damſel-train turn'd pale at ev'ry wound,
Immur'd we ſat, and catch'd each paſſing ſound;
When death had ſeiz'd her prey, thy ſon attends,
And at his nod the damſel-train deſcends;
There terrible in arms Ulyſſes ſtood,
And the dead ſuitors almoſt ſwam in blood;
Thy heart had leap'd the hero to ſurvey,
Stern as the ſurly lion o'er his prey,
Glorious in gore!—Now with ſulphureous fires
The dome he purges, now the flame aſpires;

their deaths; but thinking it impoſſible that they ſhould be ſlain by any one perſon, ſhe aſcribes their deſtruction not to Ulyſſes, but a deity. But then is not ſuch a ſuppoſition extravagant? and can it be reconciled to probability, that a god ſhould really be ſuppoſed to deſcend to work their deſtruction? It may be anſwered, that the exceſs of the aſſertion ought to be aſcribed to the exceſs of joy in the ſpeaker: Penelope is in a tranſport, and no wonder if ſhe ſpeaks with amplification: ſhe judges it impoſſible that ſuch a great event ſhould be wrought by a mortal hand; and it is therefore very natural, while ſhe is under a ſurpriſe, and her thoughts raiſed above the bounds of calm reaſon, to aſcribe it to a deity.

It has been believed that all the notions of good and bad dæmons that prevailed among the antients were borrowed from truth, and that they received them by tradition from the offices of good and bad angels: if I might be allowed to make this ſuppoſition, then what Penelope here ſpeaks may be reconciled to ſtrict verity; then we may find a reaſon why ſhe may without extravagance aſcribe the ſuitors deaths to a dæmon, or deity. Thus, 2 Kings xix. 35. "That night the angel of the Lord went out and ſmote "in the camp of the Aſſyrians an hundred fourſcore and five "thouſand." If this ſuppoſition be thought diſallowable, the former will be a ſufficient vindication. I will only add, that the poet artfully turns the incredulity of Penelope to the praiſe of Ulyſſes; the exploit was ſo great, that no mortal was brave enough to perform it; it muſt therefore be wrought by a god; but this god is at length diſcovered to be Ulyſſes.

Heap'd lie the dead without the palace-walls,—
Haſte, daughter haſte, thy own Ulyſſes calls!
Thy ev'ry wiſh the bounteous gods beſtow,
Enjoy the preſent good, and former woe;
Ulyſſes lives his vanquiſh'd foes to ſee;
He lives to thy Telemachus and thee!
  Ah no! with ſighs Penelope rejoin'd,
Exceſs of joy diſturbs thy wand'ring mind;
How bleſt this happy hour, ſhould he appear,
Dear to us all, to me ſupremely dear!
Ah no! ſome god the ſuitors deaths decreed,
Some god deſcends, and by his hand they bleed;
Blind! to contemn the ſtranger's righteous cauſe,
And violate all hoſpitable laws!
The good they hated, and the pow'rs defy'd;
But heav'n is juſt, and by a god they dy'd.
For never muſt Ulyſſes view this ſhore;
Never! the lov'd Ulyſſes is no more!
  What words (the matron cries) have reach'd my ears?
Doubt we his preſence, when he now appears?
Then hear conviction: ere the fatal day
That forc'd Ulyſſes o'er the wat'ry way,
A boar fierce ruſhing in the ſilvan war
Plough'd half his thigh; I ſaw, I ſaw the ſcar,
And wild with tranſport had reveal'd the wound;
But ere I ſpoke, he roſe, and check'd the ſound.
Then daughter haſte away! and if a lie
Flow from this tongue, then let thy ſervant die!
  To whom with dubious joy the queen replies,
Wiſe is thy ſoul, but errours ſeize the wiſe;
The works of gods what mortal can ſurvey?
Who knows their motives, who ſhall trace their way!

v. 83. *The works of gods what mortal can ſurvey?*] This aſſertion is made with great judgment. Euryclea had given almoſt a demonſtrative proof that ſhe was not miſtaken in the perſon of Ulyſſes: ſhe had inſtanced in the ſcar which he received by a

But learn we inſtant how the ſuitors trod
The paths of death, by man or by a god.
 Thus ſpeaks the queen, and no reply attends,
But with alternate joy and fear deſcends;
At ev'ry ſtep debates, her lord to prove!
Or ruſhing to his arms, confeſs her love!

boar on mount Parnaſſus; and this ſeemed to be an undeniable evidence of her veracity: what method then could the poet take to carry on Penelope's incredulity, and give her room to reſiſt ſuch evidence with any appearance of reaſon? This is very well explained by Euſtathius. Penelope (obſerves that author) anſwers with profound wiſdom; her words are ſhort, but contain excellent truth and morality: this is her meaning: "Euryclea, you ap-" peal to your ſenſes for the truth of your affirmation; you ſaw "the wound, and touched it as you bathed him; and he forbade "you to make a diſcovery of his perſon: from hence you con-"clude, that it is Ulyſſes who has ſlain the ſuitors; not remem-"bering that the gods are able thus to ſhew themſelves to man, "and aſſume at their pleaſure ſuch diſguiſes: how then do you "know but this is a god? Are you able to know the ways of a "deity?" To this Euryclea makes no reply; from whence we may gather, that it was believed to be an undeniable truth, that the divine beings ſometimes aſſumed the ſhape of man, and appeared viſibly upon earth. Such expreſſions as theſe might almoſt perſuade us of the reality of a former conjecture, that theſe notions were borrowed from a tradition of the appearances of angels; they being ſo conſonant to the teſtimony of the holy ſcriptures, and ſo agreeable to the manifeſtations of thoſe celeſtial beings.

v. 89. *At ev'ry ſtep debates, her lord to prove!*
Or ruſhing to his arms, confeſs her love!]

Penelope apprehends that the perſon mentioned by Euryclea is not Ulyſſes; yet her apprehenſions are not ſo ſtrong as to exclude all hopes that he is her huſband; in this ſtate of uncertainty ſhe deſcends, doubtful whether to meet him as ſuch, or firſt to prove him whether he be the real Ulyſſes; and this explains her conduct in this place: if he evidently were Ulyſſes, ſhe ought to receive him with tranſport; but if he be not Ulyſſes, then all ſuch advances would be acts of immodeſty, and a reproach to her prudence. Ladies are beſt judges of what is decent amongſt ladies, and Madam Dacier affirms, that the point of decency is well maintained by Homer through this whole interview; and that antiquity can ſhew nothing wherein a ſeverity of manners is better obſerved. And indeed it muſt be allowed, that in this reſpect Penelope proceeds with no more than a neceſſary caution; it would have been very abſurd to have deſcribed her flying to the embraces

Then gliding thro' the marble valves, in ſtate
Oppos'd, before the ſhining fire ſhe ſat.
The monarch, by a column high enthron'd,
His eye withdrew, and fix'd it on the ground;
Curious to hear his queen the ſilence break:
Amaz'd ſhe ſat, and impotent to ſpeak;

of a ſtranger, merely upon the teſtimony of Euryclea, without waiting for a perſonal and ocular demonſtration.

v. 93. *The monarch, by a column high enthron'd.*] The circumſtance of perſons of figure being placed by a column occurs frequently in the Odyſſey; it may therefore be neceſſary to explain it: it is mentioned twice in the eighth book, πρὸς κίονα μακρὸν ἐρείσας, but being there applied to Demodocus who was blind, it may be thought to mean only that he leaned againſt the pillar by reaſon of his blindneſs; but this is not the full import of the words, they denote dignity; and a ſeat erected near the column was a ſeat of diſtinction. Thus 2 Kings xi. 14. "Behold the king ſtood by a "pillar," ἐπὶ τοῦ στύλου, "as the manner was, and the princes, &c. "by the king." Thus we ſee the royal ſtation was by ſome remarkable pillar; Joſephus expreſſes it by ἐπὶ τῆς σκηνῆς, which probably is a corruption; it ought to be ἐπὶ τῆς στήλης, "juxta "columnam:" thus again, 2 Kings xxiii. 3. "And the king "ſtood by a pillar, and made a covenant," &c. So that by this expreſſion of Ulyſſes being ſeated by a column, we are to underſtand that he received Penelope as a king: he took the royal ſeat, to convince her that he was the real Ulyſſes.

v. 94. ——— *withdrew, and fix'd it on the ground;*
Curious to hear his queen the ſilence break.]

We have all along been vindicating the conduct of Penelope, for not immediately acknowledging Ulyſſes. Her ignorance of his perſon is her vindication; but how then is Ulyſſes to be juſtified, who is in no doubt about Penelope? Why does he not fly with tranſport to the wife of his affection? The reaſon is very evident: he very well knows that Penelope is uncertain about his perſon; he therefore forbears to offer violence to her modeſty by any careſſes, while ſhe is in this ſtate of uncertainty, and which decency requires her to refuſe, till ſhe is aſſured that the perſon who offers them is Ulyſſes.

Homer tells us, that Ulyſſes turned his eyes toward the ground. Euſtathius imagines, that he does it that Penelope may not immediately diſcover him; but perhaps the poet intended no more than to draw Ulyſſes here, as he drew him in the Iliad, lib. iii. and deſcribe him according to his uſual behaviour.

——— In thought profound,
His modeſt eyes he fix'd upon the ground.

O'er all the man her eyes ſhe rolls in vain,
Now hopes, now fears, now knows, then doubts again.
At length Telemachus—Oh who can find
A woman like Penelope unkind?
Why thus in ſilence? why with winning charms
Thus ſlow, to fly with rapture to his arms?
Stubborn the breaſt that with no tranſport glows,
When twice ten years are paſt of mighty woes:
To ſoftneſs loſt, to ſpouſal love unknown,
The gods have form'd that rigid heart of ſtone!
O my Telemachus! the queen rejoin'd,
Diſtracting fears confound my lab'ring mind;

Thus alſo he is repreſented by Ovid. Metam. lib. xiii.

"Aſtitit atque oculos paulum tellure moratos
"Suſtulit" ———

Then from his ſeat aroſe Laertes' ſon,
Look'd down awhile, and paus'd ere he begun. Dryden.

v. 96. *Amaz'd ſhe ſat, and impotent to ſpeak.*] The reader will certainly be curious to know how Penelope accoſts Ulyſſes in this firſt interview, and the poet manages it with excellent judgment: ſhe muſt be ſuppoſed to be under a great ſurpriſe and confuſion of thought; this ſurpriſe takes away her ſpeech; ſhe is toſt between hopes and fears, and conſequently it is very natural, before ſhe ſpeaks, to examine him with her eyes.

v. 106. *The gods have form'd that rigid heart of ſtone.*]] It has been objected that Telemachus here makes too free a remonſtrance to Penelope; and that he is wanting in reverence towards his mother. Euſtathius anſwers, that he ſpeaks no more than Ulyſſes ſays himſelf, in the proceſs of the ſtory, and conſequently he is no more blameable. But the caſe is not the ſame, there is a difference between a ſon and a huſband, and what is decent in the mouth of the latter would be irreverent in the former. Spondanus is of opinion, that he offends againſt decency, "juveniliter nimis inſulta-"vit;" and Ulyſſes ſeems to repreſs his ardour.

Indulge, my ſon, the cautions of the wiſe ———
No more ———

Dacier anſwers, that Telemachus being fully aſſured that it is the real Ulyſſes, ſeems ſhocked at the indifference of Penelope. And indeed the warmth of the expreſſion is to be imputed to the emotion of the ſpeaker; ſo that we are not to look upon it as an outrage of decency towards Penelope, but a warm expoſtulation occaſioned by his zeal for Ulyſſes.

Pow'rless to speak, I scarce uplift my eyes,
Nor dare to question: doubts on doubts arise.
Oh deign he, if Ulysses, to remove
These boding thoughts, and what he is, to prove!
  Pleas'd with her virtuous fears, the king replies,
Indulge, my son, the cautions of the wife;
Time shall the truth to sure remembrance bring:
This garb of poverty belies the king;
No more.——This day our deepest care requires,
Cautious to act what thought mature inspires.
If one man's blood, tho' mean, distain our hands,
The homicide retreats to foreign lands;

v. 116. *This garb of poverty belies the king.*] This expression furnishes another cause for the incredulity of Penelope; Ulysses imputes it to his disguise, and is far from resenting it as a want of conjugal affection. I must confess, that here may seem to be an unseasonable transition: Homer brings Ulysses and Penelope together, raises our expectations to see a warm and tender description at the discovery of the husband to the wife, and all of a sudden he starts from the subject, and leaves us under an uncertainty equal to that of Penelope. The scene closes too abruptly, and Homer acts like one who invites his guests to an entertainment, and when they were sat down with an eager appetite, takes away their dinner. But then it may be answered, that the occasion presses: Ulysses finds it necessary to provide for his own safety, before the people of Ithaca are informed of the slaughter of the suitors; this is the dictate of good sense; he first acts the wise man, by guarding against an imminent danger; and then shews the tender husband, by his affection to Penelope: and this is the reason why he adjourns the discovery. Besides, this interval, which is very short, gives time to Penelope to recollect her spirits from surprise, and makes her mistress of her own thoughts. In that view the reader is to look upon this break, like a pause between the acts in a tragedy, and as an artful interruption to introduce the unravelling more naturally, and with greater probability.

v. 119. *If one man's blood*——] Ulysses here argues very conclusively: if the person who has shed one man's blood only, and that man of inferiour station; if he is yet obliged to fly into banishment, lest he should be slain by any of the dead persons relations or friends; what have they to fear, who have not only slain one man, but above an hundred, and these not plebeians, but princes? They must necessarily have many avengers, who will be ready to pursue our lives.

But it may be objected, that Ulysses is a king, and therefore above apprehensions of punishment. It is true Ulysses is a king,

By us, in heaps th' illuſtrious peerage falls,
Th' important deed our whole attention calls.
Be that thy care, Telemachus replies,
The world conſpires to ſpeak Ulyſſes wiſe;
For wiſdom all is thine! lo I obey,
And dauntleſs follow where you lead the way;
Nor ſhalt thou in the day of danger find
Thy coward ſon degen'rate lag behind.
Then inſtant to the bath, (the monarch cries)
Bid the gay youth and ſprightly virgins riſe,
Thence all deſcend in pomp and proud array,
And bid the dome reſound the mirthful lay;
While the ſweet lyriſt airs of rapture ſings,
And forms the dance reſponſive to the ſtrings.
That hence th' eluded paſſengers may ſay,
Lo! the queen weds! we hear the ſpouſal lay!

yet ſubject to the laws: his government was not ſo deſpotic, as to have no reaſon to fear the reſentments of the chief families of his ſubjects, whoſe heirs were ſlain by his hand. I cannot entirely agree with Dacier in this laſt ſentiment: Ulyſſes had only done an act of juſtice upon theſe offenders, and had tranſgreſſed no law by it, and ought therefore to apprehend no vengeance from the law. I ſhould rather aſcribe the apprehenſions of Ulyſſes, to a fear of a ſudden aſſault from the friends of the ſuitors, before he could diſcover himſelf to be the real Ulyſſes. He is afraid of an aſſaſſination, not a legal puniſhment; the rage of the people, not the juſtice of the law.

v. 122. *Th' important deed our whole attention calls.*] Ulyſſes, to prove Telemachus, and to form a judgment of his wiſdom, aſks his advice upon the preſent emergence; but the poet, in his anſwer obſerves a due decency: Telemachus pays a laudable deference to the ſuperiour wiſdom of Ulyſſes, and modeſtly ſubmits to his judgment. What we are to gather from this conduct is, that no perſon ſhould be ſo ſelf-confiding in his own judgment, as to deſpiſe that of other men, though thoſe men are inferiour in wiſdom.

v. 135. *That hence th' eluded paſſengers may ſay,*
Lo! the queen weds ——————]

This is an inſtance of the art of Ulyſſes, eſſential to his character, and maintained through the whole Odyſſey. Euſtathius excellently explains the reaſon of this conduct; the ſuitors had been accuſtomed to retire from the palace, and ſleep in other places by night: it

The fuitors death unknown, 'till we remove
Far from the court, and act infpir'd by Jove.
Thus fpoke the king: the obfervant train obey,
At once they bathe, and drefs in proud array:
The lyrift ftrikes the ftring; gay youths advance,
And fair-zon'd damfels form the fprightly dance.
The voice, attun'd to inftrumental founds,
Afcends the roof; the vaulted roof rebounds;
Not unobferv'd: the Greeks eluded fay
Lo! the queen weds! we hear the fpoufal lay!
Inconftant! to admit the bridal hour.
Thus they—but nobly chafte fhe weds no more.

would therefore have alarmed the whole city, and made them apprehenfive that fome calamity had befallen them, if there had not appeared a feeming reafon why they returned not to their feveral houfes as ufual; Ulyffes therefore invents this ftratagem to deceive them into an opinion that they ftayed to celebrate the queen's nuptials. But there appears to be a ftrong objection againft this part of the relation: we have already feen the fuitors flain, without being heard by the Ithacans of the city; is it then probable that the found of the mufic fhould be heard abroad, when the cries, fhouts, and groans, during the fight, were not heard out of the palace? Was the mufic louder than thefe united noifes? It is not eafy to folve this difficulty, unlefs we are allowed to imagine that the more than ufual ftay of the fuitors in the palace had raifed the curiofity of fome of the Ithacans to inquire the reafon of it; who confequently approaching the palace might hear the mufic and dancing, and conclude that it was occafioned by the queen's marriage. Befides, in the ftillnefs of the night, a lower found may be further heard, than one more loud, during the noife and hurry of the day: it being evident from the preceding book, that the fight was by day.

V. 137. ——— *'till we remove*
Far from the court ———]

It may be afked what occafions this recefs of Ulyffes? Will he be better able to refift his enemies in the country than in the city? The anfwer is, he withdraws that he may avoid the firft refentments of the Ithacans, upon the difcovery of the death of the fuitors: befides, it is by this method in his power to conceal his perfon, till the violence of the people is fettled; or raife a party to refift their efforts; at the worft, he is certain to fecure his flight, if his affairs fhould be reduced to extremities.

Meanwhile the weary'd king the bath aſcends;
With faithful cares Eurynomè attends,
O'er ev'ry limb a ſhow'r of fragrance ſheds:
Then dreſt in pomp, magnificent he treads.
The warriour-goddeſs gives his frame to ſhine
With majeſty enlarg'd, and grace divine.
Back from his brows in wavy ringlets fly
His thick large locks, of hyacinthine dye.
As by ſome artiſt to whom Vulcan gives
His heav'nly ſkill, a breathing image lives;
By Pallas taught, he frames the wond'rous mould,
And the pale ſilver glows with fuſil gold:
So Pallas his heroic form improves
With bloom divine, and like a god he moves;
More high he treads, and iſſuing forth in ſtate,
Radiant before his gazing conſort ſat.
And oh my queen! he cries; what pow'r above
Has ſteel'd that heart, averſe to ſpouſal love!
Canſt thou, Penelope, when heav'n reſtores
Thy loſt Ulyſſes to his native ſhores,
Canſt thou, oh cruel! unconcern'd ſurvey
Thy loſt Ulyſſes, on this ſignal day?
Haſte, Euryclea, and diſpatchful ſpread
For me, and me alone, th' imperial bed:

v. 171. ——— *diſpatchful ſpread*
For me, and me alone, th' imperial bed.]

These words have give occaſion of cenſure from Monſieur de la Mothe de Vayer; according to whom the precaution of Penelope is not much to be admired; "Ulyſſes made himſelf ſuſpicious by "expreſſing ſo much eagerneſs to go to bed with Penelope; ſhe "was ſo far from having time enough to know him, that ſhe had "ſcarce ſpoke three words to him, but he bluntly commands Eu-"ryclea to get the bed ready for them." So that, according to this author, Penelope miſtruſts his impatience; ſhe imagines the reaſon why he is ſo haſty, is becauſe he fears that a longer time would diſcover his impoſture, and fruſtrate his deſires. And indeed if Ulyſſes had given ſuch a command, the objection had not been without a foundation. But La Mothe is deceived: Ulyſſes does not aſk a bed for himſelf and Penelope, but for himſelf alone, be-

My weary nature craves the balm of reſt:
But heav'n with adamant has arm'd her breaſt.
Ah no! ſhe cries, a tender heart I bear,
A foe to pride; no adamant is there;
And now, ev'n now it melts! for ſure I ſee
Once more Ulyſſes my belov'd in thee!
Fix'd in my ſoul as when he ſail'd to Troy,
His image dwells: then haſte the bed of joy!
Haſte, from the bridal bow'r the bed tranſlate,
Fram'd by his hand, and be it dreſt in ſtate!
Thus ſpeaks the queen, ſtill dubious, with diſguiſe;
Touch'd at her words, the king with warmth replies,

cauſe his wife vouchſafed not to come near him, and uſed him with a ſeeming cruelty.

——— Ἀλλ' ἄγε μοι, μαῖα, στόρεσον λέχος, ὄφρα καὶ αὐτὸς
λέξομαι ——————

which is literally enough rendered in the tranſlation,

Haſte Euryclea, and diſpatchful ſpread
For me, and me alone, th' imperial bed.

v. 175. *Ah no! ſhe cries, a tender heart I bear,*
A foe to pride; no adamant is there.]

It is not eaſy to tranſlate this paſſage literally.

——————— ὔτ' ἄρτι μεγαλίζομαι, οὐδ' ἀθερίζω,
οὐδὲ λίην ἄγαμαι.

Euſtathius explains *μεγαλίζομαι* to ſignify, "I am not of a proud "heart;" ἀθερίζω "I deſpiſe not your poverty;" *ἄγαμαι*, "I "am no longer under an aſtoniſhment;" or οὐδὲ λίην ἐκπλήττομαι, "I ceaſe to be ſurpriſed at what I ſee and hear." Thus Penelope ſpeaks negatively, and the meaning of her words are, that ſhe is not influenced by pride and cruelty, to perſiſt in her incredulity, but by a laudable care and caution. Euſtathius propoſes Penelope as a pattern to all women upon the like occaſion; her own eyes perſuade her that the perſon with whom ſhe confers is Ulyſſes; Euryclea acknowledges her maſter; Telemachus his father; yet ſhe dares not immediately credit her own eyes, Euryclea, or Telemachus: and the ſame author concludes with a pretty obſervation, that Ulyſſes found it eaſier to ſubdue above an hundred enemies, than the diffidence and incredulity of Penelope.

v. 183. *Thus ſpeaks the queen, ſtill dubious* ———] It muſt be allowed that this is a very artful turn of thought in Penelope,

Alas for this! what mortal ſtrength can move
Th' enormous burthen, who but heav'n above?

Ulyſſes commands a bed to be prepared, Penelope catches the word, and ſeeming to conſent, orders Euryclea to carry the bed out of the bridal apartment, and prepare it. Now this bed was of ſuch a nature as to be inwrought into the ſubſtance of the apartment itſelf, and could not be removed: if therefore Ulyſſes had acquieſced in the injunction given by Penelope, and not diſcovered the impoſſibility of it, ſhe might very juſtly have concluded him an impoſtor, being manifeſtly ignorant of the ſecret of his own marriage bed

But Euſtathius ſtarts an objection againſt this whole proceſs of the diſcovery, which he calls inſolvable; and indeed if Homer fails in the unravelling of his poem, he is to be ſeverely blamed: Tully is of this opinion. "Illic enim debet toto animo a poetâ in diſſo- "lutionem nodi agi; eaque præcipua fabulæ pars eſt, quæ requi- "rit diligentiam." The difficulty raiſed by Euſtathius is as follows: Penelope imagines that the perſon who pretends to be her huſband, is not really Ulyſſes, but a god, who not only aſſumes his form, but, to favour the impoſture, the reſemblance of the wound received from the boar: now if he be a god, how is it poſſible ſhe ſhould conceive him to be ignorant of the ſecret of the marriage bed, and conſequently how can ſhe be convinced of the reality of Ulyſſes from his knowledge of it, when it muſt neceſſarily be known to a god, as well as to the real Ulyſſes? All that ſhe ought to gather from it is, that the perſon with whom ſhe ſpeaks is Ulyſſes, or a god. Euſtathius replies, that Penelope, upon the diſcovery of the ſecret makes no ſcruple to yield; becauſe whether it be Ulyſſes, or a god, her caſe is happy; if he prove to be Ulyſſes, ſhe has her wiſhes; if a god, it is no ſmall piece of good fortune. Dacier condemns this ſolution, and tells us, that Penelope was ſo faithful to her huſband, that ſhe would not have received even a god in the place of Ulyſſes: the true anſwer (continues that author) is to be drawn from the pagan theology, according to which the inferiour deities were ſuppoſed to have a finite knowledge, and conſequently Penelope might think the diſcovery of the nuptial bed a full conviction of the reality of Ulyſſes, it being ſo great a ſecret that even a god might be ignorant of it. But this is all fancy; for allowing this perſon to be a god, why might not Penelope imagine him to be a deity of the ſuperiour order, and for that reaſon well acquainted with the ſecrets of this nuptial bower? eſpecially becauſe Jupiter himſelf was notorious for ſuch amorous illuſions. Dacier herſelf confeſſes this to be no juſt ſolution, but gives a very different reaſon: how is it poſſible (ſays ſhe) that this bed and whole apartment ſhould be built by the ſingle hand of Ulyſſes, without being ſeen by any perſon while he builds it? or how can any one be aſſured that a ſecret that is known to a third perſon (Actoris) is not through weakneſs or intereſt diſcovered to others? It is true the manner of the diſcovery entirely depends upon the

It mocks the weak attempts of human hands;
But the whole earth must move, if heav'n commands.

choice of the poet; but I could wish that he had chosen a method more probable than this of the nuptial bed, which in my judgment (continues the same author) is unworthy of the Odyssey. I am persuaded that this is one of the places where (as Horace writes) Homer nods.

I will lay together what occurs to me by way of reply. The first objection is, that Penelope imagines Ulysses to be a god, and consequently his knowledge of the nuptial bed ought not to have induced her to believe him to be the real Ulysses. The answer is, Penelope thought him a god only during her first transport; it is to be imputed to her surprise, that she at all thinks him a deity. This is very evident, for from the moment she saw him, the thought of his divinity vanishes, and she never mentions one word concerning such a supposition, nay from the first glance she almost believes him to be the real Ulysses.

O'er all the man her eyes she rolls in vain,
Now hopes, now fears, now knows, then doubts again.

She is so far from thinking him a deity, that she is almost persuaded that he is her husband. If this be allowed, the first difficulty ceases: for granting her belief that the person before her is a real man, and no man but Ulysses was acquainted with the nuptial bed; it follows, that this man is the real Ulysses, and that this incident is not ill chosen by the poet, in the discovery of Ulysses.

Dacier objects, that this apartment could not possibly be erected without being known to other persons; but we have seen Ulysses build a ship in a solitary island, without the assistance of any man, in the fifth Odyssey; and why may he not then be allowed to do the same, with respect to this nuptial bower? All kinds of arts in mechanics were antiently practised by the greatest personages, and their knowledge and dexterity in them was esteemed a glory. This consideration may perhaps reconcile the reader to this part of the discovery.

The only difficulty that now remains is this: Actoris, a female servant, is allowed to be in the secret; how then can Penelope be assured that she has not betrayed it? Homer himself obviates this objection; he has in a very solemn manner told us, that only twelve of all the female train were guilty of a breach of trust, and therefore Penelope may safely rely upon the fidelity of Actoris. Besides, it adds no small weight to this vindication of Homer, to observe, that the whole procedure of the discovery is accidental; how could Ulysses foreknow that the proof of his veracity would depend upon his knowledge of the bridal bower; and consequently it is not to be imagined that he should have made any clandestine enquiries

Then hear sure evidence, while we display
Words seal'd with sacred truth, and truth obey:
This hand the wonder fram'd; an olive spread
Full in the court its ever verdant head.
Vast as some mighty column's bulk, on high
The huge trunk rose, and heav'd into the sky;

about it: it may be added, that Ulysses has been no more than five days upon the Ithacan shores, and probably had never seen Actoris, who alone was acquainted with the nature of this bed: no person was antiently permitted to enter the women's apartment, but fathers, husbands, or brothers; this therefore was the greatest secret in all families; this secret Penelope proposes in the trial of Ulysses, and upon his knowledge of it receives him as her husband. To instance almost in a parallel case; Orestes in Euripides tells Iphigenia, that the lance which Pelops used in the combat against Ænomaus was lodged in her apartment; this circumstance convinces her that the person who knew this secret must be her brother Orestes, no persons of a more distant relation being admitted into such privacies.

v. 193. *Vast as some mighty column's bulk, on high*
The huge trunk rose ———]

I will not promise that the reader will be pleased with this description of the nuptial bower: the Greek is noble, and the words sounding and harmonious; an happiness that is wanting in our language. In this and the like cases the translator must say with Lucretius upon a like occasion,

" ——— Graiorum obscura reperta
" Difficile illustrare Latinis versibus esse,
" Propter Egestatem linguæ, & rerum novitatem."

Besides, it must be allowed that the relation itself is very wonderful; for it is not easy to conceive that the bole of an olive tree should be so large as to contain upon the dimensions of it a whole bedstead. I would willingly imagine that it is only a supporter of it. It is likewise somewhat extraordinary that this olive tree is not felled, or cut up from the roots; for Eustathius informs us, that πρετάμων signifies " to cut asunder at some distance from the " earth;" so that a great part of the trunk is left standing, upon which Ulysses builds his bridal bed. What occurs to me upon this incident is, that Homer must be imagined to write according to the customs of the age in which he lived, unless we can suppose he unnecessarily invented an absurdity: I therefore doubt not but there were antiently such beds as this of Ulysses. Besides, the more wonderful this bed is, the better it serves for the purpose of Homer, in convincing us that the person, who was acquainted with

Around the tree I rais'd a nuptial bow'r
And roof'd defenſive of the ſtorm and ſhow'r;
The ſpacious valve, with art inwrought, conjoins;
And the fair dome with poliſh'd marble ſhines.
I lopp'd the branchy head; aloft in twain
Sever'd the bole, and ſmooth'd the ſhining grain;
Then poſts, capacious of the frame, I raiſe,
And bore it, regular, from ſpace to ſpace:
Athwart the frame, at equal diſtance lie
Thongs of tough hides, that boaſt a purple dye;
Then poliſhing the whole, the finiſh'd mould
With ſilver ſhone, with elephant, and gold.
But if o'erturn'd by rude, ungovern'd hands,
Or ſtill inviolate the olive ſtands,
'Tis thine, oh queen, to ſay: and now impart,
If fears remain, or doubts diſtract thy heart?
  While yet he ſpeaks, her pow'rs of life decay,
She ſickens, trembles, falls, and faints away:
At length recov'ring, to his arms ſhe flew,
And ſtrain'd him cloſe, as to his breaſt ſhe grew:
The tears pour'd down amain: and oh, ſhe cries,
Let not againſt thy ſpouſe thine anger riſe!
O vers'd in every turn of human art,
Forgive the weakneſs of a woman's heart!
The righteous pow'rs that mortal lots diſpoſe,
Decree us to ſuſtain a length of woes,

a matter ſo uncommon, muſt be the real Ulyſſes, and not an impoſtor: it is for this purpoſe that the poet deſcribes the bower built round the olive tree, before the framing of the bed is at all mentioned.

> Around the tree I rais'd a nuptial bow'r,
> And roof'd defenſive of the ſtorm and ſhow'r;
> Then lopp'd the branchy head; aloft in twain
> Sever'd the bole, and ſmooth'd the ſhining grain.

This, I ſay, is particularly deſcribed by Homer, to convince us that the place where the bed ſtood was entirely ſecret; it being cloſed up from obſervation before this particular apartment was undertaken, and therefore the knowledge of it was a ſtrong argument that the perſon who was acquainted with it muſt be the real Ulyſſes,

And from the flow'r of life, the bliss deny
To bloom together, fade away, and die.
O let me, let me not thine anger move,
That I forbore, thus, thus, to speak my love;
Thus in fond kisses, while the transport warms,
Pour out my soul, and die within thy arms!
I dreaded fraud! Men, faithless men, betray
Our easy faith, and make the sex their prey:
Against the fondness of my heart I strove,
'Twas caution, oh my lord! not want of love:
Like me had Helen fear'd, with wanton charms
Ere the fair mischief set two worlds in arms;

v. 231. *Like me had Helen fear'd ——*] This passage occasioned great disputes amongst the antient critics; some contended for the common punctuation; others thus read it,

Εἰ ᾔδη, —— ——

Then the meaning of the passage is thus to be understood. Helen would not have yielded to a stranger, if she had known that stranger, εἰ ᾔδη, ἄνδρα is to be understood according to this interpretation. The same critics thus construe the following words,

Ὃ μιν αὖτις ἀρήϊοι υἷες Ἀχαιῶν.

Ὃ is the same with δι' ὃ, "propter hanc causam," and the whole passage is thus to be translated, "If Helen had known the stranger, "she would not have yielded to him; therefore the Greeks rose in "arms to free her from the impostor." They defend this application by having recourse to a tradition, that Paris could never have obtained the consent of Helen if Venus had not given him the resemblance of Menelaus, in whose form he prevailed upon that fatal beauty: otherwise the instance is no way parallel; for if Helen was not deceived, how can her example be brought to induce Penelope to act with caution, lest she take an impostor to her bed instead of an husband? I confess this construction of the Greek appears to me very obscure; contrary to the style of Homer, which is always clear and natural. Besides, it contradicts the whole story of Helen through the Iliad and Odyssey, and she herself no where alledges this deceit as her excuse, but frequently condemns her own conduct in forsaking the bed of Menelaus. But granting that she was thus deceived originally, the deceit must necessarily soon appear, and yet she voluntarily cohabits many years with Paris. The other interpretation may therefore perhaps be preferable; namely, if Helen had considered what evils might ensue from her injury to Menelaus, she would have acted more wisely: this Penelope in-

Ere Greece rose dreadful in th' avenging day;
Thus had she fear'd, she had not gone astray.
But heav'n, averse to Greece, in wrath decreed
That she should wander, and that Greece should bleed:
Blind to the ills that from injustice flow,
She colour'd all our wretched lives with woe.
But why these sorrows when my lord arrives?
I yield, I yield! my own Ulysses lives!
The secrets of the bridal bed are known
To thee, to me, to Actoris alone,
(My father's present in the spousal hour,
The sole attendant on our genial bow'r.)
Since what no eye has seen thy tongue reveal'd,
Hard and distrustful as I am, I yield.
Touch'd to the soul the king with rapture hears,
Hangs round her neck, and speaks his joy in tears.
As to the shipwreck'd mariner, the shores
Delightful rise, when angry Neptune roars;
Then, when the surge in thunder mounts the sky,
And gulf'd in crouds at once the sailors die;
If one more happy, while the tempest raves,
Out-lives the tumult of conflicting waves,
All pale, with ooze deform'd, he views the strand,
And plunging forth with transport grasps the land:
The ravish'd queen with equal rapture glows,
Clasps her lov'd lord, and to his bosom grows.
Nor had they ended 'till the morning ray:
But Pallas backward held the rising day,

troduces to vindicate her conduct in acting with so much caution; she opposes her wariness to the inconsiderateness of Helen, and ascribes all the calamities of Greece to it.

v. 260. *But Pallas backward held the rising day*] We are not to look upon this merely as a poetical ornament, there is no necessity for it. The battle between the suitors and Ulysses happened in the evening; since then we have seen the palace purified, the dead suitors carried away, and the female servants punished; Euryclea has held a long conference with Penelope, there has been singing and dancing in the palace, and an interview at large described be-

The wheels of night retarding, to detain
The gay Aurora in the wavy main:
Whose flaming steeds, emerging thro' the night,
Beam o'er the eastern hills with streaming light.
  At length Ulysses with a sigh replies:
Yet fate, yet cruel fate repose denies;
A labour long, and hard, remains behind;
By heav'n above, by hell beneath enjoin'd:
For, to Tiresias thro' th' eternal gates
Of hell I trod, to learn my future fates.
But end we here——the night demands repose,
Be deck'd the couch! and peace awhile, my woes!
  To whom the queen. Thy word we shall obey,
And deck the couch; far hence be woes away;
Since the just gods, who tread the starry plains
Restore thee safe, since my Ulysses reigns.
But what those perils heav'n decrees, impart;
Knowledge may grieve, but fear distracts the heart.

tween Ulysses and Penelope; then the poet proceeds to recapitulate the story of the whole Odyssey: now all these incidents could not be comprehended in the compass of one night: Homer therefore, to reconcile it to probability, introduces Minerva to protract it, and make the time proportionable to the incidents. But perhaps it may be thought a violent machine, and contrary to the established laws of nature, to suppose the course of the night alterable: the answer is, poets are allowed to write according to common fame, and what Homer here relates could not shock the ears of the antients, who had before heard of the like story at the conception of Hercules. I will only observe, that Homer gives no more than two horses to Aurora's chariot, Lampus and Phaethon; whereas the chariot of the sun is described with four: thus Ovid,

> "Interea volucres Pyroeis, Eous, & Æthon,
> "Solis equi, quartusque Phlegon."

v. 278. *Knowledge may grieve, but fear distracts the heart.*] Ulysses had said in the sentence immediately preceding,

> A labour long, and hard, remains.

This could not fail of alarming Penelope, and raising all her curiosity to know it. Homer would greatly have offended against nature, if he had not describ'd her under an impatience upon the

To this the king. Ah why muſt I diſcloſe
A dreadful ſtory of approaching woes?
Why in this hour of tranſport wound thy ears,
When thou muſt learn what I muſt ſpeak with tears?
Heav'n, by the Theban ghoſt, thy ſpouſe decrees
Torn from thy arms, to ſail a length of ſeas;
From realm to realm a nation to explore
Who ne'er knew ſalt, or heard the billows roar,
Nor ſaw gay veſſel ſtem the ſurgy plain,
A painted wonder, flying on the main;
An oar my hand muſt bear; a ſhepherd eyes
The unknown inſtrument with ſtrange ſurpriſe,
And calls a corn-van: this upon the plain
I fix, and hail the monarch of the main;
Then bathe his altars with the mingled gore
Of victims vow'd, a ram, a bull, a boar:
Thence ſwift re-ſailing to my native ſhores,
Due victims ſlay to all th' ætherial pow'rs.
Then heav'n decrees in peace to end my days,
And ſteal myſelf from life by ſlow decays;

mention of it; her fondneſs is too ſincere to be indifferent upon ſuch a ſuggeſtion, but her anſwer to Ulyſſes chiefly demands obſervation.

> If heav'n a kind releaſe from ills foreſhows;
> Triumph, thou happy victor of thy woes!

This diſcovers a greatneſs of ſpirit worthy of a queen and heroine: ſhe is threatened to loſe Ulyſſes by a ſecond abſence, ſhe is alarmed with a new train of his ſufferings; but being informed that all theſe calamities will end in a proſperous iſſue, that long life and happineſs attend him, ſhe not only takes courage perſonally, but comforts her huſband. Homer was too good a judge of decency to aſcribe the weakneſs that attends the generality of that ſex to Penelope; ſhe has a bravery of ſoul worthy of a heroine in epic poetry. Beſides, this is a further inſtance of Homer's judgment; the event of the Odyſſey is to ſhew Ulyſſes happy; now if the poet had not fully ſatisfied the reader in this reſpect, he had not reinſtated his hero in proſperity, and conſequently had defeated the moral of the Odyſſey, which is to ſhew wiſdom and virtue triumphant, by repreſenting his hero after all difficulties ſettled in full tranquillity.

Unknown to pain in age refign my breath,
When late ftern Neptune points the fhaft of death;
To the dark grave retiring as to reft;
My people bleffing, by my people bleft.
  Such future fcenes th' all-righteous pow'rs difplay,
By their dread * feer, and fuch my future day.
  To whom thus firm of foul: If ripe for death,
And full of days, thou gently yield thy breath:
While heav'n a kind releafe from ills forefhows;
Triumph, thou happy victor of thy woes!
  But Euryclea with difpatchful care,
And fage Eurynomè, the couch prepare:
Inftant they bid the blazing torch difplay
Around the dome an artificial day;
Then to repofe her fteps the matron bends,
And to the queen Eurynomè defcends;
A torch fhe bears to light with guiding fires
The royal pair; fhe guides them, and retires.
Then inftant his fair fpoufe Ulyffes led
To the chafte love-rites of the nuptial bed.

* Tirefias.

v. 317. —— —— *his fair fpoufe Ulyffes led*
To the chafte love-rites of the nuptial bed]

The reader may be pleafed to confult the annotations on book xi. v. 152, &c. concerning the anfwer of Ulyffes to Penelope; it being a repetition from that part of the Odyffey.

Euftathius informs us, that Ariftarchus, and Ariftophanes the grammarian, thought the verfe quoted at the head of this remark, to be the conclufion of the Odyffey, and confequently they judged the remaining part of this book, and the whole xxivth, fuppofititious: thofe who were of a contrary opinion replied, that by ending the poem with that verfe, many incidents of great importance would be rejected: for inftance, the recapitulation of the whole Odyffey, and efpecially the difcovery of Ulyffes to his father Laertes, with all the beautiful fictions contained in it. They add, that if the little relation that the beginning of that book bears to the fubject of the poem, be a reafon for the rejection of it, we muft for the fame reafon abridge the poem, and reject a multitude of the fables which are fcattered through the whole courfe of it. It may therefore be conjectured that Ariftarchus and Ariftophanes were

And now the blooming youths and ſprightly fair
Ceaſe the gay dance, and to their reſt repair;

not of opinion that the poem ended with this verſe, but only the moſt neceſſary and important incidents. Caſaubon, in a remark upon a paſſage of Strabo, favours the opinion of Ariſtarchus, for he there ſpeaks of the laſt book as if he ſuſpected it to be ſpurious; and Rapin joins in the ſame judgment. Homer is to be defended in another manner, than by ſuch arguments as are brought in anſwer to Ariſtarchus. The ſame objection has been made againſt the two laſt books of the Iliad, as againſt theſe of the Odyſſey; the former ought to have ended with the deciſive action in the death of Hector, and the latter with the diſcovery of Ulyſſes to Penelope, when his happineſs ſeems to be eſtabliſhed. But there is no weight in theſe objections. There is a difference between the "unravel-"ling" of the action, and the full "accompliſhment of it;" the action is unravelled by the death of the ſuitors; but there are conſequences ariſing from their deaths that hinder the accompliſhment of the action, namely, the danger of the reſentments of their friends, who riſe in arms to revenge their ſlaughter; and till their inſurrection is pacified, Ulyſſes cannot be ſaid to be in a ſtate of ſecurity. The ſubject of the Iliad is the anger of Achilles: that of the Odyſſey, the re-eſtabliſhment of Ulyſſes in his dominions: now the anger of Achilles ends not with the death of Hector, nor is Ulyſſes fully re-eſtabliſhed by the death of the ſuitors; he has another obſtacle to overcome, and till the commotions of the Ithacans are appeaſed, the deſign of the poem is not executed, which is to ſhew Ulyſſes in peaceful poſſeſſion of his palace and authority. We ſee in this very book, that Ulyſſes is forced to fly from his own palace; can he then be ſaid to be re-eſtabliſhed in tranquillity? This very action demonſtrates, that what follows is part of the ſubject of the poem, and ſuch a part, as, if it had not been related, would have given us room to have imagined that Homer had never finiſhed it, or that the concluſion of it had been loſt. The beginning of the action is his ſailing from Troy toward his country; the middle contains all the calamities he ſuſtains in his return, the diſorders of his family before and after it; and the end of the action is his re-eſtabliſhment in the peaceful poſſeſſion of his kingdoms, when he is acknowledged by his wife, father, family, and ſubjects: now this is not compleated till the very end of the laſt book, and conſequently that book is not ſpurious, but eſſential. The poet had ended very injudiciouſly, if he had ſtopped before; for the reader would have remained unſatisfied in two neceſſary points, viz. how he was made known to Laertes, and what vengeance the chief families of the nation endeavoured to take againſt the deſtroyer of their ſons; but this ſtorm being once blown over, and all his ſubjects who had taken arms being either vanquiſhed or appeaſed, the action is compleated in all its parts, and conſummates the Odyſſey.

But in discourse the king and consort lay,
While the soft hours stole unperceiv'd away;
Intent he hears Penelope disclose
A mournful story of domestic woes,

v. 324. *A mournful story of domestic woes.*] It is with great judgment that the poet passes thus briefly over the story of Penelope; he makes her impatience to hear the history of Ulysses the pretended occasion of her conciseness; the true reason is, he is unwilling to tire his reader by repeating what he already knows: it is likewise remarkable, that Ulysses does not begin his own adventures by a detail of his sufferings during the war of Troy; for this would have been foreign to the design of the Odyssey; but with his sailing from Troy to the Cicons, and enters directly into the subject of it. He likewise concludes an epitome of the whole Odyssey in the compass of one and thirty lines: and purposely contracts it, because we are already acquainted with the whole relation.

Lycophron has given us a summary of the wanderings of Ulysses; which if any one is desirous to compare with this of Homer, he will see the difference between a clear and an obscure writer. Tibullus, in his Panegyric on Messala, has been more successful than Lycophron, he follows the order of Homer, and treads directly in his footsteps.

" Nam Ciconumque manus adversis repulit armis,
" Non valuit Lotos captos avertere cursus;
" Cessit & Etnææ Neptunius incola rupis,
" Victa Maronæo fœdatus lumina Baccho,
" Vexit & Æolios placidum per Nerea ventos;
" Incultos adiit Læstrygonas," &c.

Dacier is of opinion, that this recapitulation in Homer has a very good effect. I will translate her observation. We learn from it, that the subject of the Odyssey is not alone the return of Ulysses to his country, and his re-establishment in it; but that it comprehends all his wanderings and all his voyages; all that he saw, or suffered in his return to it; in a word, all that he underwent after he set sail from the shores of Troy: another advantage we reap from it is, that we see the order and train of the adventures of his hero, as they really happened, naturally and historically: for in his relation of them in his poem, he uses an artificial order; that is, he begins at the latter end, and finds an opportunity to insert all that precedes the opening of his poem by way of narration to the Phæacians: here he sets every event in its natural order, so that with a glance of the eye we may distinguish what gives continuity to the action, and what is comprehended in it. By this method we are able to separate the time of the duration of the poem, from the time of the duration of the action; for in reality the poem begins many years before the return of Ulysses; but Homer begins his action but thirty-five days before he lands in his own

His fervants infults, his invaded bed,
How his whole flocks and herds exhaufted bled,
His generous wines diſhonour'd fhed in vain,
And the wild riots of the fuitor-train.
The king alternate a dire tale relates,
Of wars, of triumphs, and difaftrous fates;
All he unfolds: his lift'ning fpoufe turns pale
With pleafing horrour at the dreadful tale;
Sleeplefs devours each word; and hears, how flain
Cicons on Cicons fwell th' enfanguin'd plain;
How to the land of Lote unbleft he fails;
And images the rills, and flow'ry vales!
How dafh'd like dogs, his friends the Cyclops tore,
(Not unreveng'd) and quaff'd the fpouting gore;
How the loud ftorms in prifon bound, he fails
From friendly Æolus with profp'rous gales;
Yet fate withftands! a fudden tempeft roars
And whirls him groaning from his native fhores:
How on the barb'rous Læftrigonian coaft,
By favage hands his fleet and friends he loft;
How fcarce himfelf furviv'd: he paints the bow'r,
The fpells of Circe, and her magic pow'r;
His dreadful journey to the realms beneath,
To feek Tirefias in the vales of death;
How in the doleful manfions he furvey'd
His royal mother, pale Anticlea's fhade;
And friends in battle flain, heroic ghofts!
Then how unharm'd he paft the Siren-coafts,
The juftling rocks where fierce Charybdis raves,
And howling Scylla whirls her thund'rous waves,
The cave of death! How his companions flay
The oxen facred to the god of day,

country. In the courfe therefore of the Odyffey, Homer gave us the artificial, here the natural order; which is an eafe and affiftance to the memory of the reader.

V. 355. ——— *How his companions flay*
The oxen facred to the god of day.]

'Till Jove in wrath the rattling tempeſt guides,
And whelms th' offenders in the roaring tides:
How ſtruggling thro' the ſurge, he reach'd the ſhores
Of fair Ogygia, and Calypſo's bow'rs; 360

The ſtory of theſe oxen is fully related, lib. xii. I refer to the annotations. The crime of the companions of Ulyſſes was ſacrilege, they having deſtroyed the herds ſacred to a god. Theſe herds were ſaid to be immortal: I have there given the reaſon of it, but too conciſely, and will therefore add a ſupplement from the Polyhymnia of Herodotus; I ought to have mentioned, that the body of ſoldiers called immortal, was a ſelect number of men in the army of Xerxes: ſo named, becauſe upon the death of any one of their number, whether by war or ſickneſs, another was immediately ſubſtituted into his room, ſo that they never amounted to more or leſs than ten thouſand. If we apply this piece of hiſtory to the herds of Apollo, it excellently explains Homer's poetry: they are called immortal, becauſe upon the death of any one of the whole herd, another was brought into its place; they are ſaid neither to increaſe nor decay, becauſe they were always of a fixed number, and continually ſupplied upon any vacancy.

The reader will be apprized of the heinouſneſs of the crime in killing theſe oxen, from an obſervation of Bochart, p. 314. The Phœnicians and Ægyptians ſo ſuperſtitiouſly abſtained from the fleſh of the ox, that, as Porphyry affirms, they would ſooner feed upon human fleſh than that of ſuch beaſts. Ælian tells us, that it was death amongſt the Phrygians to kill a labouring ox; and Varro, Ruſt. lib. ii. c. 5. thus writes; "ab hoc antiqui manus "ita abſtineri voluerunt, ut capite ſanxerint, ſi quis occidiſſet." Thus alſo Columella, in Præfat. lib. vii. "Cujus tanta fuit apud "antiquos veneratio, ut tam capitale eſſet bovem necâſſe, quam "civem."

I have been the more full upon this head, to ſhew that Homer's fiction is built upon a foundation of truth, and that he writes according to the religion of the antients: Rapin is very ſevere upon him for aſcribing the death of the companions of Ulyſſes, to the violation of theſe herds of Apollo. "The reaſon (ſays he) why "they are deſtroyed is very ridiculous, becauſe, lib. i.

—— —— they dar'd to prey
On herds devoted to the god of day.

"This is certainly a far-fetch'd deſtruction: the hero or the poet "was willing to be freed from them." But from this obſervation, they will be found to be guilty of ſacrilege, and a violation of what was regarded by the world with the utmoſt veneration; and conſequently the crime is adequate to the puniſhment. Be-

Where the gay blooming nymph constrain'd his stay,
With sweet reluctant amorous delay;
And promis'd, vainly promis'd, to bestow,
Immortal life exempt from age and woe;
How sav'd from storms Phæacia's coast he trod,
By great Alcinous honour'd as a god,
Who gave him last his country to behold,
With change of raiment, brass, and heaps of gold.
He ended, sinking into sleep, and shares
A sweet forgetfulness of all his cares.
Soon as soft slumber eas'd the toils of day,
Minerva rushes thro' th' aerial way,
And bids Aurora with her golden wheels
Flame from the ocean o'er the eastern hills:
Uprose Ulysses from the genial bed,
And thus with thought mature the monarch said.
My queen, my consort! thro' a length of years,
We drank the cup of sorrow mix'd with tears,
Thou, for thy lord; while me th' immortal pow'rs
Detain'd reluctant from my native shores.

sides, Horace, Epist. lib. i. gives sentence against these companions of Ulysses.

——— ——— "Cærite cerâ
"Digni, remigium vitiosum Ithacensis Ulyssei;
"Cui potior patriâ fuit interdicta voluptas."

v. 361. *Where the gay blooming nymph constrain'd his stay.*] This is a circumstance (observes Madam Dacier) that Ulysses ought by no means to forget; for it gives him an opportunity to pay an high compliment to his wife, by letting her know he preferred her person to that of Calypso a goddess: this is the reason why he enlarges upon it in five verses; whereas he concludes most of the other adventures in little more than one. But (adds that lady) we may easily believe that he was silent about the nature of his conversation with that nymph; and indeed it would have lessened the compliment, and perhaps his welcome home, if he had not been able to keep a secret; he is very cautious in this respect; he enlarges upon the fondness of Calypso for his person, but suppresses, for a very obvious reason, the kind returns he made for her civilities,

Now, bleſt again by heav'n, the queen diſplay,
And rule our palace with an equal ſway:
Be it my care, by loans, or martial toils,
To throng my empty folds, with gifts or ſpoils.
But now I haſte to bleſs Laertes' eyes
With ſight of his Ulyſſes ere he dies;
The good old man to waſting woes a prey,
Weeps a ſad life in ſolitude away.
But hear, tho' wiſe! This morning ſhall unfold
The deathful ſcene, on heroes, heroes roll'd;
Thou with thy maids within the palace ſtay,
From all the ſcene of tumult far away!
He ſpoke, and ſheath'd in arms, inceſſant flies
To wake his ſon; and bid his friends ariſe.
To arms! aloud he cries: his friends obey,
With glitt'ring arms their manly limbs array,
And paſs the city-gate; Ulyſſes leads the way.
Now flames the roſy dawn, but Pallas ſhrouds
The latent warriours in a veil of clouds.

v. 398. ——— *Pallas ſhrouds*
The latent warriours in a veil of clouds.]

Ulyſſes, to avoid obſervation, leaves the city at the point of day, before the darkneſs was quite diſpelled; this is the ſuggeſtion of his own wiſdom, which is figured by Minerva.

This book ends in the morning of the forty-firſt day. There are but few verſes in the tranſlation, more than in Homer: I ſpeak it not as if this were a beauty, it may as well be a fault; our heroic verſe conſiſts but of ten ſyllables, the Greek oftentimes of ſeventeen, as in this verſe,

Αὖτις ἔπειτα πέδονδε κυλίνδετο λᾶας ἀναιδής.

We therefore write with the diſadvantage of ſeven ſyllables, which makes it generally impoſſible to comprehend the ſenſe of one line in Homer within the compaſs of one line in a tranſlation, with any tolerable beauty; but in ſome parts, where the ſubject ſeemed to hang heavy, this has been attempted; with what ſucceſs, muſt be left to the reader.

THE

ODYSSEY.

*BOOK XXIV.

THE ARGUMENT.

The ſouls of the ſuitors are conducted by Mercury to the infernal ſhades. Ulyſſes in the country goes to the retirement of his father Laertes; he finds him buſied in his garden all alone: the manner of his diſcovery to him is beautifully deſcribed. They return together to his lodge, and the king is acknowledged by Dolius and the ſervants. The Ithacenſians, led by Eupithes the father of Antinous, riſe againſt Ulyſſes, who gives them battle, in which Eupithes is killed by Laertes: and the goddeſs Pallas makes a laſting peace between Ulyſſes and his ſubjects, which concludes the Odyſſey.

CYLLENIUS now to Pluto's dreary reign
Conveys the dead, a lamentable train!
The golden wand, that cauſes ſleep to fly,
Or in ſoft ſlumber ſeals the wakeful eye,

* It has been already proved, that this book is the genuine work of Homer; but perhaps the reader may not be diſpleaſed to ſee the reaſons why it was rejected by ſo great a critic as Ariſtarchus: I ſhall therefore lay them before him from Didymus and Spondanus.

Ariſtarchus affirms, that this is the only place in Homer where Mercury performs the office of conducting the ſouls of the dead; and that there is no proof he was known ſo early by the title of Cyl- ψυχοπομπὸς; that this is the only paſſage where he is called Cyllenius; that the ceremony of his guiding the ſouls is contrary to other deſcriptions of Homer, where they all deſcend without a guide into the manſions of the dead, even before the funeral rites. That it is abſurd to imagine a "white rock" in their kingdoms of darkneſs, &c. To theſe Didymus thus replies. If a ſingle

That drives the ghosts to realms of night or day;
Points out the long, uncomfortable way.

mention of any incident in Homer were a reason for its rejection, abundance of passages must be rejected. He thinks it a sufficient argument, that Mercury was called ψυχοπομπὸς, and Cyllenius, in the days of Homer, that he is here mentioned under these titles; but this is begging the question. He adds, that although the souls of the dead descend without a guide in other places, this hinders not but they may descend with one; for they are in other places only said in general to descend, whereas here the manner of their descent is particularized. Neither is it any objection against this book, to say that it is contrary to the manner of Homer to describe the shades of the dead received immediately into the state of Achilles, Agamemnon, &c. before the performance of their funeral ceremonies; this (says he) is a favour granted by Mercury to Ulysses, who was descended from that deity, he being the father of Arcisius, and consequently great grandfather to Ulysses. It was the opinion of the antients, that the shades of the deceased could visit the earth before the obsequies were finished, but not afterwards; this is evident from the words of Patroclus, Iliad xxiii.

——————— To the further shore,
When once we pass, the soul returns no more.

It is therefore out of favour to Ulysses, that Mercury introduces these shades into the region where Agamemnon resided, before the funeral ceremonies, that they might not return to earth and disquiet Ulysses. But there may be a stronger objection made against the former part of this book; namely, that this is an episode which has no relation to the principal subject, and that we may retrench it without destroying any part of the action essential to the Odyssey: but it may be answered, that though it makes no part of the principal action, yet it has a sufficient connection with it: it is the sequel of the death of the suitors, and consequently the principal action is the cause of it; it is drawn and deduced from it, and Homer makes a very happy use of it to adorn and diversify his poem, with the history of what happened before Troy, after the conclusion of the Iliad; and in particular, with the death of Achilles, and a description of his funeral ceremonies. Didymus, Dacier.

Plato in the beginning of his third dialogue, de Repub. brings an heavy charge against Homer, for the disadvantageous character he gives of a future state. He quotes the similitude of the bats, and affirms that the dreadful description of the condition of the dead, must deter mankind from hazarding their lives, even in the cause of their country. "Let us then (says that author) with the "permission of Homer and other poets, reject such relations, not "because they are unpoetical, not because they are unpleasant to "read, but because by how much they are more pleasant an-

Trembling the fpectres glide, and plaintive vent
Thin, hollow fcreams, along the deep defcent.
As in the cavern of fome rifted den,
Where flock nocturnal bats, and birds obfcene;
Clufter'd they hang, 'till at fome fudden fhock,
They move, and murmurs run thro' all the rock:
So cow'ring fled the fable heaps of ghofts,
And fuch a fcream fill'd all the difmal coafts.
And now they reach'd the Earth's remoteft ends,
And now the gates where ev'ning Sol defcends,
And Leucas' rock, and Ocean's utmoft ftreams,
And now pervade the dufky land of Dreams,

"poetical, by fo much they are more dangerous, and to be kept "from our youth, and men, who are born to affert their liberty "with the hazard of their lives, and prefer death to flavery." It muft be allowed that this is ftrong reafoning, and it is not eafy to guard the doctrine of Homer from fuch unhappy confequences; for why fhould men chufe to die, rather than be flaves, when by death they fall into a worfe condition? It will not be an anfwer to fay that Homer afferts a threefold ftate in futurity, viz. of the foul, the εἴδωλον, or "vehicle," and the body: and that while the "vehicle" is in this condition of horrours, the foul may be happy; for ftill the ftate of the dead is reprefented as a ftate of horrour, and man is in part (namely, in his εἴδωλον) miferable after death: nay, fo miferable that even Hercules, who was a god, and received amongft the deities, is yet tormented in hell; lib. xi.

> Here hov'ring ghofts, like fowl, his fhade furround,
> And clang their pinions with terrific found,
> Gloomy as night he ftands, in act to throw
> Th' aerial arrow from the twanging bow.

It will indeed be a vindication of Homer as a poet, to fay that he wrote according to the opinion of his age; and that fuch as was the notion of the antients of a future ftate, fuch is his defcription of it. I will only add, that we may collect from Plato, that he judged this book genuine, for he quotes this paffage as Homer's.

v. 17. *And Leucas' rock* ———] This defcription of the defcent into hell is more particular than that in the eleventh Odyffey; and each particular is well fuited to the fubject; the defcent is fabled to be by the ocean, becaufe the fun feems to defcend through it into night or the region of darknefs, in the weftern parts of

And rest at last, where souls unbodied dwell
In ever-flow'ring meads of Asphodel.
The empty forms of men inhabit there,
Impassive semblance, images of air!
Nought else are all that shin'd on earth before;
Ajax, and great Achilles are no more!

heaven. Milton fables the sun to rise through the gates of light, after the manner of the antients.

> ——————— 'Till morn,
> Wak'd by the circling hours, with rosy hand
> Unbarr'd the gates of light ———

The circumstance likewise of going through the region of Dreams is well chosen; dreams are the attendants of sleep, the brother of death; they come by night, and are therefore well imagined to have relation to the kingdom of death, and to be introductory to it; Virgil, in the descent of Æneas into hell, has borrowed this image,

> " ——— Quam sedem somnia vulgo
> " Vana tenere ferunt" ———
>
> The god of sleep there hides his heavy head,
> And empty dreams on every leaf are spread.

The only circumstance liable to objection is, the Leucadian, or white rock, which Aristarchus thought improperly placed in the road to the realms of darkness; but (replies Eustathius) this is only meant of a rock standing on the extremities of the earth, or a rock on which the last rays of the sun fall. Dacier imagines, that there is a further meaning in the expression: " There is an island " overagainst Arcarnania, on the west of Ithaca, called Leucas, " from a white rock standing in it; this rock was famous in an- " tiquity, because lovers in despair threw themselves from the " top of it into the ocean; it was called the Lover's Leap, and " being thus remarkable for the deaths of numbers of people, " Homer places it here." This is no ill explication; for a rock may well be feigned to stand at the enterance of the region of death, by which so many persons had entered into it.

Ovid, in his Epistles, mentions this Leucadian rock.

> ——— O you that love in vain,
> Fly hence, and seek the fair Leucadian main:
> There stands a rock from whose impending steep,
> Apollo's fane surveys the rolling deep;
> There injur'd lovers, leaping from above,
> Their flames extinguish, and forget to love.

Yet ſtill a maſter-ghoſt, the reſt he aw'd,
The reſt ador'd him, tow'ring as he trod;
Still at his ſide is Neſtor's ſon ſurvey'd,
And lov'd Patroclus ſtill attends his ſhade.
New as they were to that infernal ſhore,
The ſuitors ſtopp'd, and gaz'd the hero o'er,
When, moving ſlow, the regal form they view'd
Of great Atrides: him in pomp purſu'd
And ſolemn ſadneſs thro' the gloom of hell,
The train of thoſe who by Ægyſthus fell.
O mighty chief! (Pelides thus began)
Honour'd by Jove above the lot of man!

v. 35. *O mighty chief! (Pelides thus began) &c.*] This appears to be introduced ſomewhat unnaturally: Achilles had now been dead about ten years, and Agamemnon almoſt as long; it can therefore ſcarce be reconciled to probability, to imagine that they ſhould not have met before this time, and mutually have ſatisfied their curioſities, by relating their ſeveral ſtories at ſome former interview: Dacier indeed remarks, that we are not to imagine this conference was held at the time when the ſuitors deſcended, but upon ſome preceding occaſion, immediately after the death of Agamemnon. If this be allowed, yet the objection remains, that the introduction is forced and unnatural, for then the deſcent of Mercury and the ſhades of the ſuitors will be no reaſon why this conference ſhould be here repeated: for ſo, neither Mercury nor the ſuitors hear it. But Dacier is undoubtedly in an errour; for εὗρον in the original is the third perſon plural, and abſolutely refers to Mercury and the ſhades of the ſuitors; and therefore it follows that this conference happened at the time of their enterance.

The ſhades of the ſuitors (obſerves Dacier) when they are ſummoned by Mercury out of the palace of Ulyſſes, emit a feeble, plaintive, inarticulate ſound, τρίζουσι, "ſtrident:" whereas Agamemnon, and the ſhades that have long been in the ſtate of the dead, ſpeak articulately. I doubt not but Homer intended to ſhew by the former deſcription, that when the ſoul is ſeparated from the organs of the body, it ceaſes to act after the ſame manner, as while it was joined to it; but how the dead recover their voices afterwards is not eaſy to underſtand. In other reſpects Virgil paints after Homer.

"——— pars tollere vocem
"Exiguam: inceptus clamor fruſtratur hiantes."

King of a hundred kings! to whom reſign'd
The ſtrongeſt, braveſt, greateſt of mankind,
Com'ſt thou the firſt, to view this dreary ſtate?
And was the nobleſt the firſt mark of fate?
Condemn'd to pay the great arrear ſo ſoon,
The lot, which all lament, and none can ſhun;
Oh! better hadſt thou ſunk in Trojan ground,
With all thy full-blown honours cover'd round!
Then grateful Greece with ſtreaming eyes might raiſe
Hiſtoric marbles to record thy praiſe:
Thy praiſe eternal on the faithful ſtone
Had with tranſmiſſive glories grac'd thy ſon.
But heavier fates were deſtin'd to attend:
What man is happy, 'till he knows his end?

O ſon of Peleus! greater than mankind!
(Thus Agamemnon's kingly ſhade rejoin'd)
Thrice happy thou! to preſs the martial plain
Midſt heaps of heroes in thy quarrel ſlain:
In clouds of ſmoke, rais'd by the noble fray,
Great and terrific ev'n in death you lay,
And deluges of blood flow'd round you ev'ry way.

They rais'd a feeble cry, with trembling notes,
But the weak voice deceiv'd their gaſping throats. Dryden.

But why ſhould we ſuppoſe with Dacier, that theſe ſhades of the ſuitors have loſt the faculty of ſpeaking; I rather imagine, that the ſounds they uttered were ſigns of complaint and diſcontent, and proceeded not from an inability to ſpeak: after Patroclus was ſlain, he appears to Achilles, and ſpeaks very articulately to him; yet to expreſs his ſorrow at his departure he acts like theſe ſuitors: for Achilles

Like a thin ſmoke beholds the ſpirit fly,
And hears a feeble, lamentable cry.

Dacier conjectures, that the power of ſpeech ceaſes in the dead, till they are admitted into a ſtate of reſt; but Patroclus is an inſtance to the contrary in the Iliad, and Elpenor in the Odyſſey, for they both ſpeak before their funeral rites are performed, and conſequently before they enter into a ſtate of repoſe amongſt the ſhades of the happy.

v. 56. *Great and terrific ev'n in death* ——] There is a very peculiar beauty in the verſification of Homer in this place:

Nor ceas'd the ſtrife, 'till Jove himſelf oppos'd,
And all in tempeſts the dire ev'ning clos'd.
Then to the fleet we bore thy honour'd load,
And decent on the funeral bed beſtow'd.
Then unguents ſweet and tepid ſtreams we ſhed;
Tears flow'd from ev'ry eye, and o'er the dead
Each clipt the curling honours of his head.
Struck at the news, thy azure mother came;
The ſea-green ſiſters waited on the dame:
A voice of loud lament thro' all the main
Was heard, and terrour ſeiz'd the Grecian train:

——— σὺ δὲ στροφάλιγγι κονίης
Κεῖσο μέγας μεγαλωστί.

The words μέγας μεγαλωστὶ ſet the largeneſs of the body of Achilles ſtretched out upon the ground full before our eyes; we ſee him in the deſcription; the repetition forces it upon our obſervation, ſo that the mind has time to dwell upon it, and admire the extent of the limbs of that hero.

v. 68. ——— *terrour ſeiz'd the Grecian train.*] This deſcription furniſhed Ariſtarchus with another objection to this book: he thought it improbable that the appearance of Thetis and her ſea-nymphs ſhould terrify the whole Grecian army; they ſay in anſwer, that all the ocean was in a great commotion as Thetis aſcended, or as Homer expreſſes it,

——— βοὴ δ' ἐπὶ πόντον ὀρώρει
Θεσπεσίη. ———

This uproar occaſioned their fear; the Greeks were ignorant of the cauſe of it, and conſequently apprehended ſome dreadful event; this is evident, for Neſtor appeaſes their conſternation by unfolding the reaſon of the tumult, and ſhewing them that it was occaſioned by the aſcent of Thetis.

The reader has undoubtedly obſerved how excellently Homer ſuſtains his character of Neſtor as the wiſeſt man, both in the Iliad and Odyſſey: he has the experience of a very great age, and may therefore be ſuppoſed to be acquainted with all the moſt uncommon appearances in nature: the poet accordingly deſcribes him as the only perſon not afraid in the Grecian army; there were others undoubtedly as brave as Neſtor, but not one ſo wiſe; his intrepidity is therefore to be imputed to his wiſdom, not bravery; and this furniſhes us with an excellent moral; That ignorance is uſually the ſource of fear.

Back to their fhips the frighted hoft had fled;
But Neftor fpoke, they liften'd, and obey'd.
(From old experience Neftor's counfel fprings,
And long viciffitudes of human things.)
"Forbear your flight: fair Thetis from the main
"To mourn Achilles leads her azure train."
Around thee ftand the daughters of the deep,
Robe thee in heav'nly vefts, and round thee weep,
Round thee, the mufes, with alternate ftrain,
In ever-confecrating verfe, complain.
Each warlike Greek the moving mufic hears,
And iron-hearted heroes melt in tears.

The character of Achilles is no lefs happily fupported; the fame love of glory is vifible in all he fpeaks, that diftinguifhed his character through the Iliad: he ftill prefers a fhort life with fame, before old age without it.

> Ὡς ὄφελες τιμῆς ἀπονήμενος ἧς περ ἄνασσες,
> Δήμῳ ἔνι Τρώων θάνατον καὶ πότμον ἐπισπεῖν.

The fentiment is truly heroic; difhonour is worfe than death, the happinefs or mifery of which is not to be meafured by time, but glory; long life is but lengthened mortality, and they who live the longeft have but the fmall privilege of creeping more leifurely than others to their graves.

v. 77. *Round thee, the mufes* ———] It is impoffible (obferves Dacier) not to be ftruck with the noble fictions of Homer in honour of Achilles; every circumftance is great. A whole army is in tears; the mufes celebrate his glory; a goddefs and her nymphs ennoble it with their prefence and lamentations. At the funerals of other heroes, women and captives are the mourners; here the mufes perfonally appear. Heaven and earth, men and gods intereft themfelves in the obfequies of fo great an hero! Yet from this place Ariftarchus draws an argument for rejecting this book: Homer (fays he) no where elfe gives the number of the nine mufes, infinuating that their number was not fixed in his age; but Homer frequently invokes the mufes, why then fhould he be ignorant of the number? and if not ignorant of it, why might he not mention it? Ariftarchus further adds, that it is abfurd to imagine the body of Achilles could be preferved feventeen days without burial; but this may be afcribed to the power of Thetis, who may eafily be fuppofed to preferve it. Befides, why may not the body be embalmed? and then there will be no occafion for a miracle, and the interpofition of a goddefs: we muft remember what fhe did to the body of Patroclus in the Iliad.

'Till ſev'nteen nights and ſev'nteen days return'd,
All that was mortal or immortal mourn'd.
To flames we gave thee, the ſucceding day,
And fatted ſheep and ſable oxen ſlay;
With oils and honey blaze th' augmented fires,
And like a god adorn'd, thy earthly part expires.
Unnumber'd warriours round the burning pile
Urge the fleet courſer's or the racer's toil;
Thick clouds of duſt o'er all the circle riſe,
And the mix'd clamour thunders in the ſkies.
Soon as abſorpt in all-embracing flame
Sunk what was mortal of thy mighty name,
We then collect thy ſnowy bones, and place
With wines and unguents in a golden vaſe,
(The vaſe to Thetis Bacchus gave of old,
And Vulcan's art enrich'd the ſculptur'd gold)
There we thy relics, great Achilles! blend
With dear Patroclus, thy departed friend:

v. 97. *There we thy relics, great Achilles! blend*
With dear Patroclus, thy departed friend.]

This is agreeable to the requeſt made to Achilles by the ghoſt of Patroclus, in the Iliad.

Hear then! and as in fate and love we join,
Ah ſuffer that my bones may reſt with thine!
That golden urn thy goddeſs mother gave,
May mix our aſhes in one common grave!

It is likewiſe aſſerted by Homer, that the bones of Antilochus were repoſited in the ſame urn with theſe of Patroclus and Achilles; where then is the peculiar honour paid to Patroclus, if Antilochus was partaker of it? The difference is, the bones of Achilles and Patroclus were blended in the urn, thoſe of Antilochus lay ſeparately.

Homer adds, that the whole army raiſed a monument to Achilles; this is done according to his own injunctions in the Iliad, for ſpeaking of the tomb of Patroclus he thus proceeds;

Meantime erect the tomb with pious hands,
A common ſtructure on the humble ſands;
Hereafter Greece, ſome nobler wrk may raiſe,
And late poſterity record our praſe.

In the ſame urn a ſep'rate ſpace contains
Thy next belov'd, Antilochus' remains.
Now all the ſons of warlike Greece ſurround
Thy deſtin'd tomb, and caſt a mighty mound:
High on the ſhore the growing hill we raiſe,
That wide th' extended Helleſpont ſurveys;
Where all, from age to age who paſs the coaſt,
May point Achilles' tomb, and hail the mighty ghoſt.
Thetis herſelf to all our peers proclaims
Heroic prizes and exequial games;
The gods aſſented; and around thee lay
Rich ſpoils and gifts that blaz'd againſt the day.
Oft' have I ſeen with ſolemn funeral games
Heroes and kings committed to the flames;
But ſtrength of youth, or valour of the brave
With nobler conteſt ne'er renown'd a grave.
Such were the games by azure Thetis giv'n,
And ſuch thy honours, oh belov'd of heav'n!
Dear to mankind thy fame ſurvives, nor fades
Its bloom eternal in the Stygian ſhades.
But what to me avail my honours gone,
Succeſsful toils, and battles bravely won;
Doom'd by ſtern Jove, at home to end my life,
By curſt Ægyſthus, and a faithleſs wife!
Thus they; while Hermes o'er the dreary plain
Led the ſad numbers by Ulyſſes ſlain.
On each majeſtic form they caſt a view,
And tim'rous paſs'd, and awfully withdrew.
But Agamemnon, thro' the gloomy ſhade,
His antient hoſt Amphimedon ſurvey'd.

Achilles means, that when he is dead the Greeks ſhould raiſe one common monument to himſelf and Patroclus, which we ſee here effected.

v. 127. *But Agamemnon, thro' the gloomy ſhade, His antient hoſt Amphimedon ſurvey'd.*] An objection has been raiſed againſt this paſſage, and it has been thought an abſurdity that Agamemnon ſhould be the gueſt of Am-

Son of Melanthius! (he began) O say!
What cause compell'd so many, and so gay,
To tread the downward, melancholy way?
Say, could one city yield a troop so fair?
Were all these partners of one native air?
Or did the rage of stormy Neptune sweep
Your lives at once, and whelm beneath the deep?
Did nightly thieves, or pirates cruel bands,
Drench with your blood your pillag'd country's sands?
Or well-defending some beleaguer'd wall,
Say, for the public did ye greatly fall?
Inform thy guest; for such I was of yore
When our triumphant navies touch'd your shore;
Forc'd a long month the wint'ry seas to bear,
To move the great Ulysses to the war.

phimedon, and not of Ulysses, when he came to make an address to him, and was within his territories. Didymus answers, that this conduct in Agamemnon was occasioned by the refusal of Ulysses to assist in the war of Troy: Agamemnon resented his denial, and went to the house of Amphimedon.

v. 142. *Forc'd a long month* ——— ——
To move the great Ulysses to the war.]

It is not obvious why Ulysses, who was a person of the greatest bravery, should be unwilling to engage in such an action of glory, as the war of Troy: was it because he foresaw that it would be a work of danger, (as Eustathius imagines) or was he dissatisfied in the ground of it, which was only to revenge the rape of Helen, and nothing but a private injury? The former is a reason unworthy of his heroic character, the latter is no more than a conjecture. It may possibly be a truer reason that he was unwilling to forsake his wife, of whom he was very fond, and whom he newly had married; but then it must be allowed, that he prefers his love to his glory. Eustathius recites the manner how he was drawn to engage in the war of Troy: Ulysses, to deliver himself from the importunities of his friends to assist Agamemnon, pretended madness, and yoked two animals of a different kind to a plough, and began to work with them; Palamedes, who suspected the imposture, took his son Telemachus, an infant, and laid him in the furrow before the plough; Ulysses turned aside not to hurt his child, and this discovered the imposition. Aristotle takes notice of the great judgment of Homer in suppressing this incident concerning Ulysses, it being unworthy of the bravery of an hero: he is proving, chap. viii.

O king of men! I faithful shall relate
(Reply'd Amphimedon) our hapless fate.
Ulysses absent, our ambitious aim
With rival loves pursu'd his royal dame:
Her coy reserve, and prudence mix'd with pride,
Our common suit nor granted, nor deny'd;
But close with inward hate our deaths design'd;
Vers'd in all arts of wily womankind.
Her hand, laborious, in delusion, spread
A spacious loom, and mix'd the various thread;
Ye peers (she cry'd) who press to gain my heart
Where dead Ulysses claims no more a part,
Yet a short space, your rival-suit suspend,
'Till this funereal web my labours end:
Cease, 'till to good Laertes I bequeath
A task of grief, his ornaments of death:
Lest, when the fates his royal ashes claim,
The Grecian matrons taint my spotless fame;
Should he, long honour'd with supreme command,
Want the last duties of a daughter's hand.
The fiction pleas'd: our gen'rous train complies,
Nor fraud mistrusts in virtue's fair disguise.
The work she ply'd; but studious of delay,
Each following night revers'd the toils of day.

of his Poetics, that all the actions of an hero's life are not to be inserted in an epic poem, for the actions of the same man are so many and different, that we can never reduce them to unity: for this reason Homer mentions not all the adventures of Ulysses, but only such as have relation to the subject of the Odyssey; he knew that this counterfeit madness had no connection either in truth or probability with the subject of his poem, and therefore he forbears the mention of it. The reader will understand the meaning of Aristotle, if he considers that the subject of the Odyssey is the story of a person who suffers great calamities in the return to his country, before he establishes himself in his dominions: now the counterfeited madness of Ulysses has no connection with the sufferings, and consequently is judiciously omitted by Homer as foreign to the design of the poem, and contrary to the unity of the action. A detail of all the adventures of an hero's life is the province of history; the relation of one single, great, and surprising action, is the subject of epic poetry.

Unheard, unseen, three years her arts prevail;
The fourth, her maid reveal'd th' amazing tale,
And show'd, as unperceiv'd we took our stand,
The backward labours of her faithless hand.
Forc'd, she compleats it; and before us lay
The mingled web, whose gold and silver ray
Display'd the radiance of the night and day.
  Just as she finish'd her illustrious toil,
Ill fortune led Ulysses to our isle.
Far in a lonely nook, beside the sea,
At an old swineherd's rural lodge he lay:
Thither his son from sandy Pyle repairs,
And speedy lands, and secretly confers.
They plan our future ruin, and resort
Confed'rate to the city and the court.
First came the son; the father next succeeds,
Clad like a beggar, whom Eumæus leads;
Propt on a staff, deform'd with age and care,
And hung with rags, that flutter'd in the air.
Who could Ulysses in that form behold?
Scorn'd by the young, forgotten by the old,
Ill us'd by all! to ev'ry wrong resign'd,
Patient he suffer'd with a constant mind.
But when, arising in his wrath t'obey
The will of Jove, he gave the vengeance way;
The scatter'd arms that hung around the dome
Careful he treasur'd in a private room:
Then, to her suitors bade his queen propose
The archer's strife: the source of future woes,

℣. 195. *Then, to her suitors bade his queen propose,* &c.] We have already seen, that it was the contrivance of Penelope to propose the bow, to gain time to defer the marriage hour; how then comes Amphimedon to ascribe it to the art of Ulysses? Eustathius answers that Amphimedon is in an errour, and that though the contrivance was from Penelope, yet Amphimedon could not come to the knowledge of it; and such stratagems being agreeable to the character of Ulysses, he imputes this action to him rather than Penelope.

And omen of our death! In vain we drew
The twanging ſtring, and try'd the ſtubborn yew:
To none it yields but great Ulyſſes' hands;
In vain we threat; Telemachus commands: 209

It is impoſſible not to take notice that Homer makes repetition after repetition: Agamemnon ſpeaks the ſame words as in the eleventh Odyſſey: Amphimedon the ſame as in the ſecond; and the whole account of the ſuitors deſtruction is no more than a recital of what the reader already knows. Was Homer tired at the end of his work, and would not give himſelf the labour of invention? I confeſs we may loſe our appetite to ſee the ſame entertainment thus continually ſerved up in the very ſame manner, without ſo much as a new garniſhment. I fear the words of Ulyſſes may ſometimes be applicable to Homer.

And what ſo tedious as a twice-told tale?

Beſides, this whole infernal interview is merely ornamental, which the poet was at liberty to inſert or omit according to his judgment, without breaking the thread of the principal action; it might therefore be wiſhed that he had ſubſtituted ſome other incident in the room of it, and given a greater diverſity to the ſtory. If by laying the ſcene in hell, he deſigned to raiſe the wonder and curioſity of the reader (who cannot fail of having his attention awakened to ſee a proſpect opened beyond the bounds of nature, and to look into the ſtate of departed heroes) yet it muſt be confeſſed that this deſign has already been fully executed in the eleventh of the Odyſſey. But the poet ſeems to introduce the deſcent for the information of the dead rather than the living; Agamemnon is told how the ſuitors were deſtroyed by Ulyſſes; and Achilles how nobly the Greeks performed his funeral obſequies; incidents that very little contribute to the ſtory of the Odyſſey. In ſhort, the main action ſtands ſtill during this whole epiſode, which takes up almoſt half the book, and the latter part of the epiſode preſents no new object to amuſe and entertain us. But,

——— —— "Cynthius aurem
"Vellit" —— ———

I betray my own want of judgment, rather than diſcover Homer's errours. I will only add, that the reader will be fully convinced that this whole epiſode may be omitted, by obſerving how well the ſtory will be carried on with a regular connection by beginning the book with theſe words,

Οἱ δ' ἐπεὶ ἐκ πόλιος κατέβαν, τάχα δ' ἀγρὸν ἵκοντο, &c.

So that if I could in any part ſubſcribe to the opinion of Ariſtarchus for the rejection of this book, it ſhould be only for the former part of it, but I am perſuaded from the nobleneſs of the verſes, that the whole is genuine.

The bow he ſnatch'd, and in an inſtant bent;
Thro' ev'ry ring the victor arrow went.
Fierce on the threſhold then in arms he ſtood;
Pour'd forth the darts, that thirſted for our blood,
And frown'd before us, dreadful as a god!
Firſt bleeds Antinous: thick the ſhafts reſound;
And heaps on heaps the wretches ſtrow the ground;
This way, and that, we turn, we fly, we fall;
Some god aſſiſted, and unmann'd us all:
Ignoble cries precede the dying groans;
And batter'd brains and blood beſmear the ſtones.
  Thus, great Atrides! thus Ulyſſes drove
The ſhades thou ſeeſt, from yon' fair realms above.
Our mangled bodies now deform'd with gore,
Cold and neglected, ſpread the marble floor.
No friend to bathe our wounds! or tears to ſhed
O'er the pale corſe! the honours of the dead.
  Oh bleſt Ulyſſes (thus the king expreſt
His ſudden rapture) in thy conſort bleſt!
Not more thy wiſdom, than her virtue, ſhin'd;
Not more thy patience, than her conſtant mind.
Icarius' daughter, glory of the paſt,
And model to the future age, ſhall laſt:
The gods, to honour her fair fame, ſhall raiſe
(Their great reward) a poet in her praiſe.
Not ſuch, oh Tyndarus! thy daughter's deed,
By whoſe dire hand her king and huſband bled:
Her ſhall the muſe to infamy prolong,
Example dread! and theme of tragic ſong!
The gen'ral ſex ſhall ſuffer in her ſhame,
And ev'n the beſt that bears a woman's name.
  Thus in the regions of eternal ſhade
Conferr'd the mounful phantoms of the dead.

v. 232. *Thus in the regions of eternal ſhade.*] I think it will not be improper here to particularize from whence antiquity raiſed the

While from the town, Ulysses, and his band,
Past to Laertes' cultivated land.

fictions concerning hell, and the nature of it, as we have it in Diodorus Siculus.

Plato (observes that author) was the first that introduced the rites of sepulture, and other ceremonies bestowed on the dead: this is the reason why the antients imagined him to be the King of the dead.

Rhadamanthus is said to have been the most just man in the world, he severely punished robbers and other notorious offenders, and from his singular reputation for integrity was feigned to be the judge of the good and bad after death; and for the same reason Minos was joined with him in the same dignity.

Homer borrowed his fictions from Orpheus, Orpheus from the Ægyptians: it was Orpheus who introduced the opinion of the pains of the damned, and of the Elysian fields, and taught that the souls of the dead were conducted by Mercury into the infernal mansions: (a proof that he was called ψυχοπομπὸς before the days of Homer.) Diodorus proceeds, and mentions in the beginning of this book, how Homer feigns that Mercury leads the shades of the dead by the ocean, the Leucadian rock, and the gates of the sun: a plain instance that he looked upon this book as the genuine work of Homer. All these fables (continues Diodorus) are of Ægyptian extract; by the ocean, Homer means Nilus; by the gates of the sun, he means Heliopolis, a city sacred to the sun; the meadow into which the shades are conducted, denotes the pleasant meadows full of canes, adjoining to Memphis; and the dead are feigned to reside there, because it was the general burial place amongst the Ægyptians. Concerning Cocytus, Acheron, &c. the reader may consult the first note upon the eleventh Odyssey.

Plutarch, in his treatise of Isis and Osyris, agrees with Diodorus concerning the extraction of these fables from Ægypt, and mentions at Memphis the gates of lamentation and oblivion, that is, of Lethe, and Cocytus; which being opened at the burial of the dead, give a doleful and groaning sound. From hence they are thus described by Homer in the tenth Odyssey.

And where slow rolling from the Stygian bed
Cocytus' lamentable waters spread,
Where the dark rock o'er hangs th' infernal lake,
And mingling streams eternal murmurs make,

These observations give light to most of Homer's fictions concerning hell, and shew that his poetry is built upon the customs of antiquity.

Macrobius explains all these particulars after a different manner: this solution supposes a state of pre-existence of the soul: "If (says "that author) to die be the same as to go to the infernal regions; "to enjoy the superior, is then to live; and therefore before phi-

The ground himself had purchas'd with his pain,
And labour made the rugged soil a plain.
There stood his mansion of the rural sort,
With useful buildings round the lowly court:
Where the few servants that divide his care,
Took their laborious rest, and homely fare;
And one Sicilian matron, old and sage,
With constant duty tends his drooping age.
Here now arriving, to his rustic band
And martial son, Ulysses gave command.

" losophy prevailed, the body itself was supposed to be the infernal receptacle of the soul, into which she descended as into a prison, from above; this was thought the sepulchre of the soul, and the cave of Plato. The river of oblivion denotes the errour of the soul, which forgets the majesty of the former state she enjoyed before she entered the body: Phlegethon, the ardour of our desires, and flames of anger; Acheron, all our words and actions that bring us into sorrows; so likewise, Styx implies our hatred, Cocytus our grief and lamentation. Thus also the punishments in hell are verified upon earth: the vulture which preys upon the liver of Tityus, is the sting of a guilty conscience; the ambitious man is the Sisyphus, who is eternally aspiring, and yet always disappointed; the avaritious man is the Tantalus, who starves amidst his plenty," &c.

By joining these two interpretations together, we have at once the double pleasure of a beautiful fable and instructive moral; from the whole we may collect, that although the antients were ignorant of the true nature of a future state, yet that they believed it, and expected there would be punishments and rewards in it. This note is of use to explain several passages in the eleventh Odyssey.

v. 236. *The ground himself had purchas'd with his pain.*] Eustathius very well explains these words, in which the Greek may be construed to signify that Laertes had purchased this place of retirement by his labour and industry: but probably Homer intends to express an allotment or portion of ground which was assigned Laertes by the public, as a reward for his heroic labours in war, and bravery in conquering his enemies, like that mentioned in the Iliad.

The Lycians grant a chosen space of ground,
With woods, with vineyards, and with harvests crown'd.

It may either be so, or Homer intending solely to paint the laborious life of Laertes, added this circumstance of his increasing his rural cell by his industry, as an instance of it; though the latter is more suitable to the character of a king.

Enter the house, and of the bristly swine
Select the largest to the pow'rs divine.
Alone, and unattended, let me try
If yet I share the old man's memory:
If those dim eyes can yet Ulysses know,
(Their light and dearest object long ago)
Now chang'd with time, with absence, and with woe?
Then to his train he gives his spear and shield;
The house they enter; and he seeks the field,
Thro' rows of shade with various fruitage crown'd,
And labour'd scenes of richest verdure round.
Nor aged Dolius, nor his sons were there,
Nor servants, absent on another care;
To search the woods for sets of flow'ry thorn,
Their orchard bounds to strengthen and adorn.
  But all alone the hoary king he found;
His habit coarse, but warmly wrapt around;
His head, that bow'd with many a pensive care,
Fenc'd with a double cap of goatskin hair:
His buskins old, in former service torn,
But well repair'd; and gloves against the thorn.

v. 266. ——— *gloves against the thorn.*] Casaubon in his remarks upon Athenæus, lib. xii, cap. 2. affirms, that anciently neither the Greeks nor the Romans ever wore any covering on their hands, which are now used so universally, that they are worn by the meanest people; but this place is an instance of Casaubon's mistake: it is true, Xenophon gives this practice as an argument of the luxury and delicacy of the Persians, who suffered no part of the body to be exposed to the air, but wore καὶ περὶ ἄκραις ταῖς χερσὶ χειρίδας, καὶ δακτυλήθρας ἔχουσι, "gloves upon their hands, "and coverings on their very fingers." Pliny the younger mentions the same custom amongst the Romans, "Manus hieme manicis muniebantur! ut ne cœli quidem asperitas ullum studiis "tempus eriperet." This then is the difference; the Persians wore these hand-coverings out of effeminacy and delicacy; whereas in Greece they were used only out of necessity, as a defence in rural labour, as appears from Laertes, they being never mentioned upon any other occasion, either in the Iliad or Odyssey. Dacier.

In this array the kingly gard'ner stood,
And clear'd a plant, encumber'd with its wood.

v. 26. *In this array the kingly gard'ner stood,*
and clear'd a plant, encumber'd with its wood.]

This is the first appearance of Laertes, he is the very picture of melancholy; his dress, his employ, and solitary life, all discover a fixed sorrow and contempt of the world. It has been a dispute whether we are to ascribe this retreat of Laertes to a meanness of spirit, who forsakes his station, and is unequal to adversity; or to wisdom, and a noble neglect of the pomp and splendour of the world, by which he prefers a little rural retreat to all the magnificence of a palace, and a small garden to all the dominions of a king. Plutarch severely censures his conduct: "A person (observes that writer) who wastes his age in his bed, or in trivial "affairs, makes himself an object of contempt, as Homer teaches "by the examples of Nestor and Laertes: Nestor, by engaging in "the war of Troy, obtained the utmost veneration; while Laer- "tes, who abandoned himself to solitude, was despised universal- "ly." I am unwilling to subscribe to this observation, being of opinion that the silent virtues of a good man in solitude are more amiable than all the noisy honours of active life. The picture of Laertes is undoubtedly drawn very naturally; a tender father is afflicted for the loss of a brave and beloved son; this bitter ingredient gives a disrelish to all the vanities of life; he is deprived of an object that he valued above the world, he therefore neglects it as having nothing worthy of his cares, and abandons it for privacy and tranquillity. Menedemus in Terence is the very copy of Laertes in Homer; an instance that he thought Homer's an exact representation of human nature; and the applause with which that comedy was received, shews that all Rome was of the same judgment. Sorrow loves to be alone, rather seeks for amusements than business and glory; and it may perhaps be true, that is shews more greatness of soul to resign a kingdom than to conquer it. Pride, ambition, and guilty passions have raised many to the top of human glory; but it evidences that a person is not influenced by vicious sentiments, who knows how to moderate his desires, and is able to retire from the splendour of a crown into obscurity. Tully mentions the manner of life in Laertes, without condemnation; the place is to be found in his Cato Major, where he speaks of the innocent amusements of old age, and illustrates his assertions by the example of Laertes. "Homerus Laertem lenientem desiderium, "quod capiebat e filio, colentem agrum & stercorantem facit." But Tully mistakes Homer, for Laertes is not found dunging his ground.

Perhaps instead of λιστρεύοντα, he read κοπρήσοντα, as it is used in the seventeenth Odyssey.

—— —— Ὀδυσσῆος τέμενος μέγα κοπρήσοντες.

Beneath a neighb'ring tree, the chief divine
Gaz'd o'er his fire, retracing ev'ry line,
The ruins of himſelf! now worn away
With age, yet ſtill majeſtic in decay!
Sudden his eyes releas'd their wat'ry ſtore;
The much enduring man could bear no more.
Doubtful he ſtood, if inſtant to embrace
His aged limbs, to kiſs his rev'rend face,
With eager tranſport to diſcloſe the whole,
And pour at once the torrent of his ſoul.—
Not ſo: his judgment takes the winding way
Of queſtion diſtant, and of ſoft eſſay;
More gentle methods on weak age employs;
And moves the ſorrows, to enhance the joys.

Or perhaps he quoted by memory. I will only add, that Tully in his retirement at Tuſculum, uſed to write to his friends, that he there led the life of Laertes: and Tully was too ſenſible of his own worth, to ſpeak any thing to the diſparagement of it.

v. 279. *Not ſo; his judgment takes the winding way.*] It has been objected, that Ulyſſes here acts contrary to filial piety, and permits a tender father to continue in his ſorrows, when it was in his power immediately to make him happy, by a diſcovery of his perſon; they likewiſe condemn the κερτόμια ἔπεα, which Homer puts in the mouth of Ulyſſes. It muſt be allowed, that thoſe words are frequently uſed by the poet in a bad ſenſe, and ſignify "heart-"wounding, or reproachful words;" but here they are not ſo to be underſtood; they only imply, "that Ulyſſes blamed Laertes out "of tenderneſs for taking no more care of his perſon:" this is not a reproach, but the language of fondneſs and affection: or perhaps the poet meant to expreſs that this enquiry raiſed images of ſorrow in the ſoul of Laertes, and "wounded his heart" by naming the loſt Ulyſſes. Euſtathius ſolves the former objection by ſaying that Ulyſſes delayed the diſcovery, leſt the ſuddenneſs of joy ſhould prove fatal to Laertes. But Homer undoubtedly paints according to nature; Ulyſſes burſts into tears at the ſight of his father, yet reſtrains them, and tries if after twenty years abſence he was known by him; this delay raiſes the reader's curioſity, makes him, as it were, preſent at the interview, and impatient to hear the manner of the diſcovery: beſides, this procedure excellently agrees with the general character of Ulyſſes, who is upon all emergencies maſter of his paſſions, and remarkable for diſguiſe and an artful diſſimulation; this diſguiſe has a very happy effect in this place, it holds us in a pleaſing ſuſpence, and makes us wait with attention to ſee the iſſue of the interview.

Then, to his fire with beating heart he moves;
And with a tender pleasantry reproves:
Who digging round the plant still hangs his head,
Nor ought remits the work, while thus he said.

Great is thy skill, oh father! great thy toil,
Thy careful hand is stamp'd on all the soil,
Thy squadron'd vineyards well thy art declare,
The olive green, blue fig, and pendent pear;
And not one empty spot escapes thy care.
On ev'ry plant and tree thy cares are shown,
Nothing neglected, but thyself alone.
Forgive me, father, if this fault I blame;
Age so advanc'd may some indulgence claim.
Not for thy sloth, I deem thy lord unkind;
Nor speaks thy form a mean or servile mind:
I read a monarch in that princely air,
The same thy aspect, if the same thy care;
Soft sleep, fair garments, and the joys of wine,
These are the rights of age, and should be thine.
Who then thy master, say? and whose the land
So dress'd and manag'd by thy skilful hand?
But chief, oh tell me! (what I question most)
Is this the far-fam'd Ithacensian coast?
For so reported the first man I view'd,
(Some surly islander, of manners rude)

v. 298. *I read a monarch in that princely air.*] The words in the Greek are not without obscurity, and Eustathius explains them two ways; they may either signify, that Laertes appears to be a person of such distinction that he ought to live with more delicacy and dignity, viz. "to bathe, and after a due repast to sleep in "state;" or they imply, that Laertes shews the dignity of a king in his person, who comes from the bath, and dines in state. Ulysses cannot compare Laertes to a king who is fresh from the bath and drest royally, for he tells us, he is covered with sweat and dust; he therefore means that his personage is noble, and like a king, that therefore he ought to live like a king, with respect to his food and his bath, and to indulge his age by allowing it ease and refreshment.

Nor farther conference vouchſaf'd to ſtay ;
Heedleſs he whiſtl'd, and purſu'd his way.
But thou! whom years have taught to underſtand ;
Humanely hear, and anſwer my demand :
A friend I ſeek, a wiſe one and a brave,
Say, lives he yet, or moulders in the grave ?
Time was (my fortunes then were at the beſt)
When at my houſe I lodg'd this foreign gueſt ;
He ſaid, from Ithaca's fair iſle he came,
And old Laertes was his father's name.
To him, whatever to a gueſt is ow'd
I paid, and hoſpitable gifts beſtow'd ;
To him ſev'n talents of pure ore I told,
Twelve cloaks, twelve veſts, twelve tunics ſtiff with gold,
A bowl, that rich with poliſh'd ſilver flames,
And, ſkill'd in female works, four lovely dames.
At this the father, with a father's fears ;
(His venerable eyes bedimm'd with tears.)
This is the land ; but ah ! thy gifts are loſt,
For godleſs men, and rude, poſſeſs the coaſt :
Sunk is the glory of this once fam'd ſhore !
Thy antient friend, oh ſtranger, is no more !
Full recompence thy bounty elſe had borne ;
For ev'ry good man yields a juſt return :
So civil rights demand ; and who begins
The track of friendſhip, not purſuing, ſins.
But tell me, ſtranger, be the truth confeſt,
What years have circled ſince thou ſaw'ſt that gueſt ?
That hapleſs gueſt, alas ! for ever gone !
Wretch that he was ! and that I am ! my ſon !
If ever man to miſery was born,
'Twas his to ſuffer, and 'tis mine to mourn !
Far from his friends, and from his native reign,
He lies a prey to monſters of the main,
Or ſavage beaſts his mangled reliques tear,
Or ſcreaming vultures ſcatter thro' the air :

Nor could his mother fun'ral unguents shed;
Nor wail'd his father o'er th' untimely dead;
Nor his sad consort, on the mournful bier,
Seal'd his cold eyes, or drop'd a tender tear!

But tell me, who thou art? and what thy race?
Thy town, thy parents, and thy native place?
Or if a merchant in pursuit of gain,
What port receiv'd thy vessel from the main?
Or com'st thou single, or attend thy train?

Then thus the son. From Alybas I came,
My palace there; Eperitus my name,
Not vulgar born; from Aphidas, the king
Of Polypemon's royal line, I spring.
Some adverse dæmon from Sicania bore
Our wand'ring course, and drove us on your shore:
Far from the town, an unfrequented bay
Reliev'd our weary'd vessel from the sea.
Five years have circled since these eyes pursu'd
Ulysses parting thro' the sable flood;
Prosp'rous he sail'd, with dexter auguries,
And all the wing'd good omens of the skies.
Well hop'd we, then, to meet on this fair shore,
Whom heav'n, alas! decreed to meet no more.

Quick thro' the father's heart these accents ran;
Grief seiz'd at once, and wrapt up all the man;

v. 353. —— —— *From Alybas I came.*] Ulysses is inexhaustible in his fictions; he here accommodates the names of persons and places to his fortunes: Alybas is supposed to be a city of Italy, afterwards called Metapontium. It is placed by others in Thrace. It is here introduced to denote the wanderings of Ulysses by the sea, or ἅλς: the word "aphidas" denotes his generosity, which "spares nothing" towards his friends. He feigns himself to be the grandson of Πολυπήμων, to represent the multitude of his sufferings; his name is Eperitus, from ἐπήριτος, the same with περιμάχητος, from ἐρίζω, to shew the struggle that he has met with in all his adventures, as well as the toils in the war of Troy, and against other enemies. Eustathius.

Deep from his soul he sigh'd, and sorrowing spread
A cloud of ashes on his hoary head.
Trembling with agonies of strong delight
Stood the great son, heart-wounded with the sight:

v. 369. ——— ——— *and sorrowing spread*
A cloud of ashes on his hoary head.]

This was a common practice among the antient orientals, in token of the extremity of sorrow; it was used among the Hebrews as well as Greeks; thus Ezek. xxvii. 30. "They shall cast dust "upon their heads." Job ii. 12. "They rent every one his "mantle, and sprinkled dust upon their heads." Thus also Achilles in the eighteenth of the Iliad;

His purple garments, and his golden hairs,
Those he deforms in dust, and these he tears.

Homer calls it *κόνιν αἰθαλόεσσαν*, which does not mean that Laertes threw glowing embers on his head, for he was in his garden, where such ashes were not to be found, but he means *ξήραν*, or "dry dust," such as arises from substances consumed by fire, or resembling ashes. Eustathius.

v. 371. *Trembling with agonies, &c.*] The Greek expression is remarkable,

——— ——— *ἀνὰ ῥῖνας δέ οἱ ἤδη*
Δριμὺ μένος προὔτυψε ——— ———.

"A sharp sensation struck his nostrils." Eustathius judges, that the meaning is, that Ulysses perceived himself ready to burst into tears; a kind of a pricking sharp sensation being felt in the nostrils before the eruption of tears. Casaubon more fully explains it; he observes that all violent passions cause a sensation in the nostrils, arising from the ebullition of the spirits, which mount toward the brain; and endeavouring to free themselves from restraint, find a vent by the nostril, and crouding through it, dilate it in their passage; this is evident from animals, and the nobler kinds of them, as the bull, the horse, the lion, whose nostrils always dilate when moved to anger. A similar expression is found in the first Idyllium of Theocritus.

Καί οἱ ἀεὶ δριμεῖα χολὰ ποτὶ ῥινὶ κάθηται.

He speaks of the anger of the god Pan, but it is applicable to all violence of passion. Aristotle (observes Dacier) quotes this verse as applied by Homer to express anger, cap. 8. of his morals to Nicomachus, but he is evidently in an errour; for there is here no mention of anger: he undoubtedly trusted to his memory, it being sorrow arising from filial tenderness which moves Ulysses. Dacier.

He ran, he seiz'd him with a strict embrace,
With thousand kisses wander'd o'er his face,
I, I am he; oh father rise! behold
Thy son, with twenty winters now grown old;
Thy son, so long desir'd, so long detain'd,
Restor'd, and breathing in his native land:
These floods of sorrow, oh my sire, restrain!
The vengeance is compleat; the suitor-train,
Stretch'd in our palace, by these hands lie slain.
  Amaz'd, Laertes. "Give some certain sign,
"(If such thou art) to manifest thee mine."
Lo here the wound (he cries) receiv'd of yore,
The scar indented by the tusky boar,
When by thyself and by Anticlea sent,
To old Autolychus's realms I went.
Yet by another sign thy offspring know;
The sev'ral trees you gave me long ago,
While, yet a child, these fields I lov'd to trace,
And trod thy footsteps with unequal pace;
To ev'ry plant in order as we came,
Well-pleas'd you told its nature, and its name.

V. 389. *The sev'ral trees you gave me long ago,*
While yet a child —— ——]

The word in the original is παιδνὸς, which signifies "a very young "boy:" Homer uses it to express the age, when out of a childish simplicity Ulysses asked his father to grant him such trees. Such requests are very natural in children, and we see (says Dacier) the same practised every day; parents out of fondness indulge the requests of their children in such little particularities, and a bird, an horse, &c. continues the child's favourite for many years. It must be allowed, that no poet ever followed nature so faithfully as Homer. Virgil perhaps has reached his noblest elevations and sublimities, but there is a greater variety of natural incidents, more exact pictures of human life in Homer than in all other poets. Some painters excel in the boldness of their figures, and know how to draw a hero or a god, but are less happy in lower subjects; but Homer draws universally, and is excellent upon all occasions; he paints the largest figures, or the least sketches, equally natural, and with equal beauty.

Whate'er my childiſh fancy aſk'd, beſtow'd;
Twelve pear-trees bowing with their pendent load,
And ten, that red with bluſhing apples glow'd;
Full fifty purple figs; and many a row
Of various vines that then began to blow,
A future vintage! when the hours produce
Their latent buds, and Sol exalts the juice.

Smit with the ſigns which all his doubts explain,
His heart within him melts; his knees ſuſtain
Their feeble weight no more; his arms alone
Support him, round the lov'd Ulyſſes thrown;
He faints, he ſinks, with mighty joys oppreſt:
Ulyſſes claſps him to his eager breaſt.
Soon as returning life regains its ſeat,
And his breath lengthens, and his pulſes beat;
Yes, I believe (he cries) almighty Jove!
Heav'n rules us yet, and gods there are above.
'Tis ſo—the ſuitors for their wrongs have paid—
But what ſhall guard us, if the town invade?
If, while the news thro' ev'ry city flies,
All Ithaca and Cephalenia riſe?

To this Ulyſſes. As the gods ſhall pleaſe
Be all the reſt; and ſet thy ſoul at eaſe.
Haſte to the cottage by this orchard ſide,
And take the banquet which our cares provide:
There wait thy faithful band of rural friends,
And there the young Telemachus attends.

Thus having ſaid, they trac'd the garden o'er,
And ſtooping enter'd at the lowly door.
The ſwains and young Telemachus they found,
The victim portion'd, and the goblet crown'd.
The hoary king, his old Sicilian maid
Perfum'd and waſh'd, and gorgeouſly array'd.
Pallas attending gives his frame to ſhine
With awful port, and majeſty divine;

His gazing son admires the god-like grace,
And air celestial dawning o'er his face.
What god, he cry'd, my father's form improves?
How high he treads, and how enlarg'd he moves?
  Oh! would to all the deathless pow'rs on high,
Pallas and Jove, and him who gilds the sky!
(Reply'd the king, elated with his praise)
My strength were still, as once in better days:
When the bold Cephalens the leaguer form'd,
And proud Nericus trembled as I storm'd.
Such were I now, not absent from your deed
When the last sun beheld the suitors bleed,
This arm had aided yours; this hand bestrown
Our floors with death, and push'd the slaughter on;
Nor had the sire been sep'rate from the son.
  They commun'd thus; while homeward bent their way
The swains, fatigu'd with labours of the day;
Dolius the first, the venerable man;
And next his sons, a long succeeding train.
For due refection to the bow'r they came,
Call'd by the careful old Sicilian dame,

v. 438. *And proud Nericus trembled as I storm'd.*] I doubt not but the reader has observed, that Laertes uses the very turn of language and manner of self-commendation so remarkable in almost all the speeches of Nestor: this is to be ascribed to the nature of old age in general, which loves a little to boast, and relates the exploits of youth with the utmost satisfaction; or as Horace describes it,

" ——— Laudator temporis acti
" Se puero" ———

I will only add, that the reason why Homer describes Laertes enlarged with strength and majesty by Minerva, is to reconcile the future story to probability; Laertes acts the hero, engages at the head of his friends, and kills the leader of his enemies; this might appear to be an exploit too great for a weak old man wasted away with sorrows: the poet therefore knowing that he had lost his natural vigour through age, supplies the defect with preternatural strength, and by this method renders him equal to his future action.

Who nurs'd the children, and now tends the fire;
They see their lord, they gaze, and they admire.
On chairs and beds in order seated round,
They share the gladsome board; the roofs resound.
While thus Ulysses to his antient friend:
"Forbear your wonder, and the feast attend;
"The rites have waited long." The chief commands
Their loves in vain; old Dolius spreads his hands,
Springs to his master with a warm embrace,
And fastens kisses on his hands and face;
Then thus broke out. Oh long, oh daily mourn'd!
Beyond our hopes, and to our wish, return'd!
Conducted sure by heav'n! for heav'n alone
Could work this wonder: welcome to thy own!
And joys and happiness attend thy throne!
Who knows thy blest, thy wish'd return? oh say,
To the chaste queen shall we the news convey?
Or hears she, and with blessings loads the day?
  Dismiss that care, for to the royal bride
Already is it known (the king reply'd,
And straight resum'd his seat) while round him bows
Each faithful youth, and breathes out ardent vows:
Then all beneath their father take their place,
Rank'd by their ages, and the banquet grace.
  Now flying fame the swift report had spread
Thro' all the city, of the suitors dead.
In throngs they rise, and to the palace crowd;
Their sighs were many, and the tumult loud.
Weeping they bear the mangled heaps of slain,
Inhume the natives in their native plain,
The rest in ships are wafted o'er the main.

v. 450. *Who nurs'd the children, and now tends the fire.*] We are not to imagine that this Sicilian was the wife of Dolius; Homer gives her the title of mother to his children, because she had the care of their education; for he adds, ἣ σφέας τρέφε, she was their nurse, not their mother. Dacier.

v. 480. *The rest in ships are wafted o'er the main.*] To understand this, we must remember that many of the suitors came from

Then sad in council all the seniors sate,
Frequent and full, assembled to debate.
Amid the circle first Eupithes rose,
Big was his eye with tears, his heart with woes:
The bold Antinous was his age's pride,
The first who by Ulysses' arrow dy'd.
Down his wan cheek the trickling torrent ran,
As mixing words with sighs, he thus began.
Great deeds, oh friends! this wond'rous man has wrought,
And mighty blessings to his country brought.
With ships he parted and a num'rous train,
Those, and their ships he bury'd in the main.
Now he returns, and first essays his hand
In the best blood of all his native land.
Haste then, and ere to neighb'ring Pyle he flies,
Or sacred Elis, to procure supplies;
Arise (or ye for ever fall) arise!
Shame to this age, and all that shall succeed!
If unreveng'd your sons and brothers bleed.
Prove that we live, by vengeance on his head,
Or sink at once forgotten with the dead.
Here ceas'd he, but indignant tears let fall
Spoke when he ceas'd: dumb sorrow touch'd them all.
When from the palace to the wond'ring throng
Sage Medon came, and Phemius came along;
(Restless and early sleep's soft bands they broke)
And Medon first th' assembled chiefs bespoke.
Hear me, ye peers and elders of the land,
Who deem this act the work of mortal hand;

the neighbouring islands, Samos, Zacynthus, &c. and therefore they are said to be transported by sea, to be buried in their native countries: this custom prevailed over all the oriental world: but there may be a particular reason why this is done by the Ithacans; they might intend to raise those several islands to engage against Ulysses, and draw them to arms by such moving spectacles. Dacier.

v. 508. *Hear me, ye peers and elders of the land.*] There is great art in the speeches of Medon and Eupithes: Eupithes said

As o'er the heaps of death Ulysses strode,
These eyes, these eyes beheld a present god,
Who now before him, now beside him stood,
Fought as he fought, and mark'd his way with blood:
In vain old Mentor's form the god bely'd;
'Twas heav'n that struck, and heav'n was on his side.
 A sudden horrour all th' assembly shook,
When slowly rising, Halitherses spoke:
(Rev'rend and wise, whose comprehensive view
At once the present and the future knew)
Me too ye fathers hear! from you proceed
The ills ye mourn; your own the guilty deed.

that Ulysses had slain the bravest of the Greeks: Medon allows it, but adds, that it was done by the will of the gods: the consequence therefore is, that to fight against Ulysses upon this account, is to fight against the gods. Eupithes applies to their revenge, Medon to their fears; Eupithes sheds tears to move their compassion, Medon intimidates them by averring that the assistance of the gods was visible on the side of Ulysses. The persons likewise whom Homer employs to plead against Eupithes are well chosen; Halitherses is a prophet, Medon an herald, and both persons esteemed sacred by their offices; this is the reason why the Greeks are said to be struck with awe at their appearance. Dacier, &c.

v. 517. ——— *Halitherses spoke.*] The speech of Medon had a good effect upon the audience; for Homer adds, that the whole assembly grew afraid; Halitherses perceived it, and seconds it. He insists upon a new head of persuasion, and sets forth the justice of the late action of Ulysses: the suitors were slain (says he) for their crimes, and you are guilty for not restraining their outrages; and then to deter them from their present designs, he represents their danger in engaging against their king. From these speeches (observes Eustathius) Homer draws the probability of the future part of the story; he divides the enemy, and wins over almost half of their numbers; whereas, had they proceeded unanimously, Ulysses must necessarily have perished by their power.

It is observable, that though Phemius accompanies Medon, yet he is silent; the reason is, he as it were speaks by the mouth of Medon, he was witness to the assistance of heaven on the part of Ulysses, and approves and confirms by his presence the truth of his testimony. It is thus on the stage where the whole chorus was antiently supposed to speak by the mouth of their prolocutor. Dacier, &c.

Ye gave your fons, your lawlefs fons the rein,
(Oft' warn'd by Mentor and myfelf in vain)
An abfent hero's bed they fought to foil,
An abfent hero's wealth they made their fpoil:
Immod'rate riot, and intemp'rate luft!
Th' offence was great, the punifhment was juft.
Weigh then my counfels in an equal fcale,
Nor rufh to ruin. Juftice will prevail.

His mod'rate words fome better minds perfuade:
They part, and join him; but the number ftay'd.
They ftorm, they fhout, with hafty frenzy fir'd,
And fecond all Eupithes' rage infpir'd.
They cafe their limbs in brafs; to arms they run;
The broad effulgence blazes in the fun.
Before the city, and in ample plain,
They meet: Eupithes heads the frantic train.
Fierce for his fon, he breathes his threats in air;
Fate hears them not, and death attends him there.

This paft on earth, while in the realms above
Minerva thus to cloud-compelling Jove.
May I prefume to fearch thy fecret foul!
Oh pow'r fupreme, oh ruler of the whole!

V. 541. *Minerva thus to cloud-compelling Jove.*] Homer, to give importance to the conclufive action of his poem, introduces Jupiter and Minerva in debate about the event of it. At the beginning of the Odyffey he defcribes the gods in confultation for the re-eftablifhment of Ulyffes: in the conclufion of it, we fee Jupiter himfelf rewarding the virtue and bravery of Ulyffes, and decreeing him to reign in peace and tranquillity. This is carried on with great judgment: we are fully fatisfied that the action of the Odyffey is compleated in the happinefs of the hero, when we hear Jupiter giving his fanction to it. Befides, it leaves a noble image of the greatnefs of Ulyffes, and of the whole ftory of the Odyffey, upon the reader's mind, when we fee it is of fuch weight as to engage Jupiter in its favour. Thus in imitation of Homer, toward the conclufion of the Æneid, Virgil defcribes Jupiter and Juno in debate concerning the decifive action between Turnus and Æneas.

Say, haſt thou doom'd to this divided ſtate
Or peaceful amity, or ſtern debate?
Declare thy purpoſe; for thy will is fate.
  Is not thy thought my own? (the god replies
Who rolls the thunder o'er the vaulted ſkies)
Hath not long ſince thy knowing ſoul decreed,
The chief's return ſhould make the guilty bleed?
'Tis done, and at thy will the fates ſucceed.
Yet hear the iſſue: ſince Ulyſſes' hand
Has ſlain the ſuitors, heav'n ſhall bleſs the land.
None now the kindred of th' unjuſt ſhall own;
Forgot the ſlaughter'd brother, and the ſon:
Each future day increaſe of wealth ſhall bring,
And o'er the paſt, oblivion ſtretch her wing.
Long ſhall Ulyſſes in his empire reſt,
His people bleſſing, by his people bleſt.
Let all be peace—He ſaid, and gave the nod
That binds the fates; the ſanction of the god:
And prompt to execute th' eternal will,
Deſcended Pallas from th' Olympian hill.
  Now ſat Ulyſſes at the rural feaſt,
The rage of hunger and of thirſt repreſt:
To watch the foe a truſty ſpy he ſent;
A ſon of Dolius on the meſſage went,

v. 552. ———— *ſince Ulyſſes' hand*
Has ſlain the ſuitors, heav'n ſhall bleſs the land.]

The deſign of the Odyſſey is to ſhew virtue rewarded, and vice puniſhed; here to introduce this act of juſtice with the greater ſolemnity, Jupiter is repreſented giving his aſſent to it: "Let "there be peace (ſays that deity) but let juſtice be done, and the "guilty puniſhed;" the reader muſt neceſſarily be ſatisfied with the equity of the cauſe of Ulyſſes, when he hears Jupiter himſelf directing in it. Beſides, this conduct of Homer preſents us with an excellent moral; it ſhews us that the Deity is the governour of human affairs, and arbiter of peace and war; as he directs, the ſcenes of blood are opened or cloſed, and the words of Homer, Διὸς δ' ἐτελείετο βουλή, may be applied to the Odyſſey as well as the Iliad.

Stood in the way, and at a glance beheld
The foe approach, embattl'd on the field.
With backward ſtep he haſtens to the bow'r,
And tells the news. They arm with all their pow'r.
Four friends alone Ulyſſes' cauſe embrace,
And ſix were all the ſons of Dolius' race:
Old Dolius too his ruſted arms put on;
And, ſtill more old, in arms Laertes ſhone.
Trembling with wrath, the hoary heroes ſtand,
And brazen panoply inveſts the band.
The opening gates at once their war diſplay:
Fierce they ruſh forth: Ulyſſes leads the way.
That moment joins them with celeſtial aid,
In Mentor's form, the Jove-deſcended maid:
The ſuff'ring hero felt his patient breaſt
Swell with new joy, and thus his ſon addreſt.
  Behold, Telemachus! (nor fear the ſight)
The brave embattl'd; the grim front of fight!
The valiant with the valiant muſt contend:
Shame not the line whence glorious you deſcend,
Wide o'er the world their martial fame was ſpread;
Regard thyſelf, the living and the dead.

v. 572. *Four friends alone Ulyſſes' cauſe embrace.*] The poet tells us the exact number of the party of Ulyſſes, which conſiſted of ten perſons under the direction of Dolius, Laertes, and Ulyſſes: how many were under Eupithes is uncertain, we therefore are at liberty to ſuppoſe them more or leſs ſuperiour in number; Medon and Halitherſes had withdrawn almoſt half of his aſſiſtants, and by that method reduced the enemy to a greater equality: it is probable that they had no very extraordinary inequality, for the onſet is ſo ſudden, that the friends of the dead ſuitors could not have time to embody; beſides, it appears from the ſixteenth Odyſſey, that of the whole band of ſuitors, twelve only were Ithacans, the reſt came from the adjacent iſlands, and therefore none of their friends could as yet be arrived to aſſiſt Eupithes, and conſequently this party conſiſted ſolely of Ithacans, and were not perhaps greatly ſuperiour to Ulyſſes. This obſervation likewiſe furniſhes us with a reaſon why the enemy was ſo eaſily defeated, by ſo ſmall a body of men as engaged for Ulyſſes.

Thy eyes, great father! on this battle cast,
Shall learn from me Penelope was chaste.
So spoke Telemachus! the gallant boy
Good old Laertes heard with panting joy;
And blest! thrice blest this happy day! he cries,
The day that shows me, ere I close my eyes,
A son and grandson of th' Arcesian name
Strive for fair virtue, and contest for fame!
Then thus Minerva in Laertes' ear:
Son of Arcesius, rev'rend warriour, hear!
Jove and Jove's daughter first implore in pray'r,
Then whirling high, discharge thy lance in air,
She said, infusing courage with the word.
Jove and Jove's daughter then the chief implor'd,
And whirling high, dismist the lance in air,
Full at Eupithes drove the deathful spear:
The brass-cheek'd helmet opens to the wound;
He falls, earth thunders, and his arms resound.
Before the father and the conqu'ring son
Heaps rush on heaps; they fight, they drop, they run.
Now by the sword and now the jav'lin fall
The rebel race, and death had swallow'd all;
But from on high the blue-ey'd virgin cry'd;
Her awful voice detain'd the headlong tide.
" Forbear ye nations! your mad hands forbear
" From mutual slaughter: peace descends to spare."
Fear shook the nations: at the voice divine
They drop their jav'lins, and their rage resign.
All scatter'd round their glitt'ring weapons lie;
Some fall to earth, and some confus'dly fly.

v. 605. *Full at Eupithes drove the deathful spear.*] Eustathius calls this an admirable incident, or change of fortune in favour of Ulysses. The son of Eupithes is slain by the son of Laertes, and the father of Antinous by the father of Ulysses. We now see Ulysses happy in his wife, his son and his father; victorious over his enemies, and his subjects submitting to his authority; and therefore the action is now compleat, and terminates with the Odyssey.

With dreadful ſhouts Ulyſſes pour'd along,
Swift as an eagle, as an eagle ſtrong.
But Jove's red arm the burning thunder aims;
Before Minerva ſhot the livid flames;
Blazing they fell, and at her feet expir'd:
Then ſtopt the goddeſs, trembled, and retir'd.
Deſcended from the gods! Ulyſſes, ceaſe;
Offend not Jove: obey, and give the peace.
So Pallas ſpoke: the mandate from above
The king obey'd. The virgin-ſeed of Jove
In Mentor's form, confirm'd the full accord,
"And willing nations knew their lawful lord."

v. 629. ——— *The virgin-ſeed of Jove In Mentor's form, confirm'd the full accord.*]

The meaning of the paſſage is no more than this, when ſtript of its poetical ornaments: Mentor, a perſon of great wiſdom, acts as a mediator between the king and his ſubjects, he regulates the conditions of peace, and ratifies it with ſacrifices to the gods; this being an act of wiſdom, poetry aſcribes it to Minerva.

I muſt obſerve with what dignity Homer concludes the Odyſſey: to honour his hero, he introduces two deities, Jupiter and Pallas, who intereſt themſelves in his cauſe: he then paints Ulyſſes in the boldeſt colours, as he ruſhes upon the enemy with the utmoſt intrepidity, and his courage is ſo ungovernable, that Jupiter is forced to reſtrain it with his thunder. It is uſual for orators to reſerve the ſtrongeſt arguments for the concluſion, that they may leave them freſh upon the reader's memory; Homer uſes the ſame conduct, he repreſents his hero in all his terrour, he ſhews him to be irreſiſtible, and by this method leaves us fully poſſeſt with a noble idea of his magnanimity.

It has been already obſerved, that the end of the action of the Odyſſey is the re-eſtabliſhment of Ulyſſes in full peace and tranquillity; this is not effected, till the defeat of the ſuitors friends: and therefore if the poet had concluded before this event, the Odyſſey had been imperfect. It was neceſſary that the reader ſhould not only be informed of the return of Ulyſſes to his country and the puniſhment of the ſuitors, but of his re-eſtabliſhment by a peaceful poſſeſſion of his regal authority; which is not executed, till theſe laſt diſorders raiſed by Eupithes are ſettled by the victory of Ulyſſes, and therefore this is the natural concluſion of the action.

This book opens with the morning, and ends before night, ſo that the whole ſtory of the Odyſſey is comprehended in the com-

pafs of one and forty days. Monfieur Dacier upon Ariftotle remarks, that an epic poem ought not to be too long: we fhould be able to retain all the feveral parts of it at once in our memory; if we lofe the idea of the beginning when we come to the conclufion, it is an argument that it is of too large an extent, and its length deftroys its beauty. What feems to favour this decifion is, that the Æneid, Iliad, and Odyffey are conformable to this rule of Ariftotle, and every one of thofe poems may be read in the compafs of a fingle day.

I have now gone through the collections upon the Odyffey, and laid together what occurred moft remarkable in this excellent poem. I am not fo vain as to think thefe remarks free from faults, nor fo difingenuous as not to confefs them: all writers have occafion for indulgence, and thofe moft who leaft acknowledge it. I have fometimes ufed Madam Dacier as fhe has done others, in tranfcribing fome of her remarks without particularifing them; but indeed it was through inadvertency only that her name is fometimes omitted at the bottom of the note. If my performance has merit, either in thefe, or in my part of the tranflation (namely in the fixth, eleventh, and eighteenth books) it is but juft to attribute it to the judgment and care of Mr. Pope, by whofe hand every fheet was corrected. His other, and much more able affiftant, was Mr. Fenton, in the fourth and the twentieth books. It was our particular requeft, that our feveral parts might not be made known to the world till the end of it: and if they have had the good fortune not to be diftinguifhed from his, we ought to be the lefs vain, fince the refemblance proceeds much lefs from our diligence and ftudy to copy his manner, than from his own daily revifal and correction. The moft experienced painters will not wonder at this, who very well know, that no critic can pronounce even of the pieces of Raphael or Titian, which have, or which have not, been worked upon by thofe of their fchool? when the fame mafter's hand has directed the execution of the whole, reduced it to one character and colouring, gone over the feveral parts, and given to each their finifhing.

I muft not conclude without declaring our mutual fatisfaction in Mr. Pope's acceptance of our beft endeavours, which have contributed at leaft to his more fpeedy execution of this great undertaking. If ever my name be numbered with the learned, I muft afcribe it to his friendfhip, in tranfmitting it to pofterity by a participation in his labours. May the fenfe I have of this, and other inftances of that friendfhip, be known as long as his name will caufe mine to laft: and may I to this end be permitted, at the conclufion of a work which is a kind of monument of his partiality to me, to place the following lines, as an infcription memorial of it.

LET vulgar ſouls triumphal arches raiſe
Or ſpeaking marbles to record their praiſe;
And picture (to the voice of fame unknown)
The mimic feature on the breathing ſtone:
Mere mortals! ſubject to death's total ſway,
Reptiles of earth, and beings of a day!
'Tis thine, on ev'ry heart to grave thy praiſe,
A monument which worth alone can raiſe:
Sure to ſurvive, when time ſhall whelm in duſt
The arch, the marble, and the mimic buſt:
Nor 'till the volumes of th' expanded ſky
Blaze in one flame, ſhalt thou and Homer die:
Then ſink together, in the world's laſt fires,
What heav'n created, and what heav'n inſpires.
If ought on earth, when once this breath is fled,
With human tranſport touch the mighty dead:
Shakeſpear, rejoice! his hand thy page refines;
Now ev'ry ſcene with native brightneſs ſhines;
Juſt to thy fame, he gives thy genuine thought;
So Tully publiſh'd what Lucretius wrote;
Prun'd by his care, thy laurels loftier grow,
And bloom afreſh on thy immortal brow.
Thus when thy draughts, O Raphael! time invades,
And the bold figure from the canvaſs fades,
A rival hand recalls from every part
Some latent grace, and equals art with art;
Tranſported we ſurvey the dubious ſtrife,
While each fair image ſtarts again to life.
How long, untun'd, had Homer's ſacred lyre
Jarr'd grating diſcord, all extinct his fire?
This you beheld; and taught by heav'n to ſing,
Call'd the loud muſic from the ſounding ſtring;
Now wak'd from ſlumbers of three thouſand years,
Once more Achilles in dread pomp appears,

Tow'rs o'er the field of death; as fierce he turns,
Keen flaſh his arms, and all the hero burns;
With martial ſtalk, and more than mortal might,
He ſtrides along, and meets the gods in fight:
Then the pale Titans, chain'd on burning floors,
Start at the din that rends th' infernal ſhores;
Tremble the tow'rs of heav'n, earth rocks her coaſts,
And gloomy Pluto ſhakes with all his ghoſts.
To ev'ry theme reſponds thy various lay:
Here rolls a torrent, there meanders play;
Sonorous as the ſtorm thy numbers riſe,
Toſs the wild waves, and thunder in the ſkies;
Or ſofter than a yielding virgin's ſigh,
The gentle breezes breathe away and die.
Thus, like the radiant god who ſheds the day,
You paint the vale, or gild the azure way;
And while with ev'ry theme the verſe complies,
Sink without groveling, without raſhneſs riſe.

Proceed, great bard! awake th' harmonious ſtring,
Be ours all Homer! ſtill Ulyſſes ſing.
How long * that hero, by unſkilful hands,
Stript of his robes, a beggar trod our lands:
Such as he wander'd o'er his native coaſt,
Shrunk by the wand, and all the warriour loſt?
O'er his ſmooth ſkin a bark of wrinkles ſpread;
Old age diſgrac'd the honours of his head:
Nor longer in his heavy eye-ball ſhin'd
The glance divine, forth beaming from the mind.
But you like Pallas, ev'ry limb infold
With royal robes, and bid him in ſhine in gold;
Touch'd by your hand, his manly frame improves
With grace divine, and like a god he moves.

Ev'n I, the meaneſt of the muſe's train,
Inflam'd by thee, attempt a nobler ſtrain;

* Odyſſey, lib. xvi.

Advent'rous waken the Mæonian lyre,
Tun'd by your hand, and ſing as you inſpire:
So arm'd by great Achilles for the fight,
Patroclus conquer'd in *Achilles'* right:
Like theirs, our friendſhip! and I boaſt my name
To thine united—*For thy* FRIENDSHIP'S FAME.
This labour paſt, of heav'nly ſubjects ſing,
While hov'ring angels liſten on the wing,
To hear from earth ſuch heart-felt raptures riſe,
As, when they ſing, ſuſpended hold the ſkies:
Or nobly riſing in fair virtue's cauſe,
From thy own life tranſcribe th' unerring laws:
Teach a bad world beneath her ſway to bend;
To verſe like thine fierce ſavages attend,
And men more fierce: when Orpheus tunes the lay,
Ev'n fiends relenting hear their rage away.

W. BROOME.

POSTSCRIPT.

By Mr. POPE.

I Cannot dismiss this work without a few observations on the true character and style of it. Whoever reads the Odyssey with an eye to the Iliad, expecting to find it of the same character, or of the same sort of spirit, will be grievously deceived, and err against the first principle of criticism, which is to consider the nature of the piece, and the intent of its author. The Odyssey is a moral and political work, instructive to all degrees of men, and filled with images, examples and precepts of civil and domestic life. Homer is here a person

" Qui didicit, patriæ quid debeat, & quid amicis,
" Quo sit amore parens, quo frater amandus, &
" hospes:
" Qui quid sit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile,
" quid non,
" Plenius & melius Chrysippo & Crantore dicit."

The Odyssey is the reverse of the Iliad, in moral, subject, manner and style; to which it has no sort of relation, but as the story happens to follow in order of time, and as some of the same persons are actors in it. Yet from this incidental connection many have been misled to regard it as a continuation or second part, and thence to expect a parity of character inconsistent with its nature.

It is no wonder that the common reader should fall into this mistake, when so great a critic as Longinus

ſeems not wholly free from it; although what he has ſaid has been generally underſtood to import a ſeverer cenſure of the Odyſſey than it really does, if we conſider the occaſion on which it is introduced, and the circumſtances to which it is confined.

"The Odyſſey (ſays he) is an inſtance, how natu-
"ral it is to a great genius, when it begins to grow
"old and decline, to delight itſelf in narrations and
"fables. For, that Homer compoſed the Odyſſey
"after the Iliad, many proofs may be given, &c.
"From hence in my judgment it proceeds, that as
"the Iliad was written while his ſpirit was in its
"greateſt vigour, the whole ſtructure of that work is
"dramatic and full of action; whereas the greater
"part of the Odyſſey is employed in narration, which
"is the taſte of old age: ſo that in this latter piece
"we may compare him to the ſetting ſun, which has
"ſtill the ſame greatneſs, but not the ſame ardour,
"or force. He ſpeaks not in the ſame ſtrain; we ſee
"no more that ſublime of the Iliad which marches
"on with a conſtant pace, without ever being ſtopped,
"or retarded; there appears no more that hurry, and
"that ſtrong tide of motions and paſſions, pouring
"one after another: there is no more of the ſame
"fury, or the ſame volubility of diction, ſo ſuitable
"to action, and all along drawing in ſuch innumer-
"able images of nature. But Homer, like the ocean,
"is always great, even when he ebbs and retires;
"even when he is loweſt, and loſes himſelf moſt in
"narrations and incredible fictions; as inſtances of
"this, we cannot forget the deſcriptions of tempeſts,
"the adventures of Ulyſſes with the Cyclops, and
"many others. But though all this be age, it is the
"age of Homer——And it may be ſaid for the credit
"of theſe fictions, that they are beautiful dreams, or
"if you will, the dreams of Jupiter himſelf. I ſpoke
"of the Odyſſey only to ſhow, that the greateſt poets
"when their genius wants ſtrength and warmth for
"the pathetic, for the moſt part employ themſelves
"in painting the manners. This Homer has done,
"in characteriſing the ſuitors, and deſcribing their

"way of life; which is properly a branch of comedy, "whoſe peculiar buſineſs it is to repreſent the man- "ners of men."

We muſt firſt obſerve, it is the ſublime of which Longinus is writing: that, and not the nature of Homer's poem, is his ſubject. After having highly extolled the ſublimity and fire of the Iliad, he juſtly obſerves the Odyſſey to have leſs of thoſe qualities, and to turn more on the ſide of moral, and reflections on human life. Nor is it his buſineſs here to determine, whether the elevated ſpirit of the one, or the juſt moral of the other, be the greater excellence in itſelf.

Secondly, that fire and fury of which he is ſpeaking, cannot well be meant of the general ſpirit and inſpiration which is to run through a whole epic poem, but of that particular warmth and impetuoſity neceſſary in ſome parts, to image or repreſent actions or paſſions, of haſte, tumult, and violence. It is on occaſion of citing ſome ſuch particular paſſages in Homer, that Longinus breaks into this reflection; which ſeems to determine his meaning chiefly to that ſenſe.

Upon the whole, he affirms the Odyſſey to have leſs ſublimity and fire than the Iliad, but he does not ſay it wants the ſublime or wants fire. He affirms it to be narrative, but not that the narration is defective. He affirms it to abound in fictions, not that thoſe fictions are ill invented, or ill executed. He affirms it to be nice and particular in painting the manners, but not that thoſe manners are ill painted. If Homer has fully in theſe points accompliſhed his own deſign, and done all that the nature of his poem demanded or allowed, it ſtill remains perfect in its kind, and as much a maſter-piece as the Iliad.

The amount of the paſſage is this; that in his own particular taſte, and with reſpect to the ſublime, Longinus preferred the Iliad: and becauſe the Odyſſey was leſs active and lofty, he judged it the work of the old age of Homer.

If this opinion be true, it will only prove, that Homer's age might determine him in the choice of his ſubject, not that it affected him in the execution

of it: and that which would be a very wrong inftance to prove the decay of his imagination, is a very good one to evince the ftrength of his judgment. For had he (as Madam Dacier obferves) compofed the Odyffey in his youth, and the Iliad in his age, both muft in reafon have been exactly the fame as they now ftand. To blame Homer for his choice of fuch a fubject, as did not admit the fame incidents and the fame pomp of ftyle as his former, is to take offence at too much variety, and to imagine, that when a man has written one good thing, he muft ever after only copy himfelf.

The Battle of Conftantine, and the School of Athens, are both pieces of Raphael: fhall we cenfure the School of Athens as faulty, becaufe it has not the fury and fire of the other? Or fhall we fay, that Raphael was grown grave and old, becaufe he chofe to reprefent the manners of old men and philofophers? There is all the filence, tranquillity and compofure in the one, and all the warmth, hurry and tumult in the other, which the fubject of either required: both of them had been imperfect, if they had not been as they are. And let the painter or poet be young or old, who defigns and performs in this manner, it proves him to have made the piece at a time of life when he was mafter not only of his art, but of his difcretion.

Ariftotle makes no fuch diftinction between the two poems: he conftantly cites them with equal praife, and draws the rules and examples of epic writing equally from both. But it is rather to the Odyffey that Horace gives the preference, in the Epiftle to Lollius, and in the Art of Poetry. It is remarkable how oppofite his opinion is to that of Longinus; and that the particulars he chufes to extol, are thofe very fictions and pictures of the manners which the other feems leaft to approve. Thofe fables and manners are of the very effence of the work: but even without that regard, the fables themfelves have both more invention and more inftruction, and the manners more moral and example, than thofe of the Iliad.

In fome points (and thofe the moft effential to the epic poem) the Odyffey is confeffed to excel the Iliad;

and principally in the great end of it, the moral. The conduct, turn, and diſpoſition of the fable is alſo what the critics allow to be the better model for epic writers to follow; accordingly we find much more of the caſt of this poem than of the other in the Æneid, and (what next to that is perhaps the greateſt example) in the Telemachus. In the manners, it is no way inferiour: Longinus is ſo far from finding any defect in theſe, that he rather taxes Homer with painting them too minutely. As to the narrations, although they are more numerous as the occaſions are more frequent, yet they carry no more the marks of old age, and are neither more prolix nor more circumſtantial, than the converſations and dialogues of the Iliad. Not to mention the length of thoſe of Phœnix in the ninth book, and of Neſtor in the eleventh (which may be thought in compliance to their characters), thoſe of Glaucus in the ſixth, of Æneas in the twentieth, and ſome others, muſt be allowed to exceed any in the whole Odyſſey. And that the propriety of ſtyle, and the numbers, in the narrations of each are equal, will appear to any who compare them.

To form a right judgment, whether the genius of Homer had ſuffered any decay; we muſt conſider, in both his poems, ſuch parts as are of a ſimilar nature, and will bear compariſon. And it is certain we ſhall find in each, the ſame vivacity and fecundity of invention, the ſame life and ſtrength of imaging and colouring, the particular deſcriptions as highly painted, the figures as bold, the metaphors as animated, and the numbers as harmonious and as various.

The Odyſſey is a perpetual ſource of poetry: the ſtream is not the leſs full, for being gentle; though it is true (when we ſpeak only with regard to the ſublime) that a river, foaming and thundering in cataracts from rocks and precipices, is what more ſtrikes, amazes and fills the mind, than the ſame body of water, flowing afterwards through peaceful vales and agreeable ſcenes of paſturage.

The Odyſſey (as I have before ſaid) ought to be conſidered according to its own nature and deſign, not

with an eye to the Iliad. To cenfure Homer becaufe it is unlike what it was never meant to refemble, is, as if a gardener who had purpofely cultivated two beautiful trees of contrary natures, as a fpecimen of his fkill in the feveral kinds, fhould be blamed for not bringing them into pairs; when in root, ftem, leaf, and flower, each was fo intirely different, that one muft have been fpoiled in the endeavour to match the other.

Longinus, who faw this poem was "partly of the "nature of comedy," ought not, for that very reafon, to have confidered it with a view to the Iliad. How little any fuch refemblance was the intention of Homer, may appear from hence, that although the character of Ulyffes there was already drawn, yet here he purpofely turns to another fide of it, and fhows him not in that full light of glory, but in the fhade of common life, with a mixture of fuch qualities as are requifite to all the loweft accidents of it, ftruggling with misfortunes, and on a level with the meaneft of mankind. As for the other perfons, none of them are above what we call the higher comedy: Calypfo, though a goddefs, is a character of intrigue; the fuitors yet more approaching to it; the Phæacians are of the fame caft; the Cyclops, Melanthius, and Irus, defcend even to droll characters; and the fcenes that appear throughout, are generally of the comic kind; banquets, revels, fports, loves, and the purfuit of a woman.

From the nature of the poem, we fhall form an idea of the ftyle. The diction is to follow the images, and to take its colour from the complexion of the thoughts. Accordingly the Odyffey is not always cloathed in the majefty of verfe proper to tragedy, but fometimes defcends into the plainer narrative, and fometimes even to that familiar dialogue effential to comedy. However, where it cannot fupport a fublimity, it always preferves a dignity, or at leaft a propriety.

There is a real beauty in an eafy, pure, perfpicuous defcription even of a low action. There are numerous inftances of this both in Homer and Virgil;

and perhaps those natural passages are not the least pleasing of their works. It is often the same in history, where the representations of common, or even domestic things, in clear, plain, and natural words, are frequently found to make the liveliest impression on the reader.

The question is, how far a poet, in pursuing the description or image of an action, can attach himself to little circumstances, without vulgarity or trifling? What particulars are proper, and enliven the image; or what are impertinent, and clog it? In this matter painting is to be consulted, and the whole regard had to those circumstances which contribute to form a full, and yet not a confused, idea of a thing.

Epithets are of vast service to this effect, and the right use of these is often the only expedient to render the narration poetical.

The great point of judgment is to distinguish when to speak simply, and when figuratively: but whenever the poet is obliged by the nature of his subject to descend to the lower manner of writing, an elevated style would be affected, and therefore ridiculous; and the more he was forced upon figures and metaphors to avoid that lowness, the more the image would be broken, and consequently obscure.

One may add, that the use of the grand style on little subjects, is not only ludicrous, but a sort of transgression against the rules of proportion and mechanics: it is using a vast force to lift a feather.

I believe, now I am upon this head, it will be found a just observation, that the low actions of life cannot be put into a figurative style without being ridiculous, but things natural can. Metaphors raise the latter into dignity, as we see in the Georgics: but throw the former into ridicule, as in the Lutrin. I think this may very well be accounted for: laughter implies censure; inanimate and irrational beings are not objects of censure; therefore these may be elevated as much as you please, and no ridicule follows: but when rational beings are represented above their real character, it becomes ridiculous in art, because it is vicious in

morality. The bees in Virgil, were they rational beings, would be ridiculous by having their actions and manners reprefented on a level with creatures fo fuperiour as men; fince it would imply folly or pride, which are the proper objects of ridicule.

The ufe of pompous expreffion for low actions or thoughts is the true fublime of Don Quixote. How far unfit it is for epic poetry, appears in its being the perfection of the mock epic. It is fo far from being the fublime of tragedy, that it is the caufe of all bombaft; when poets, inftead of being (as they imagine) conftantly lofty, only preferve throughout a painful equality of fuftian: that continued fwell of language (which runs indifcriminately even through their loweft characters, and rattles like fome mightinefs of meaning in the moft indifferent fubjects) is of a piece with that perpetual elevation of tone which the players have learned from it; and which is not fpeaking, but vociferating.

There is ftill more reafon for a variation of ftyle in epic poetry than in tragic, to diftinguifh between that language of the gods proper to the mufe who fings, and is infpired: and that of men who are introduced fpeaking only according to nature. Farther, there ought to be a difference of ftyle obferved in the fpeeches of human perfons, and thofe of deities; and again, in thofe which may be called fet harangues, or orations, and thofe which are only converfation or dialogue. Homer has more of the latter than any other poet: what Virgil does by two or three words of narration, Homer ftill performs by fpeeches: not only replies, but even rejoinders are frequent in him, a practice almoft unknown to Virgil. This renders his poems more animated, but lefs grave and majeftic; and confequently neceffitates the frequent ufe of a lower ftyle. The writers of tragedy lie under the fame neceffity, if they would copy nature; whereas that painted and poetical diction which they perpetually ufe, would be improper even in orations defigned to move with all the arts of rhetoric: this is plain from the practice of Demofthenes and Cicero; and Virgil in thofe of

Drances and Turnus gives an eminent example, how far removed the ſtyle of them ought to be from ſuch an exceſs of figures and ornaments: which indeed fits only that language of the gods we have been ſpeaking of, or that of a muſe under inſpiration.

To read through a whole work in this ſtrain, is like travelling all along on the ridge of a hill; which is not half ſo agreeable as ſometimes gradually to riſe, and ſometimes gently to deſcend, as the way leads, and as the end of the journey directs.

Indeed the true reaſon that ſo few poets have imitated Homer in theſe lower parts, has been the extreme difficulty of preſerving that mixture of eaſe and dignity eſſential to them. For it is as hard for an epic poem to ſtoop to the narrative with ſucceſs, as for a prince to deſcend to be familiar, without diminution to his greatneſs.

The ſublime ſtyle is more eaſily counterfeited than the natural; ſomething that paſſes for it, or ſounds like it, is common in all falſe writers: but nature, purity, perſpicuity, and ſimplicity, never walk in the clouds; they are obvious to all capacities; and where they are not evident, they do not exiſt.

The moſt plain narration not only admits of theſe, and of harmony (which are all the qualities of ſtyle) but it requires every one of them to render it pleaſing. On the contrary, whatever pretends to a ſhare of the ſublime, may paſs, notwithſtanding any defects in the reſt; nay, ſometimes without any of them, and gain the admiration of all ordinary readers.

Homer, in his loweſt narrations or ſpeeches, is ever eaſy, flowing, copious, clear, and harmonious. He ſhows not leſs invention, in aſſembling the humbler, than the greater, thoughts and images; nor leſs judgment, in proportioning the ſtyle and the verſification to theſe, than to the other. Let it be remembered, that the ſame genius that ſoared the higheſt, and from whom the greateſt models of the ſublime are derived, was alſo he who ſtooped the loweſt, and gave to the ſimple narrative its utmoſt perfection. Which of theſe was the harder taſk to Homer himſelf, I cannot pre-

tend to determine; but to his translator I can affirm (however unequal all his imitations must be) that of the latter has been much more difficult.

Whoever expects here the same pomp of verse, and the same ornaments of diction, as in the Iliad, he will, and he ought to be, disappointed. Were the original otherwise, it had been an offence against nature; and were the translation so, it were an offence against Homer, which is the same thing.

It must be allowed that there is a majesty and harmony in the Greek language which greatly contribute to elevate and support the narration. But I must also observe that this is an advantage grown upon the language since Homer's time; for things are removed from vulgarity by being out of use: and if the words we could find in any present language were equally sonorous or musical in themselves, they would still appear less poetical and uncommon than those of a dead one, from this only circumstance, of being in every man's mouth. I may add to this another disadvantage to a translator, from a different cause: Homer seems to have taken upon him the character of an historian, antiquary, divine, and professor of arts and sciences, as well as a poet. In one or other of these characters he descends into many particularities, which as a poet only perhaps he would have avoided. All these ought to be preserved by a faithful translator, who in some measure takes the place of Homer; and all that can be expected from him is to make them as poetical as the subject will bear. Many arts therefore are requisite to supply these disadvantages, in order to dignify and solemnize these plainer parts, which hardly admit of any poetical ornaments.

Some use has been made to this end of the style of Milton. A just and moderate mixture of old words may have an effect like the working old abbey stones into a building, which I have sometimes seen to give a kind of venerable air, and yet not destroy the neatness, elegance, and equality requisite to a new work; I mean without rendering it too unfamiliar, or remote from the present purity of writing, or from that ease and smooth-

which ought always to accompany narration or dialogue. In reading a ſtyle judiciouſly antiquated, one finds a pleaſure not unlike that of travelling on an old Roman way: but then the road muſt be as good, as the way is antient; the ſtyle muſt be ſuch in which we may evenly proceed, without being put to ſhort ſtops by ſudden abruptneſſes, or puzzled by frequent turnings and tranſpoſitions. No man delights in furrows and ſtumblings-blocks: and let our love to antiquity be ever ſo great, a fine ruin is one thing, and a heap of rubbiſh another. The imitators of Milton, like most other imitators, are not copies but caricatura's of their original; they are a hundred times more obſolete and cramp than he, and equally ſo in all places: whereas it ſhould have been obſerved of Milton, that he is not laviſh of his exotic words and phraſes every where alike, but employs them much more where the ſubject is marvellous, vaſt and ſtrange, as in the ſcenes of heaven, hell, chaos, &c. than where it is turned to the natural and agreeable, as in the pictures of paradiſe, the loves of our firſt parents, the entertainments of angels, and the like. In general, this unuſual ſtyle better ſerves to awaken our ideas in the deſcriptions and in the imaging and picturesque parts, than it agrees with the lower ſort of narrations, the character of which is ſimplicity and purity. Milton has ſeveral of the latter, where we find not an antiquated, affected, or uncouth word, for ſome hundred lines together; as in his fifth book, the latter part of the eighth, the former of the tenth and eleventh books, and in the narration of Michael in the twelfth. I wonder indeed that he, who ventured (contrary to the practice of all other epic poets) to imitate Homer's lowneſſes in the narrative, ſhould not alſo have copied his plainneſs and perſpicuity in the dramatic parts: ſince in his ſpeeches (where clearneſs above all is neceſſary) there is frequently ſuch tranſpoſition and forced conſtruction, that the very ſenſe is not to be diſcovered without a ſecond or third reading: and in this certainly he ought to be no example.

To preſerve the true character of Homer's ſtyle in the preſent tranſlation, great pains have been taken to be

easy and natural. The chief merit I can pretend to, is, not to have been carried into a more plausible and figurative manner of writing, which would better have pleased all readers, but the judicious ones. My errours had been fewer, had each of those gentlemen who joined with me shown as much of the severity of a friend to me, as I did to them, in a strict animadversion and correction. What assistance I received from them, was made known in general to the public in the original proposals for this work, and the particulars are specified at the conclusion of it; to which I must add (to be punctually just) some part of the tenth and fifteenth books. The reader will now be too good a judge, how much the greater part of it, and consequently of its faults, is chargeable upon me alone. But this I can with integrity affirm, that I have bestowed as much time and pains upon the whole, as were consistent with the indispensable duties and cares of life, and with that wretched state of health which God has been pleased to make my portion. At the least, it is a pleasure to me to reflect, that I have introduced into our language this other work of the greatest and most antient of poets, with some dignity; and I hope, with as little disadvantage as the Iliad. And if, after the unmerited success of that translation, any one will wonder why I would enterprize the Odyssey; I think it sufficient to say, that Homer himself did the same, or the world would never have seen it.

I designed to have ended this postscript here: but since I am now taking my leave of Homer, and of all controversy relating to him, I beg leave to be indulged, if I make use of this last opportunity, to say a very few words about some reflections which the late Madam Dacier bestowed on the first part of my preface to the Iliad, and which she published at the end of her translation of that poem *.

To write gravely an answer to them would be too much for the reflections; and to say nothing concerning them, would be too little for the author. It is ow-

* Second edition, à Paris, 1719.

ing to the induſtry of that learned lady, that our polite neighbours are become acquainted with many of Homer's beauties, which were hidden from them before in Greek and in Euſtathius. She challenges in this account a particular regard from all the admirers of that great poet, and I hope that I ſhall be thought, as I mean, to pay ſome part of this debt to her memory in what I am now writing.

Had theſe reflections fallen from the pen of an ordinary critic, I ſhould not have apprehended their effect, and ſhould therefore have been ſilent concerning them: but ſince they are Madam Dacier's, I imagine that they muſt be of weight; and in a caſe where I think her reaſoning very bad, I reſpect her authority.

I have fought under Madam Dacier's banner, and have waged war in defence of the divine Homer againſt all the heretics of the age. And yet it is Madam Dacier who accuſes me, and who accuſes me of nothing leſs than betraying our common cauſe. She affirms that the moſt declared enemies of this author have never ſaid any thing againſt him more injurious or more unjuſt than I. What muſt the world think of me, after ſuch a judgment paſſed by ſo great a critic; the world, who decides ſo often, and who examines ſo ſeldom; the world, who even in matters of literature is almoſt always the ſlave of authority? Who will ſuſpect that ſo much learning ſhould miſtake, that ſo much accuracy ſhould be miſled, or that ſo much candour ſhould be biaſſed?

All this however has happened, and Madam Dacier's criticiſms on my preface flow from the very ſame errour, from which ſo many falſe criticiſms of her countrymen upon Homer have flowed, and which ſhe has ſo juſtly and ſo ſeverely reproved; I mean the errour of depending on injurious and unſkilful tranſlations.

An indifferent tranſlation may be of ſome uſe, and a good one will be of a great deal. But I think that no tranſlation ought to be the ground of criticiſm, becauſe no man ought to be condemned upon another man's explanation of his meaning: could Homer have had the honour of explaining his, before that auguſt tribunal where Monſieur de la Motte preſides, I make no doubt

But he had escaped many of those severe animadversions with which some French authors have loaded him, and from which even Madam Dacier's translation of the Iliad could not preserve him.

How unhappy was it for me, that the knowledge of our island-tongue was as necessary to Madam Dacier in my case, as the knowledge of Greek was to Monsieur de la Motte in that of our great author; or to any of those whom she styles "blind censurers," and blames for condemning what they did not understand.

I may say with modesty, that she knew less of my true sense from that faulty translation of part of my preface, than those blind censurers might have known of Homer's even from the translation of la Valterie, which preceded her own.

It pleased me however to find, that her objections were not levelled at the general doctrine, or at any essentials of my preface, but only at a few particular expressions. She proposed little more than (to use her own phrase) to "combat two or three similies;" and I hope that to combat a simile is no more than to fight with a shadow, since a simile is no better than the shadow of an argument.

She lays much weight where I laid but little, and examines with more scrupulosity than I writ, or than perhaps the matter requires.

These unlucky similies taken by themselves may perhaps render my meaning equivocal to an ignorant translator; or there may have fallen from my pen some expressions, which, taken by themselves likewise, may to the same person have the same effect. But if the translator had been master of our tongue, the general tenour of my argument, that which precedes and that which follows the passages objected to, would have sufficiently determined him as to the precise meaning of them: and if Madam Dacier had taken up her pen a little more leisurely, or had employed it with more temper, she would not have answered paraphrases of her own, which even the translation will not justify, and which say, more than once, the very contrary to what I have said in the passages themselves.

If any person has curiosity enough to read the whole paragraphs in my preface, or some mangled parts of which these reflections are made, he will easily discern that I am as orthodox as Madam Dacier herself in those very articles on which she treats me like an heretic: he will easily see that all the difference between us consists in this, that I offer opinions, and she delivers doctrines; that my imagination represents Homer as the greatest of human poets, whereas in hers he was exalted above humanity; infallibility and impeccability were two of his attributes. There was therefore no need of defending Homer against me, who, (if I mistake not) had carried my admiration of him, as far as it can be carried, without giving a real occasion of writing in his defence.

After answering my harmless similies, she proceeds to a matter which does not regard so much the honour of Homer, as that of the times he lived in; and here I must confess she does not wholly mistake my meaning, but I think she mistakes the state of the question. She had said, the manners of those times were so much the better, the less they were like ours. I thought this required a little qualification. I confest that in my opinion the world was mended in some points, such as the custom of putting whole nations to the sword, condemning kings and their families to perpetual slavery, and a few others. Madam Dacier judges otherwise in this; but as to the rest, particularly in preferring the simplicity of the antient world to the luxury of ours, which is the main point contended for, she owns we agree. This I thought was well, but I am so unfortunate that this too is taken amiss, and called adopting or (if you will) stealing her sentiment. The truth is she might have said "her words," for I used them on purpose, being then professedly citing from her: though I might have done the same without intending that compliment, for they are also to be found in Eustathius, and the sentiment I believe is that of all mankind. I cannot really tell what to say to this whole remark, only that in the first part of it, Madam Dacier is displeased that I do not agree with her, and in the last that I do: but this

is a temper which every polite man ſhould over-look in a lady.

To puniſh my ingratitude, ſhe reſolves to expoſe my blunders, and ſelects two which I ſuppoſe are the moſt flagrant, out of the many for which ſhe could have chaſtiſed me. It happens that the firſt of theſe is in part the tranſlator's, and in part her own, without any ſhare of mine: ſhe quotes the end of a ſentence, and he puts in French what I never wrote in Engliſh: "Homer (I "ſaid) opened a new and boundleſs walk for his ima-"gination, and created a world for himſelf in the in-"vention of fable;" which he tranſlates, "Homere "crea pour ſon uſage un monde mouvant, en inventant "la fable."

Madam Dacier juſtly wonders at this nonſenſe in me; and I, in the tranſlator. As to what I meant by Homer's invention of fable, it is afterwards particularly diſtinguiſhed from that extenſive ſenſe in which ſhe took it, by theſe words. "If Homer was not the firſt, who "introduced the deities (as Herodotus imagines) into "the religion of Greece, he ſeems the firſt who brought "them into a ſyſtem of machinery for poetry."

The other blunder ſhe accuſes me of is, the miſtaking a paſſage in Ariſtotle, and ſhe is pleaſed to ſend me back to this philoſopher's treatiſe of poetry, and to her preface on the Odyſſey for my better inſtruction. Now though I am ſaucy enough to think that one may ſometimes differ from Ariſtotle without blundering, and though I am ſure one may ſometimes fall into an errour by following him ſervilely; yet I own, that to quote any author for what he never ſaid is a blunder; (but by the way, to correct an author for what he never ſaid, is ſomewhat worſe than a blunder.) My words were theſe. "As there is a greater variety of characters in the Iliad "than in any other poem, ſo there is of ſpeeches. Every "thing in it has manners, as Ariſtotle expreſſes it; that "is, every thing is acted or ſpoken: very little paſſes "in narration." She juſtly ſays, that "Every thing "which is acted or ſpoken, has not neceſſarily manners "merely becauſe it is acted or ſpoken." Agreed: but I would aſk the queſtion, whether any thing can have

manners which is neither acted nor ſpoken? If not, then the whole Iliad being almoſt ſpent in ſpeech and action, almoſt every thing in it has manners, ſince Homer has been proved before in a long paragraph of the preface, to have excelled in drawing characters and painting manners, and indeed his whole poem is one continued occaſion of ſhewing this bright part of his talent.

To ſpeak fairly, it is impoſſible ſhe could read even the tranſlation, and take my ſenſe ſo wrong as ſhe repreſents it; but I was firſt tranſlated ignorantly, and then read partially. My expreſſion indeed was not quite exact; it ſhould have been, "Every thing has manners "as Ariſtotle calls them." But ſuch a fault methinks might have been ſpared, ſince if one was to look with that diſpoſition ſhe diſcovers towards me, even on her own excellent writings, one might find ſome miſtakes which no context can redreſs; as where ſhe makes Euſtathius call Cratiſthenes the Phliaſian, Calliſthenes the phyſician *. What a triumph might ſome ſlips of this ſort have afforded to Homer's, hers, and my enemies, from which ſhe was only ſcreened by their happy ignorance? How unlucky had it been, when ſhe inſulted Mr. de la Motte for omitting a material paſſage in the † ſpeech of Helen to Hector, Iliad vi. if ſome champion for the moderns had by chance underſtood ſo much Greek, as to whiſper him, that there was no ſuch paſſage in Homer?

Our concern, zeal, and even jealouſy, for our great author's honour were mutual, our endeavours to advance it were equal, and I have as often trembled for it in her hands, as ſhe could in mine. It was one of the many reaſons I had to wiſh the longer life of this lady, that I muſt certainly have regained her good opinion, in ſpite of all miſrepreſenting tranſlators whatever. I could not have expected it on any other terms than being approved as great, if not as paſſionate, an admirer of Homer as herſelf. For that was the firſt condition of her favour and friendſhip; otherwiſe not one's taſte

* Dacier remarques ſur le 4me livre de l'Odyſſ. p. 467.

† De la corruption du gout.

alone, but one's morality had been corrupted, nor would any man's religion have been unsuspected, who did not implicitly believe in an author whose doctrine is so conformable to holy scripture. However, as different people have different ways of expressing their belief, some purely by public and general acts of worship, others by a reverend sort of reasoning and enquiry about the grounds of it; it is the same in admiration, some prove it by exclamations, others by respect. I have observed that the loudest huzzas given to a great man in a triumph, proceed not from his friends, but the rabble; and as I have fancied it the same with the rabble of critics, a desire to be distinguished from them has turned me to the more moderate, and, I hope, more rational method. Though I am a poet, I would not be an enthusiast; and though I am an Englishman, I would not be furiously of a party. I am far from thinking myself that genius, upon whom, at the end of these remarks, Madam Dacier congratulates my country: one capable of, "correcting Homer, and consequently of "reforming mankind, and amending this constitution." It was not to Great Britain this ought to have been applied, since our nation has one happiness for which she might have preferred it to her own, that as much as we abound in other miserable misguided sects, we have at least none of the blasphemers of Homer. We stedfastly and unanimously believe, both his poem, and our constitution, to be the best that ever human wit invented: that the one is not more incapable of amendment than the other; and (old as they both are) we despise any French or Englishman whatever, who shall presume to retrench, to innovate, or to make the least alteration in either. Far therefore from the genius for which Madam Dacier mistook me, my whole desire is but to preserve the humble character of a faithful translator, and a quiet subject.

THE BATTLE OF THE FROGS and MICE.

BOOK I.

TO fill my riſing ſong with ſacred fire,
Ye tuneful Nine, ye ſweet celeſtial quire!
From Helicon's imbow'ring height repair,
Attend my labours, and reward my pray'r.
The dreadful toils of raging Mars I write,
The ſprings of conteſt, and the fields of fight;
How threat'ning mice advanc'd with warlike grace,
And wag'd dire combats with the croaking race.
Not louder tumults ſhook Olympus' tow'rs,
When earth-born giants dar'd immortal pow'rs.
Theſe equal acts an equal glory claim,
And thus the muſe records the tale of fame.
Once on a time, fatigu'd and out of breath,
And juſt eſcap'd the ſtretching claws of death,
A gentle mouſe, whom cats purſu'd in vain,
Flies ſwift-of-foot acroſs the neighb'ring plain,
Hangs o'er a brink his eager thirſt to cool,
And dips his whiſkers in the ſtanding pool;
When near a courteous frog advanc'd his head,
And from the waters, hoarſe reſounding ſaid,
What art thou, ſtranger? What the line you boaſt?
What chance hath caſt thee panting on our coaſt?

With strictest truth let all thy words agree,
Nor let me find a faithless mouse in thee.
If worthy friendship, proffer'd friendship take,
And ent'ring view the pleasurable lake:
Range o'er my palace, in my bounty share,
And glad return from hospitable fare.
This silver realm extends beneath my sway,
And me, their monarch, all its frogs obey.
Great Physignathus I, from Pelius' race,
Begot in fair Hydromedense' embrace,
Where by the nuptial bank that paints his side,
The swift Eridanus delights to glide.
Thee too, thy form, thy strength, and port proclaim,
A scepter'd king; a son of martial fame;
Then trace thy line, and aid my guessing eyes.
Thus ceas'd the frog, and thus the mouse replies.
  Known to the gods, the men, the birds that fly
Thro' wild expanses of the midway sky,
My name resounds; and if unknown to thee,
The soul of great Psycarpax lives in me.
Of brave Troxartes' line, whose fleeky down
In love compress'd Lycomile the brown.
My mother she, and princess of the plains
Where-e'er her father Pternotroctas reigns:
Born where a cabin lifts its airy shed,
With figs, with nuts, with vary'd dainties fed.
But since our natures nought in common know,
From what foundation can a friendship grow?
These curling waters o'er thy palace roll;
But man's high food supports my princely soul.
In vain the circled loaves attempt to lie
Conceal'd in flaskets from my curious eye;
In vain the tripe that boasts the whitest hue,
In vain the gilded bacon shuns my view,
In vain the cheeses, offspring of the pail,
Or honey'd cakes, which gods themselves regale.

And as in arts I ſhine, in arms I fight,
Mix'd with the braveſt, and unknown to flight.
Tho' large to mine the human form appear,
Not man himſelf can ſmite my ſoul with fear;
Sly to the bed with ſilent ſteps I go,
Attempt his finger, or attack his toe,
And fix indented wounds with dext'rous ſkill,
Sleeping he feels, and only ſeems to feel.
Yet have we foes which direful dangers cauſe,
Grim owls with talons arm'd, and cats with claws;
And that falſe trap, the den of ſilent fate,
Where death his ambuſh plants around the bait;
All dreaded theſe, and dreadful o'er the reſt
The potent warriours of the tabby veſt:
If to the dark we fly, the dark they trace,
And rend our heroes of the nibbling race.
But me, nor ſtalks, nor wat'riſh herbs delight,
Nor can the crimſon radiſh charm my ſight;
The lake-reſounding frogs ſelected fare,
Which not a mouſe of any taſte can bear.
  As thus the downy prince his mind expreſt,
His anſwer thus the croaking king addreſt.
  Thy words luxuriant on thy dainties rove,
And, ſtranger, we can boaſt of bounteous Jove:
We ſport in water, or we dance on land,
And born amphibious, food from both command.
But truſt thyſelf where wonders aſk thy view,
And ſafely tempt thoſe ſeas, I'll bear thee through:
Aſcend my ſhoulders, firmly keep thy ſeat,
And reach my marſhy court, and feaſt in ſtate.
  He ſaid, and leant his back; with nimble bound
Leaps the light mouſe, and claſps his arms around,
Then wond'ring floats, and ſees with glad ſurvey
The winding banks diſſemble ports at ſea.
But when aloft the curling water rides,
And wets with azure wave his downy ſides,

His thoughts grow conſcious of approaching woe,
His idle tears with vain repentance flow,
His locks he rends, his trembling feet he rears,
Thick beats his heart with unaccuſtom'd fears;
He ſighs, and chill'd with danger, longs for ſhore:
His tail extended forms a fruitleſs oar.
Half drench'd in liquid death his pray'rs he ſpake,
And thus bemoan'd him from the dreadful lake.
  So paſs'd Europa thro' the rapid ſea,
Trembling and fainting all the vent'rous way;
With oary feet the bull triumphant rode,
And ſafe in Crete depos'd his lovely load.
Ah ſafe at laſt! may thus the frog ſupport
My trembling limbs to reach his ample court.
  As thus he ſorrows, death ambiguous grows,
Lo! from the deep a water-hydra roſe;
He rolls his ſanguin'd eyes, his boſom heaves;
And darts with active rage along the waves.
Confus'd, the monarch ſees his hiſſing foe,
And dives to ſhun the ſable fates below.
Forgetful frog! the friend thy ſhoulders bore,
Unſkill'd in ſwimming, floats remote from ſhore.
He graſps with fruitleſs hands to find relief,
Supinely falls, and grinds his teeth with grief;
Plunging he ſinks, and ſtruggling mounts again,
And ſinks, and ſtrives, but ſtrives with fate in vain.
The weighty moiſture clogs his hairy veſt,
And thus the prince his dying rage expreſt.
  Nor thou, that flings me flound'ring from thy back,
As from hard rocks rebounds the ſhatt'ring wrack,
Nor thou ſhalt 'ſcape thy due, perfidious king!
Purſu'd by vengeance on the ſwifteſt wing:
At land thy ſtrength could never equal mine,
At ſea to conquer, and by craft, was thine.
But heav'n has gods, and gods have ſearching eyes:
Ye mice, ye mice, my great avengers riſe!

This ſaid, he ſighing gaſp'd, and gaſping dy'd,
His death the young Lycophinax eſpy'd,
As on the flow'ry brink he paſs'd the day,
Baſk'd in the beam, and loiter'd life away:
Loud ſhrieks the mouſe, his ſhrieks the ſhores repeat;
The nibbling nation learn their hero's fate:
Grief, diſmal grief enſues; deep murmurs ſound,
And ſhriller fury fills the deafen'd ground;
From lodge to lodge the ſacred heralds run,
To fix their council with the riſing ſun;
Where great Troxartes crown'd in glory reigns,
And winds his length'ning court beneath the plains;
Pſycarpax' father, father now no more!
For poor Pſycarpax lies remote from ſhore:
Supine he lies! the ſilent waters ſtand,
And no kind billow wafts the dead to land!

BOOK II.

WHEN roſy-finger'd morn had ting'd the clouds,
Around their monarch-mouſe the nation crowds,
Slow roſe the monarch, heav'd his anxious breaſt,
And thus, the council fill'd with rage, addreſt.
For loſt Pſycarpax much my ſoul endures,
'Tis mine the private grief, the public, yours;
Three warlike ſons adorn'd my nuptial bed,
Three ſons, alas, before their father dead!
Our eldeſt periſh'd by the rav'ning cat,
As near my court the prince unheedful ſat.
Our next, an engine fraught with danger drew,
The portal gap'd, the bait was hung in view,
Dire arts aſſiſt the trap, the fates decoy,
And men unpitying kill'd my gallant boy.

The laſt, his country's hope, his parents pride,
Plung'd in the lake by Phyſignathus, dy'd.
Rouſe all the war, my friends! avenge the deed,
And bleed that monarch, and his nation bleed.
His words in ev'ry breaſt inſpir'd alarms,
And careful Mars ſupply'd their hoſt with arms.
In verdant hulls deſpoil'd of all their beans,
The buſkin'd warriours ſtalk'd along the plains,
Quills ap[ly] bound, their bracing corſelet made,
Fac'd with the plunder of a cat they flay'd;
The lamp's round boſs affords their ample ſhield,
Large ſhells of nuts their cov'ring helmet yield;
And o'er the region, with reflected rays,
Tall groves of needles for their lances blaze.
Dreadful in arms the marching mice appear:
The wond'ring frogs perceive the tumult near,
Forſake the waters, thick'ning form a ring,
And aſk, and hearken, whence the noiſes ſpring;
When near the crowd, diſclos'd to public view,
The valiant chief Embaſichytros drew:
The ſacred herald's ſcepter grac'd his hand,
And thus his words expreſt his king's command.
Ye frogs! the mice with vengeance fir'd, advance,
And deckt in armour ſhake the ſhining lance;
Their hapleſs prince by Phyſignathus ſlain,
Extends incumbent on the wat'ry plain,
Then arm your hoſt, the doubtful battle try;
Lead forth thoſe frogs that have the ſoul to die.
The chief retires, the crowd the challenge hear,
And proudly ſwelling, yet perplex'd appear;
Much they reſent, yet much their monarch blame,
Who riſing, ſpoke to clear his tainted fame.
O friends! I never forc'd the mouſe to death,
Nor ſaw the gaſpings of his lateſt breath:
He, vain of youth, our art of ſwimming try'd,
And vent'rous in the lake the wanton dy'd.

To vengeance now by falſe appearance led,
They point their anger at my guiltleſs head.
But wage the riſing war by deep device,
And turn its fury on the crafty mice.
Your king directs the way; my thoughts elate
With hopes of conqueſt, form deſigns of fate.
Where high the banks their verdant ſurface heave,
And the ſteep ſides confine the ſleeping wave,
There, near the margin, and in armour bright,
Suſtain the firſt impetuous ſhocks of fight:
Then where the dancing feather joins the creſt,
Let each brave frog his obvious mouſe arreſt;
Each ſtrongly graſping, headlong plunge a foe,
'Till countleſs circles whirl the lake below;
Down ſink the mice in yielding waters drown'd;
Loud flaſh the waters; echoing ſhores reſound:
The frogs triumphant tread the conquer'd plain,
And raiſe their glorious trophies of the ſlain.
  He ſpake no more, his prudent ſcheme imparts
Redoubling ardour to the boldeſt hearts.
Green was the ſuit his arming heroes choſe,
Around their legs the greaves of mallows cloſe,
Green were the beets about their ſhoulders laid,
And green the colewort, which the target made,
Form'd of the vary'd ſhells the waters yield,
Their gloſſy helmets gliſten'd o'er the field;
And tap'ring ſea-reeds for the poliſh'd ſpear,
With upright order pierc'd the ambient air.
Thus dreſs'd for war, they take th' appointed height,
Poize the long arms, and urg'd the promis'd fight.
  But now, where Jove's irradiate ſpires ariſe,
With ſtars ſurrounded in æthereal ſkies,
(A ſolemn council call'd) the brazen gates
Unbar; the gods aſſume their golden ſeats:
The ſpire ſuperiour leans, and points to ſhow
What wond'rous combats mortals wage below:

How ſtrong, how large, the num'rous heroes ſtride;
What length of lance they ſhake with warlike pride:
What eager fire their rapid march reveals;
So the fierce Centaurs ravag'd o'er the dales;
And ſo confirm'd, the daring Titans roſe,
Heap'd hills on hills, and bid the gods be foes.
This ſeen, the pow'r his ſacred viſage rears,
He caſts a pitying ſmile on worldly cares,
And aſks what heav'nly guardians take the liſt,
Or who the mice, or who the frogs aſſiſt?
Then thus to Pallas. If my daughter's mind
Have join'd the mice, why ſtays ſhe ſtill behind?
Drawn forth by ſav'ry ſteams they wind their way,
And ſure attendance round thine altar pay,
Where while the victims gratify their taſte,
They ſport to pleaſe the goddeſs of the feaſt.
Thus ſpake the ruler of the ſpacious ſkies,
When thus, reſolv'd, the blue-ey'd maid replies.
In vain, my father! all their dangers plead;
To ſuch, thy Pallas never grants her aid.
My flow'ry wreaths they petulantly ſpoil,
And rob my cryſtal lamps of feeding oil:
(Ills following ills) but what afflicts me more,
My veil, that idle race profanely tore.
The web was curious, wrought with art divine;
Relentleſs wretches! all the work was mine:
Along the loom the purple warp I ſpread,
Caſt the light ſhoot, and croſt the ſilver thread.
In this their teeth a thouſand breaches tear;
The thouſand breaches ſkilful hands repair;
For which, vile earthly duns thy daughter grieve:
But gods, that uſe no coin, have none to give;
And learning's goddeſs never leſs can owe;
Neglected learning gets no wealth below.
Nor let the frogs to gain my ſuccour ſue,
Thoſe clam'rous fools have loſt my favour too.

For late, when all the conflict ceas'd at night,
When my stretch'd sinews ach'd with eager fight,
When spent with glorious toil, I left the field,
And sunk for slumber on my swelling shield;
Lo from the deep, repelling sweet repose,
With noisy croakings half the nation rose:
Devoid of rest, with aching brows I lay,
'Till cocks proclaim'd the crimson dawn of day.
Let all, like me, from either host forbear,
Nor tempt the flying furies of the spear.
Let heav'nly blood (or what for blood may flow)
Adorn the conquest of a meaner foe,
Who, wildly rushing, meet the wond'rous odds,
Tho' gods oppose; and brave the wounded gods.
O'er gilded clouds reclin'd, the danger view,
And be the wars of mortal scenes for you.
So mov'd the blue-ey'd queen, her words persuade,
Great Jove assented, and the rest obey'd.

BOOK III.

NOW front to front the marching armies shine,
Halt ere they meet, and form the length'ning line;
The chiefs conspicuous seen, and heard afar,
Give the loud sign to loose the rushing war;
Their dreadful trumpets deep-mouth'd hornets sound,
The sounded charge remurmurs o'er the ground;
Ev'n Jove proclaims a field of horrour nigh,
And rolls low thunder thro' the troubled sky.
First to the fight the large Hypsiboas flew,
And brave Lychenor with a jav'lin slew;
The luckless warriour, fill'd with gen'rous flame,
Stood foremost glitt'ring in the post of fame.

When in his liver ſtruck, the jav'lin hung;
The mouſe fell thund'ring, and the target rung:
Prone to the ground he ſinks his cloſing eye,
And, ſoil'd in duſt, his lovely treſſes lie.
A ſpear at Pelion; Troglodytes caſt;
The miſſive ſpear within the boſom paſt;
Death's ſable ſhades the fainting frog ſurround,
And life's red tide runs ebbing from the wound.
Embaſichytros felt Seutlæus' dart
Transfix, and quiver in his panting heart;
But great Artophagus aveng'd the ſlain,
And big Seutlæus tumbling loads the plain,
And Polyphonus dies, a frog renown'd
For boaſtful ſpeech and turbulence of ſound;
Deep thro' the belly pierc'd, ſupine he lay,
And breath'd his ſoul againſt the face of day.
The ſtrong Lymnocharis, who view'd with ire,
A victor triumph, and a friend expire;
With heaving arms a rocky fragment caught,
And fiercely flung where Troglodytes fought,
A warriour vers'd in arts, of ſure retreat,
Yet arts in vain elude impending fate;
Full on his ſinewy neck the fragment fell,
And o'er his eye-lids clouds eternal dwell.
Lychenor (ſecond of the glorious name)
Striding advanc'd, and took no wand'ring aim;
Thro' all the frog the ſhining jav'lin flies,
And near the vanquiſh'd mouſe the victor dies.
The dreadful ſtroke Crambophagus affrights,
Long bred to banquets, leſs inur'd to fights;
Heedleſs he runs, and ſtumbles o'er the ſteep,
And wildly flound'ring flaſhes up the deep:
Lychenor, following, with a downward blow
Reach'd, in the lake, his unrecover'd foe;
Gaſping he rolls, a purple ſtream of blood
Diſtains the ſurface of the ſilver flood;
Thro' the wide wound the ruſhing entrails throng,
And ſlow the breathleſs carcaſs floats along.
Lymniſius good Tyroglyphus aſſails,
Prince of the mice that haunt the flow'ry vales,

Loſt to the milky fares and rural ſeat,
He came to periſh on the bank of fate.
The dread Pternoglyphus demands the fight,
Which tender Calaminthius ſhuns by flight,
Drops the green target, ſpringing quits the foe,
Glides thro' the lake, and ſafely dives below.
The dire Pternophagus divides his way
Thro' breaking ranks, and leads the dreadful day;
No nibbling prince excell'd in fierceneſs more,
His parents fed him on the ſavage boar;
But where his lance the field with blood imbru'd,
Swift as he mov'd Hydrocharis purſu'd,
'Till fall'n in death he lies; a ſhatt'ring ſtone,
Sounds on the neck, and cruſhes all the bone;
His blood pollutes the verdure of the plain,
And from his noſtrils burſts the guſhing brain.
Lycopinax with Borbocætes fights
A blameleſs frog, whom humbler life delights;
The fatal jav'lin unrelenting flies,
And darkneſs ſeals the gentle croaker's eyes.
Incens'd Praſſophagus, with ſprightly bound,
Bears Cniſſodioctes off the riſing ground;
Then drags him o'er the lake, depriv'd of breath;
And, downward plunging, ſinks his ſoul to death.
But now the great Pſycarpax ſhines afar,
(Scarce he ſo great whoſe loſs provok'd the war)
Swift to revenge his fatal jav'lin fled,
And thro' the liver ſtruck Peluſius dead;
His freckled corps before the victor fell,
His ſoul indignant ſought the ſhades of hell.
This ſaw Pelobates, and from the flood,
Lifts with both hands a monſtrous maſs of mud.
The cloud obſcene o'er all the warriour flies,
Diſhonours his brown face, and blots his eyes.
Enrag'd, and wildly ſputt'ring, from the ſhore
A ſtone immenſe of ſize the warriour bore;
A load for lab'ring earth, whoſe bulk to raiſe,
Aſks ten degen'rate mice of modern days:
Full to the leg arrives the cruſhing wound;
The frog, ſupportleſs, writhes upon the ground.

Thus flush'd, the victor wars with matchless force,
'Till loud Craugasides arrests his course:
Hoarse croaking threats precede; with fatal speed
Deep thro' the belly runs the pointed reed,
Then, strongly-tug'd, return'd imbru'd with gore;
And on the pile his reeking entrails bore.
The lame Sitophagus, oppress'd with pain,
Creeps from the desp'rate dangers of the plain:
And where the ditches rising weeds supply,
To spread their lowly shades beneath the sky;
There lurks the silent mouse reliev'd of heat,
And, safe imbower'd, avoids the chance of fate.
But here Troxartes, Physignathus there,
Whirl the dire furies of the pointed spear:
Then where the foot around its ankle plies,
Troxartes wounds, and Physignathus flies,
Halts to the pool, a safe retreat to find,
And trails a dangling length of leg behind.
The mouse still urges, still the frog retires,
And half in anguish of the flight expires:
Then pious ardour young Prassæus brings,
Betwixt the fortune of contending kings:
Lank, harmless frog! with forces hardly grown,
He darts the reed in combats not his own,
Which faintly tinkling on Troxartes' shield,
Hangs at the point, and drops upon the field.
Now nobly tow'ring o'er the rest appears
A gallant prince that far transcends his years,
Pride of his sire, and glory of his house,
And more a Mars in combat than a mouse:
His action bold, robust his ample frame,
And Meridarpax his resounding name.
The warriour, singled from the fighting crowd,
Boasts the dire honours of his arms aloud;
Then strutting near the lake, with looks elate,
Threats all its nations with approaching fate.
And such his strength, the silver lakes around,
Might roll their waters o'er unpeopled ground,
But pow'rful Jove who shews no less his grace
To frogs that perish, than to human race,

Felt soft compassion rising in his soul,
And shook his sacred head, that shook the pole.
Then thus to all the gazing pow'rs began,
The sire of gods, and frogs, and mouse, and man.
What seas of blood I view, what worlds of slain?
An Iliad rising from a day's campaign!
How fierce his jav'lin, o'er the trembling lakes,
The black-fur'd hero, Meridarpax, shakes!
Unless some fav'ring deity descend,
Soon will the frogs loquacious empire end.
Let dreadful Pallas wing'd with pity fly,
And make her ægis blaze before his eye:
While Mars, refulgent on his rattling car,
Arrests his raging rival of the war.
He ceas'd, reclining with attentive head,
When thus the glorious god of combats said.
Nor Pallas, Jove! tho' Pallas take the field,
With all the terrours of her hissing shield;
Nor Mars himself, tho' Mars in armour bright
Ascend his car, and wheel amidst the fight;
Not these can drive the desp'rate mouse afar,
And change the fortunes of the bleeding war.
Let all go forth, all heav'n in arms arise;
Or launch thy own red thunder from the skies:
Such ardent bolts as flew that wond'rous day,
When heaps of Titans mix'd with mountains lay;
When all the giant-race enormous fell;
And h[illegible]ladus was hurl'd to hell.
[illegible] thus th' armipotent advis'd the gods,
When from his throne the cloud-compeller nods;
Deep length'ning thunders run from pole to pole,
Olympus trembles as the thunders roll.
Then swift he whirls the brandish'd bolt around,
And headlong darts it at the distant ground;
The bolt discharg'd, inwrap'd with lightning flies,
And rends its flaming passage thro' the skies:
Then earth's inhabitants, the nibblers, shake;
And frogs, the dwellers in the waters quake.
Yet still the mice advance their dread design,
And the last danger threats the croaking line;

Till Jove, that inly mourn'd the loss they bore,
With strange assistance fill'd the frighted shore.
Pour'd from the neighb'ring strand, deform'd to view,
They march, a sudden unexpected crew.
Strong suits of armour round their bodies close,
Which like thick anvils blunt the force of blows;
In wheeling marches turn'd, oblique they go;
With happy claws their limbs divide below;
Fell sheers the passage to their mouth command;
From out the flesh the bones by nature stand:
Broad spread their backs, their shining shoulders rise,
Unnumber'd joints distort their lengthen'd thighs,
With nervous cords their hands are firmly brac'd,
Their round black eye-balls in their bosom plac'd,
On eight long feet the wond'rous warriours tread,
And either end alike supplies a head.
These to call crabs, mere mortal wits agree;
But gods have other names for things than we.
  Now, where the jointures from their loins depend,
The heroes tails with sev'ring grasps they rend.
Here, short of feet, depriv'd the power to fly;
There, without hands, upon the field they lie.
Wrench'd from their holds, and scatter'd all around,
The bended lances heap the cumber'd ground.
Helpless amazement, fear pursuing fear,
And mad confusion thro' their host appear;
O'er the wild waste with headlong flight they go,
Or creep conceal'd in vaulted holes below.
  But down Olympus, to the western seas,
Far-shooting Phoebus drove with fainter rays;
And a whole war (so Jove ordain'd) begun,
Was fought, and ceas'd, in one revolving sun.

FINIS.

I N D E X.

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